THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY MR. *POPE.*

VOL. I.

Te sequor, O Graiæ gentis Decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
Quòd te imitari aveo — LUCRET.

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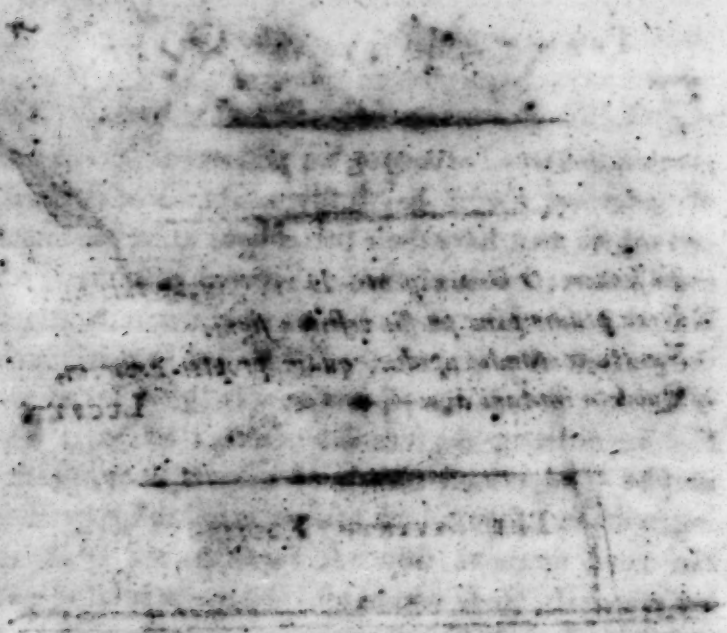

PREFACE.

HOMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest *Invention* of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment *Virgil* has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great Geniuses: The utmost strength of human study, learning, and industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and, without it, Judgment itself can at best but *steal wisely*: For art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them but is owing to the invention: As in the most regular gardens, however art may carry the greatest appearance, there is not

a plant or flower but is the gift of Nature. The first can only reduce the beauties of the latter into a more obvious figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with them. And perhaps the reason why most Critiks are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild Paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered Garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. 'Tis like a copious nursery which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and oppress by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequal fire and rapture, which is so forcible in *Homer*, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done, as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a

hearer,

hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it. 'Tis however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendor: It grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can over-power criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, 'till we see nothing but its own splendor. This *Fire* is discerned in *Virgil*, but discerned as thro' a glass, reflected from *Homer*, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant; In *Lucan* and *Statius*, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: In *Milton*, it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art; In *Shakespear*, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: But in *Homer*, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast *Invention* exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any Poet, through all the main constituent parts of his

work, as it is the great and peculiar characteriſtick which diſtinguiſhes him from all other authors.

This ſtrong and ruling faculty was like a powerful Star, which, in the violence of its courſe, drew all things within its *vortex*. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to ſupply his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his deſcriptions; but wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of *Fable*. That which *Ariſtotle* calls the *Soul of Poetry*, was firſt breathed into it by *Homer*. I ſhall begin with conſidering him in this part, as it is naturally the firſt, and I ſpeak of it both as it means the deſign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *probable*, the *allegorical*, and the *marvellous*. The *probable fable* is the recital of ſuch actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common courſe of Nature: Or of ſuch as, though they did, become fables by the additional epiſodes and manner of telling them. Of this ſort is the main ſtory of an Epic poem, *the return of* Ulyſſes, *the ſettlement of the* Trojans *in* Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the *anger of* Achilles, the moſt ſhort and ſingle ſubject that ever was choſen by any Poet. Yet this he has ſupplied with a vaſter variety of incidents and events, and crouded with a greater number of councils, ſpeeches, battles, and epiſodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in thoſe poems whoſe ſchemes are

of

of the utmoſt latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the moſt vehement ſpirit, and its whole duration employs not ſo much as fifty days. *Virgil*, for want of ſo warm a genius, aided himſelf by taking a more extenſive ſubject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the deſign of both *Homer*'s poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have uſed the ſame practice, but generally carried it on ſo far as to ſuperinduce a multiplicity of fables, deſtroy the unity of the action, and loſe their readers in an unreaſonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main deſign that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every epiſode and part of ſtory. If he has given a regular *catalogue* of an *army*, they all draw up their forces in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for *Patroclus*, *Virgil* has the ſame for *Anchiſes*, and *Statius* (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of *Archemorus*. If *Ulyſſes* viſits the ſhades, *Æneas* of *Virgil* and *Scipio* of *Silius* are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of *Calypſo*, ſo is *Æneas* by *Dido*, and *Rinaldo* by *Armida*. If *Achilles* be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel thro' half the poem, *Rinaldo* muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of celeſtial armour, *Virgil* and *Taſſo* make the ſame preſent to theirs. *Virgil* has not only obſerved this cloſe imitation of *Homer*, but where he had not led the way ſupplied the want from other *Greek* authors. Thus the ſtory of *Sinon* and the taking of *Troy* was copied (ſays *Macrobius*) almoſt word for word from *Piſander*, as the loves of *Dido* and *Æneas* are taken from thoſe of

Medea and *Jason* in *Apollonius*, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical fable*: If we reflect upon those unintelligible mysteries, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which *Homer* is generally supposed to have wrapt up in his *allegories*, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us? How forcible will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons, and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed? This is a field in which no succeeding Poets could dispute with *Homer*; and whatever commentations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having entered his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For, when the mode of learning changed into fables and allegories, and science was delivered in a plainer manner, it then became as reasonable in the more modern Poets to lay it aside, as it was in *Homer* to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for *Virgil*, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous fable* includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the Gods. If *Homer* was not the first that introduced the deities (as *Herodotus* imagines) into the religion of *Greece*, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for Poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended

offended at the literal notion of the Gods, constantly laying their accusation against *Homer* as the undoubted inventor of them. But whatever faults there might be to blame his *machines* in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetick, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them. None have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons: and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no Painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the Poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of *courage* is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the *Iliad*. That of *Achilles* is furious and intractable; that of *Diomed* forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command: That of *Ajax* is heavy and self-confiding; of *Hector*, active and vigilant. The courage of *Agamemnon* is inspired by love of empire and ambition, that of *Menelaus* mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: We find in *Idomeneus* a plain direct soldier, in *Sarpedon* a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and affecting diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the un-

der parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of *Ulysses* and *Nestor* consist in wisdom: and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is *artificial* and *various*, of the other *natural*, *open* and *regular*. But they have, besides, characters of *courage*; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends still upon *caution*, the other upon *experience*. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of *Virgil* are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of *Homer*. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of *Turnus* seems no way peculiar, but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of *Mnestheus* from that of *Sergestbus*, *Cloanthus*, or the rest. In like manner it may be remark'd of *Statius*'s heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs thro' them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his *Capaneus*, *Tydeus*, *Hippomedon*, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it thro' the *Epic* and *Tragic* writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of *Homer* was to that of all others.

The *speeches* are to be consider'd as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, so there

there is of ſpeeches, than in any other poem. *Every thing in it has manners* (as *Ariſtotle* expreſſes it) that is every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employ'd in narration. In *Virgil* the dramatic part is leſs in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no apparent characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being apply'd and judg'd by the rule of propriety. We oftner think of the author himſelf when we read *Virgil*, than when we are engag'd in *Homer*: All which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſts us leſs in the action deſcrib'd: *Homer* makes us hearers, and *Virgil* leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the *ſentiments*, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. *Longinus* has given his opinion, that it was in this part *Homer* principally excell'd. What were alone ſufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the Scripture: *Dupert* in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if *Virgil* has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the *Roman* author ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments where he is not found by the *Iliad*.

If we obſerve his *deſcriptions*, *images*, and *ſimilies*, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe the vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance and individual of nature ſummon'd together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things in their various views, preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection, at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpect of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide-views, unobſerv'd by any Painter but *Homer*. Nothing is ſo ſurpriſing as the deſcriptions of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the *Iliad*, and are ſupply'd with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of Images and deſcriptions in any Epic Poet; tho' every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him: And it is evident of *Virgil* eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the expreſſion, we ſee the bright imagination of *Homer* ſhining out in the moſt enliven'd forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that *language of the Gods* to men. His expreſſion is like the coloring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable,

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and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. *Ariſtotle* had reaſon to ſay, He was the only Poet who had found out *living words*; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirſts* to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it: 'Tis the ſame manner that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it. For in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; and as that is more ſtrong, this will become more perſpicuous: Like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, *Homer* ſeems to have affected the *compound epithets*. This was a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the *diction*, but as it aſſiſted and fill'd the *numbers* with greater ſound and pomp, and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the *images*. On this laſt conſideration I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he has managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are join'd. We ſee the motion of *Hector*'s plumes in the epithet Κορυθαίολος, the land-ſcape of mount *Neritus* in that of Ἐινοσίφυλλος, and ſo of others; which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (tho' but of a ſingle line) without diverting the reader too much

from

from the principal action or figure. As a Metaphor is a short simile, one of these Epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his *versification*, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfy'd with his language as he found it settled in any one part of *Greece*, but search-ed thro' its differing *dialects* with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers. He consider'd these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or con-sonants, and accordingly employ'd them as the verse requir'd either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the *Ionic*, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables; so as to make the words open them-selves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the softer *Æolic*, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and com-pleated this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of be-ing setters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signify'd. Out of all these he had deriv'd that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practis'd in the case of

Italian

Italian Operas) will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the criticks to be copied but faintly by *Virgil* himſelf, tho' they are ſo juſt to aſcribe it to the nature of the *Latin* tongue: Indeed the *Greek* has ſome advantages both from the natural *ſound* of its *words*, and the turn and *cadence* of its *Verſe*, which agree with the genius of no other language. *Virgil* was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never fail'd to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the *Grecian* poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the *Roman*, the only reaſon is, that fewer criticks have underſtood one language than the other. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſes of the *Compoſition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the courſe of my Notes. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine *Homer* had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the *Muſes* dictated; and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpiring vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever ſide we contemplate *Homer*, what principally ſtrikes us is his *inveption*. It is that which

which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extensive* and *copious* than any other, his manners more *lively* and *strongly marked*, his speeches more *affecting* and *transported*, his sentiments more *warm* and *sublime*, his images and descriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expressions more *rais'd* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope in what has been said of *Virgil*, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or unjust, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each: It is in this we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in *that* we are to admire him. No author or man ever excell'd all the world in more than one faculty, and as *Homer* has done this in *invention*, *Virgil* has in *judgment*. Not that we are to think *Homer* wanted judgment, because *Virgil* had it in a more eminent degree; or that *Virgil* wanted invention, because *Homer* possess'd a larger share of it: Each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. *Homer* was the greater genius, *Virgil* the better artist. In one we must admire the man, in the other the work. *Homer* hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, *Virgil* leads us with an attractive majesty: *Homer* scatters with a generous profusion, *Virgil* bestows with

with a careful magnificence: *Homer*, like the *Nile*, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow; *Virgil*, like a river within its banks, a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two Poets resemble the Horses they celebrate; *Homer*, boundless and irresistible as *Achilles*, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; *Virgil*, calmly daring like *Æneas*, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action, disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, *Homer* seems like his own *Jupiter* in his terrors, shaking *Olympus*, scattering the lightnings, and firing the Heavens; *Virgil*, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon *Homer* in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his *marvellous fictions*, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantick bodies, which exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought

thought the due proportion of parts, to become minutes in the whole; and like the old Heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus *Homer* has his *spouting torrents*, and *Virgil* his *myrtles distilling blood*, where the latter has not so much as contriv'd the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his *similes* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: It runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so manag'd as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with ornamental trees and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he liv'd in. Such are his *grosser representations* of the *Gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect manners* of his *Heroes*, which will be treated of in the following

following * *Essay*: But I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carry'd into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of *Homer*. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam *Dacier*, "that † those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are "more contrary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty reign'd thro' the world, when no mercy was shown but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern criticks, who are shock'd at the *servile offices* and mean employments in which we sometimes see the Heroes of *Homer* engag'd. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages, in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending their flocks, and Princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read *Homer*, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprizing vision of things no where else to be found,

* *See the articles of* Theology *and* Morality *in the third part of the* Essay.

† *Preface to her* Homer.

found, the only authentic picture of that ancient world. By this means those their greatest obstacles will shatter; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may further serve to answer for the frequent use of the same epithets to his Gods and Heroes, such as the *far-darting Phœbus*, the *blue-eyed Pallas*, the *swift-footed Achilles*, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believ'd to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were us'd: They were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Dacier is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames; and repeated as such; for that Gods having no names deriv'd from their fathers, were oblig'd to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: As *Alexander* Son of *Philip*, *Hercules* of *Thessaly*, *Diomedes* the *Tydid*, &c. *Homer* therefore, complying with the customs of his country, us'd such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of *Harold Harefoot*, *Edmund Ironside*, *Edward Longshanks*, *Edward the Black Prince*, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture. *Hesiod* dividing the world into its different

ferent ages, has plac'd a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of *Heroes different from other men, a divine race, who fought at* Thebes *and* Troy, *are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of* Jupiter *in the islands of the blessed*[a]. Next among those divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the Gods, not to be mention'd without the solemnity of an epistle, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been rais'd against *Homer*, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasion'd by an injudicious endeavour to exalt *Virgil*; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: One would imagine by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard, of *Homer*'s having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two Poets ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Aneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyssis* above the *Aneis*; as that the Hero is a wiser man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: Or else they blame him for not doing what he never design'd; as because *Achilles* is not as good and perfect a Prince as *Aneas*, when the very

[a] Hesiod, *lib.* 1. v. 155, &c.

very moral of his poem requir'd a contrary character: It is then that *Rapin* judges in his comparison of *Homer* and *Virgil*. Others select those particular passages of *Homer* which are not so labour'd as some that *Virgil* drew out of them: This is the whole management of *Scaliger* in his *Poetics*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftner from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations: This is the conduct of *Perrault* in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of *Homer*, and that of his *work*; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed: And in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, *&c.*) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of *Virgil*, or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monsr. *de la Motte*; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age, *Homer* had liv'd, he must have been the greatest Poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpass'd him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *Invention*; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of

Poetry

Poetry itself) remains unequal'd by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approv'd in the eyes of *our firſt* of Critichs: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment. *Homer* not only appears the Inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallow'd up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no encreaſe, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty Tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improv'd with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the ſweeſt fruit; nature and art conſpire to raiſe it, pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant thro' a richneſs of nature) might be lopp'd into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtick. As far as *that* is ſeen in the main parts of the Poem, ſuch as the fable, manners and ſentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contractions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile; whoever loſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his

Author

Author entire and unmaim'd; and for the rest, the disposition and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be consider'd what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the *Greek*. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: And I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing. However, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. 'Tis a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what *Homer* will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction

tion is bold and lofty, let us raiſe ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterr'd from imitating him by the fear of incurring the cenſure of a mere *Engliſh* Critick. Nothing that belongs to *Homer* ſeems to have been more commonly miſtaken than the juſt pitch of his ſtyle: Some of his tranſlators having ſwell'd into fuſtian in a proud confidence of the *ſublime*; others ſunk into flatneſs in a cold and timorous notion of *ſimplicity*. Methinks I ſee theſe different followers of *Homer*, ſome ſweating and ſtraining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain ſigns of falſe mettle) others ſlowly and ſervilely creeping in his train, while the Poet himſelf is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majeſty before them. However of the two extremes one could ſooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: No author is to be envy'd for ſuch commendations as he may gain by that character of ſtyle, which his friends muſt agree together to call *ſimplicity*, and the reſt of the world will call *dulneſs*. There is a graceful and dignify'd ſimplicity, as well as a bald and ſordid one, which differ as much from each other, as the air of a plain man from that of a ſloven: 'Tis one thing to be trick'd up, and another not to be dreſs'd at all. Simplicity is the mean between oſtentation and ruſticity.

This pure and noble ſimplicity is no where in ſuch perfection as it is in the *Scripture* and our Author. One may affirm, with all reſpect to the inſpir'd writings, that the *divine Spirit* made uſe of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as

Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerv'd of the parity of ſome of his thoughts) may methinks induce a tranſlator on the one hand to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attain'd a veneration even in our language from being uſed in the *Old Teſtament*; as on the other to avoid thoſe which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner conſigned to myſtery and religion.

For a further preſervation of this air of ſimplicity, a particular care ſhould be taken to expreſs with all plainneſs thoſe *moral ſentences* and *proverbial ſpeeches*, which are ſo numerous in this Poet. They have ſomething venerable, and as I may ſay oracular, in that unadorned gravity and ſhortneſs with which they are delivered: a grace which would be entirely loſt by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is a more modern) turn in the paraphraſe.

Perhaps the mixture of ſome *Græciſms* and old words after the manner of *Milton*, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a verſion of this particular work, which moſt of any other ſeems to require a venerable antique caſt. But certainly the uſe of modern terms of war and government, ſuch as *platoon*, *campagne*, *junto*, or the like (into which ſome of his tranſlators have fallen) cannot be allowable; thoſe only excepted, without which it is impoſſible to treat the ſubjects in any living language.

There

There are two peculiarities in *Homer's* diction which are a ſort of *marks* or *moles*, by which every common eye diſtinguiſhes him at firſt ſight: Thoſe who are not his greateſt admirers look upon them as defects, and thoſe who are, ſeem pleaſed with them as beauties. I ſpeak of his *compound epithets*, and of his *repetitions*. Many of the former cannot be done literally into *Engliſh* without deſtroying the purity of our language. I believe ſuch ſhould be retain'd as ſlide eaſily of themſelves into an *Engliſh* compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of compoſition; as well as thoſe which have received a ſanction from the authority of our beſt Poets, and are become familiar thro' their uſe of them; ſuch as the *cloud-compelling Jove*, &c. As for the reſt, whenever they can be as fully and ſignificantly expreſt in a ſingle word as in a compounded one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet ὑψικόμοιο to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally *leaf-ſhaking*, but affords a majeſtic idea in the *periphraſis*, *The lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods*. Others that admit of differing ſignifications, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of *Apollo*, ἑκηβόλος, or *far-ſhooting*, is capable of two explications; one literal in reſpect of the darts and bow, the enſigns of that God; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the ſun: Therefore in ſuch places

where *Apollo* is repreſented as a God in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation, and where the effects of the ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in *Homer*, and which, tho' it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: But one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and his judgment.

As for *Homer's repetitions*, we may divide them into three ſorts: of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe, as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in thoſe ſpeeches where the dignity of the ſpeaker renders it a ſort of inſolence to alter his words; as in the meſſages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of ſtate, or where the ceremonial of religion ſeems to require it, in the ſolemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other caſes, I believe the beſt rule is to be guided by the nearneſs, or diſtance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: When they follow too cloſe one may vary the expreſſion, but it is a queſtion whether a profeſſed tranſlator be authorized to omit any: If they be tedious, the author is to anſwer for it.

It

It only remains to ſpeak of the *verſification*. *Homer* (as has been ſaid) is perpetually applying the ſound to the ſenſe, and varying it on every new ſubject. This is indeed one of the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I only know *Homer* eminent for it in the *Greek*, and *Virgil* in *Latin*. I am ſenſible it is what may ſometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully poſſeſt of his image: however it may be reaſonably believed they deſigned this, in whoſe verſe it ſo manifeſtly appears in a ſuperior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it, but thoſe who have will ſee I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I muſt confeſs myſelf utterly incapable of doing juſtice to *Homer*. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire tranſlation in verſe has yet done. We have only thoſe of *Chapman*, *Hobbes*, and *Ogilby*. *Chapman* has taken the advantage of an immeaſurable length of verſe, notwithſtanding which, there is ſcarce any paraphraſe more looſe and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or ſix lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the *Odyſſes*, V. 312. where he has ſpun twenty verſes out of two. He is often miſtaken in ſo bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpoſe, if he did not in other places of his notes inſiſt ſo much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a ſtrong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, inſomuch as to promiſe in his rhyming preface, a poem of the myſteries he had revealed in *Ho-*

mer; and perhaps he endeavoured to ſtrain the obvious ſenſe to this end. His expreſſion is involved in fuſtian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of *Buſſy d' Amboiſe*, *&c.* In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthuſiaſt in poetry. His own boaſt of having finiſhed half the *Iliad* in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhews with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one would imagine *Homer* himſelf would have writ before he arrived to years of diſcretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general, but for particulars and circumſtances he continually lops them, and often omits the moſt beautiful. As for its being eſteemed a cloſe tranſlation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the ſhortneſs of it, which proceeds not from the contractions above-mentioned. He ſometimes omits whole ſimilies and ſentences, and is now and then guilty of miſtakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but thro' careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as *Ogilby*'s, is too mean for criticiſm.

It is a great loſs to the poetical world that Mr. *Dryden* did not live to tranſlate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in which if he has in ſome places not truly interpreted the ſenſe, or preſerved the antiquities, it ought to be excuſed

excuſed on account of the haſte he was obliged to write in. He ſeems to have had too much regard to *Chapman*, whoſe words he ſometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in paſſages where he wanders from the original. However, had he tranſlated the whole work, I would no more have attempted *Homer* after him than *Virgil*, his verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in any language: But the fate of great Genius's is like that of great Miniſters, tho' they are confeſſedly the firſt in the commonwealth of letters, they muſt be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of one who tranſlates *Homer*, is above all things to keep alive that ſpirit and fire which makes his chief character. In particular places where the ſenſe can bear any doubt, to follow the ſtrongeſt and moſt poetical, as moſt agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fulneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity: Not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods: Neither to omit or confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity: Perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs, than has hitherto been done by any tranſlator, who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would

farther recommend to him, is to ſtudy his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned ſoever, or whatever figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world; to conſider him attentively in compariſon with *Virgil* above all the ancients, and with *Milton* above all the moderns. Next theſe, the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*'s *Telemachus* may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our author, and *Boſſu*'s admirable treatiſe of the Epic poem the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few; thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch that want either is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a pedant nothing that is not *Greek*.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the public, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; tho' I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſlation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. *Addiſon* was the firſt whoſe advice determined me to undertake the taſk, who was pleaſed to write to me on that occaſion in ſuch terms as I cannot repeat

peat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir *Richard Steele* for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the publick. Dr. *Swift* promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir *Samuel Garth* are what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms, of Mr. *Congreve*, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of *Homer*, as I wiſh for the ſake of the world he had prevented me in the reſt. I muſt add the names of Mr. *Rowe* and Dr. *Parnell*, tho' I ſhall take a farther opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe good-nature (to give it a great panegyrick) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the *Great* have done me, while the *firſt names* of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among theſe it is a particular pleaſure to me to find that my higheſt obligations are to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of Poet: That his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham* was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the Author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Eſſay*) the fineſt praiſe he ever yet received.

Read Homer once, *and you can read no more;*
For all Books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem Proſe; but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer *will be all the books you need.*

That the Earl of *Halifax* was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ſay whether the advancement of the poliſe arts is more owing to his generoſity or his example. That ſuch a genius as my Lord *Bolingbroke*, not more diſtinguiſhed in the great ſcenes of buſineſs, than in all the uſeful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refuſed to be the critick of theſe ſheets, and the patron of their writer. And that ſo excellent an imitator of *Homer* as the noble author of the Tragedy of *Heroic Love*, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Paſtorals, to my attempting the *Iliad*. I cannot deny myſelf the pride of confeſſing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of ſeveral particulars of this tranſlation.

I could ſay a great deal of the pleaſure of being diſtinguiſhed by the Earl of *Carnarvon*, but it is almoſt abſurd to particularize any one generous action in a perſon whoſe whole life is a continued ſeries of them. The Right Honourable Mr. *Stanhope*, the preſent Secretary of State, will pardon my deſire of having it known that he was pleaſed to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. *Harcourt* (the ſon of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a ſhare of his friendſhip. I muſt attribute to the ſame motive that of ſeveral others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unneceſſary by the privileges of a familiar correſpondence: And I am ſatisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my ſilence.

In

In short, I have found more patrons than ever *Homer* wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at *Athens*, that has been shewn me by its learned Rival, the University of *Oxford*. If my author had the *Wits* of after-ages for his defenders, his translator has had the *Beauties* of the present for his advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any fame in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he receiv'd after death, when I reflect on the enjoyments of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledg'd, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienc'd the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, or disagreeable to myself.

AN

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE, WRITINGS and LEARNING

OF

HOMER.

THERE is ſomething in the mind of man, which goes beyond bare curioſity, and even carries us on to a ſhadow of friendſhip with thoſe great genius's whom we have known to excel in former ages. Nor will it appear leſs to any one, who conſiders how much it partakes of the nature of friendſhip; how it compounds itſelf of an admiration raiſed by what we meet with concerning them; a tendency to be farther acquainted with them, by gathering every circumſtance of their lives; a kind of complaceney in their company, when we retire to enjoy what they have left; an union with them in thoſe ſentiments they approve; and an endeavour to defend them, when we think they are injuriouſly attacked, or even ſometimes with too partial an affection.

There

There is alſo in mankind a ſpirit of envy or oppoſition, which makes them uneaſy to ſee others of the ſame ſpecies ſeated far above them in a ſort of perfection. And this, at leaſt ſo far as regards the fame of writers, has not always been known to die with a man, but to purſue his remains with idle traditions, and weak conjectures; ſo that his name, which is not to be forgotten, ſhall be preſerved only to be ſtained and blotted. The controverſy which was carried on between the author and his enemies, while he was living, ſhall ſtill be kept on foot; not entirely upon his own account, but on theirs who live after him; ſome being fond to praiſe extravagantly, and others as raſhly eager to contradict his admirers. This proceeding, on both ſides, gives us an image of the firſt deſcriptions of war, ſuch as the *Iliad* affords; where a Hero diſputes the field with an army 'till it is his time to die, and then the battle, which we expected to fall of courſe, is renewed about the body; his friends contending that they may embalm and honour it, his enemies that they may caſt it to the dogs and vultures.

There are yet others of a low kind of taſte, who, without any malignity to the character of a great author, leſſen the dignity of their ſubject by inſiſting too meanly upon little particularities. They imagine it the part of an hiſtorian to omit nothing they meet with, concerning him; and gather every thing without any diſtinction, to the prejudice and neglect of the more noble parts of his character: like thoſe trifling painters, or ſculptors, who beſtow infinite pains and patience upon the moſt inſignificant parts of

of a figure, 'till they ſink the grandeur of the whole, by finiſhing every thing with the neateſt want of judgment.

Beſides theſe, there are a fourth ſet of men, who pretend to diveſt themſelves of partiality on both ſides, and to get above that imperfect idea of their ſubject, which little writers fall into; who propoſe to themſelves a calm ſearch after truth, and a rational adherence to probability in their hiſtorical collections: Who neither wiſh to be led into the fables of poetry, nor are willing to ſupport the falſhoods of a malignant criticiſm; but, endeavouring to ſteer in a middle way, have obtained a character of failing leaſt in the choice of materials for hiſtory, tho' drawn from the darkeſt ages.

Being therefore to write ſomething concerning a Life, which there is little proſpect of our knowing, after it has been the fruitleſs inquiry of ſo many ages, and which has however been thus differently treated by hiſtorians, I ſhall endeavour to ſpeak of it not as a certainty, but as the tradition, opinion, or collection of authors, who have been ſuppoſed to write of *Homer* in theſe four preceding methods; to which we alſo ſhall add ſome farther conjectures of our own. After his life has been thus rather talked of than written, I ſhall conſider him hiſtorically as an author, with regard to thoſe works which he has left behind him: In doing which we may trace the degrees of eſteem they have obtained in different periods of time, and regulate our preſent opinion of them, by a view of that age in which they were writ.

We

I. *Stories of* Homer, *which* are *the effects of* extravagant admiration.

I. If we take a view of *Homer* in thoſe fabulous traditions which the admiration of the ancient heathens has occaſioned, we find them running to ſuperſtition, and multiply'd and independent on one another, in the different accounts which are given with reſpect to *Ægypt* and *Greece*, the two native countries of fable.

We have one in * *Euſtathius* moſt ſtrangely framed, which *Alexander Paphius* has reported concerning *Homer*'s birth and infancy. That "he was "born in *Ægypt* of *Damaſagoras* and *Æthra*, and "brought up by a daughter of *Orus*, the prieſt of "*Iſis*, who was herſelf a propheteſs, and from whoſe "breaſts drops of honey would frequently diſtil into "the mouth of the infant. In the night-time the "firſt ſounds he uttered were the notes of nine ſeve-"ral birds; in the morning he was found playing "with nine doves in the bed: The *Sibyl*, who at-"tended him, uſed to be ſeized with a poetical fury, "and uttered verſes, in which ſhe commanded *Da-"maſagoras* to build a temple to the Muſes: This "he performed in obedience to her inſpiration, and "related all theſe things to the child when he was "grown up; who, in memory of the doves which "played with him during his infancy, has in his "works preferred this bird to the honour of bringing "*Ambroſia* to *Jupiter*."

One

* Euſtathius *in Od.* 12.

One would think a ſtory of this nature, ſo fit for age to talk of, and infancy to hear, were incapable of being handed down to us. But we find the tradition again taken up to be heightened in one part, and carried forward in another. * *Heliodorus*, who had heard of this claim which *Ægypt* put in for *Homer*, endeavours to ſtrengthen it by naming *Thebes* for the particular place of his birth. He allows too, that a prieſt was his reputed father, but that his real father, according to the opinion of *Ægypt*, was *Mercury*: He ſays, "That when the Prieſt was celebrating the "Rites of his country, and therefore ſlept with his "wife in the Temple, the God had knowledge of her, "and begot *Homer*: That he was born with tufts of "hair on his † thigh; as a ſign of unlawful gene-"ration, from whence he was called *Homer* by the "nations through which he wandered: That he him-"ſelf was the occaſion why this ſtory of his divine "extraction is unknown; becauſe he neither told his "name, race, nor country, being aſhamed of his exile, "to which his reputed father drove him from among "the conſecrated youths, on account of that mark, "which their Prieſts eſteem'd a teſtimony of an in-"ceſtuous birth."

Theſe are the extravagant ſtories by which men, who have not been able to expreſs how much they admire him, tranſcend the bounds of probability to ſay ſomething extraordinary. The mind, that becomes dazzled with the ſight of his performances, loſes the common idea of a man in the fancied ſplendor

* Heliod. Æthiop. l. 3. † Ὀμηρὸς, Femur.

dor of perfection: It ſees nothing leſs than a God worthy to be his Father, nothing leſs than a Propheteſs deſerving to be his Nurſe; and, growing unwilling that he ſhould be ſpoken of in a language beneath its imaginations, delivers fables in the place of hiſtory.

But whatever has thus been offered to ſupport the claim of *Ægypt*, they who plead for *Greece* are not to be accuſed for coming ſhort of it. Their fancy roſe with a refinement above that of their maſters, and frequently the veil of fiction is wrought fine enough to be ſeen through, ſo that it hardly hides the meaning it is made to cover, from the firſt glance of the imagination. For a proof of this, we may mention that poetical genealogy which is delivered for *Homer's*, in the * *Greek* treatiſe of the contention between him and *Heſiod*, and but little varied by the relation of it in *Suidas*.

" The Poet *Linus* (ſay they) was born of *Apollo*, " and *Thcōſe* the daughter of *Neptune*. *Pierus* of " *Linus*: *Oeagrus* of King *Pierus* and the Nymph " *Methone*: *Orpheus* of *Oeagrus* and the Muſe *Cal-* " *liope*. From *Orpheus* came *Othrys*; from him *Har-* " *monides*; from him *Philoterpus*; from him *Euphe-* " *mus*; from him *Epiphrades*; who begot *Menalops*, " the father of *Dius*; *Dius* had *Heſiod* the Poet and " *Perſes* by *Pucamede*, the daughter of *Apollo*: Then " *Perſes* had *Maon*, on whoſe daughter *Critheis*, the " river *Meles* begot *Homer*."

Here

* Ἀγὼν Ὁμήρου καὶ Ἡσιόδου.

Here we behold a wonderful genealogy, contrived induſtriouſly to raiſe our idea to the higheſt, where Gods, Goddeſſes, Muſes, Kings, and Poets link in a deſcent; nay, where Poets are made to depend, as it were, in cluſters upon the ſame ſtalk beneath one another. If we conſider oo that *Harmonides* is derived from harmony, *Philoterpus* from love of delight, *Euphemus* from beautiful diction, *Epiphrades* from intelligence, and *Pucamede* from prudence; it may not be improbable, but the inventors meant, by a fiction of this nature, to turn ſuch qualifications into perſons as were agreeable to his character, for whom the line was drawn: So that every thing, divine or great, will thus come together by the extravagant indulgence of fancy, while it turns itſelf ſometimes to admiration, and ſometimes to allegory.

After this fabulous tree of his pedigree, we may regularly view him in one paſſage concerning his birth, which, tho' it differs in a circumſtance from what has been here delivered, yet carries on the ſame air, and regards the ſame traditions. There is a ſhort life of *Homer* attributed to *Plutarch*, wherein a third part of *Ariſtotle* on poetry, which is now loſt, is quoted for an account of his uncommon birth, in this manner. " At the time when *Neleus*, the ſon of *Codrus*, " led the colony which was ſent into *Ionia*, there was " in the iſland of *Io* a young girl, compreſſed by a " *Genius*, who delighted to aſſociate with the *Muſes*, " and ſhare in their conſorts. She, finding herſelf " with child, and being touched with the ſhame of " what had happened to her, removed from thence " to a place called *Ægina*. There ſhe was taken in

" an

" an excurſion made by robbers, and being brought " to *Smyrna*, which was then under the *Lydians*, they " gave her to *Mæon* the King, who married her up- " on account of her beauty. But while ſhe walked " on the bank of the river *Meles*, ſhe brought forth " *Homer* and expired. The infant was taken by " *Mæon*, and bred up as his ſon, 'till the death of " that Prince." And from this point of the ſtory the Poet is let down into his traditional poverty. Here we ſee, tho' he be taken out of the lineage of *Meles*, where we met him before, he has ſtill as wonderful a riſe invented for him; he is ſtill to ſpring from a *Demi-god*, one who was of a poetical diſpoſition, from whom he might inherit a ſoul turned to poetry, and receive an aſſiſtance of heavenly inſpiration.

In his life the moſt general tradition concerning him is his *blindneſs*, yet there are ſome who will not allow even this to have happened after the manner in which it falls upon other men: Chance and ſickneſs are excluded; nothing leſs than Gods and Heroes muſt be viſibly concerned about him. Thus we find among the different accounts which * *Hermias* has collected concerning his blindneſs, that when *Homer* reſolved to write of *Achilles*, he had an exceeding deſire to fill his mind with a juſt idea of ſo glorious a Hero: Wherefore, having paid all due honours at his tomb, he intreats that he may obtain a ſight of him. The hero grants his Poet's petition, and riſes in a glorious ſuit of armour, which caſt ſo unſufferable a ſplendor, that

* Hermias *in Phæd. Plat.* Leo Allat. *de Patr. Hom. c.* 10.

that *Homer* loſt his eyes, while he gazed for the enlargement of his notions.

If this be any thing more than a mere fable, one would be apt to imagine it inſinuated his contracting a blindneſs by too intenſe an application while he wrote his *Iliad*. But it is a very pompous way of letting us into the knowledge of ſo ſhort a truth: It looks as if men imagined the lives of poets ſhould be poetically written; that to ſpeak plainly of them, were to ſpeak contemptibly; or that we debaſe them, when they are placed in leſs glorious company than thoſe exalted ſpirits which they themſelves have been fond to celebrate. We may however in ſome meaſure be reconciled to this laſt idle fable, for having occaſioned ſo beautiful an Epiſode in the *Ambra* of *Politian*. That which does not inform us in a hiſtory, may pleaſe us in its proper ſphere of poetry.

II. *Stories of* Homer *proceeding from* envy.

Such ſtories as theſe have been the effects of a ſuperſtitious fondneſs, and of the aſtoniſhment of men at what they conſider in a view of perfection. But neither have all the ſame taſte, nor do they equally ſubmit to the ſuperiority of others, nor bear that human nature, which they know to be imperfect, ſhould be raiſed to an extreme without oppoſition. From ſome principles of this kind have ariſen a ſecond ſort of ſtories, which glance at *Homer* with malignant ſuppoſitions, and endeavour to throw a diminiſhing air over his life, as a kind of anſwer to thoſe who ſought to aggrandize him injudiciouſly.

Under

Under this head we may reckon thoſe ungrounded conjectures with which his adverſaries aſperſe the very deſign and proſecution of his travels, when they inſinuate, that they were one continued ſearch after authors who had written before him, and particularly upon the ſame ſubject, in order to deſtroy them, or to rob them of their inventions.

Thus we read in * *Diodorus Siculus*, "That there "was one *Daphne*, the daughter of *Tireſias*, who "from her inſpirations obtained the title of a *Sybil*. "She had a very extraordinary genius, and being "made prieſteſs at *Delphos*, wrote oracles with won-"derful elegance, which *Homer* ſought for, and "adorned his poems with ſeveral of her verſes." But ſhe is placed ſo far in the fabulous age of the world, that nothing can be averred of her: And as for the verſes now aſcribed to the *Sybils*, they are more modern than to be able to confirm the ſtory; which, as it is univerſally aſſented to, diſcovers that whatever there is in them in common with *Homer*, the compilers have rather taken from him; perhaps to ſtrengthen the authority of their work by the protection of this tradition.

The next inſinuation we hear is from *Suidas*, that *Palamedes*, who fought at *Troy*, was famous for poetry, and wrote concerning that war in the *Dorick* letter which he invented, probably much againſt *Agamemnon* and *Ulyſſes*, his mortal enemies. Upon this account ſome have fancied his works were ſuppreſſed by *Agamemnon*'s poſterity, or that their entire deſtruction

* Diod. Sic. l. 4.

tion was contrived and effected by *Homer* when he undertook the ſame ſubject. But ſurely the works of ſo conſiderable a man, when they had been able to bear up ſo long a time as that which paſſed between the ſiege of *Troy*, and the flouriſhing of *Homer*, muſt have been too much diſperſed, for one of ſo mean a condition as he is repreſented, to have deſtroyed in every place, tho' he had been never ſo much aſſiſted by the vigilant temper of Envy. And we may ſay too, that what might have been capable of raiſing this principle in him, muſt be capable of being in ſome meaſure eſteemed, and of having at leaſt one line of it preſerved to us.

After him, in the order of time, we meet with a whole ſet of names, to whom the maligners of *Homer* would have him obliged, without being able to prove their aſſertion. *Suidas* mentions *Corinnus Ilienſis*, the ſecretary of *Palamedes*, who writ a poem upon the ſame ſubject, but no one is produced as having ſeen it. * *Tzetzes* mentions (and from *Johannes Melala* only) *Siſyphus* the *Coan*, ſecretary of *Teucer*, but it is not ſo much as known if he writ verſe or proſe. Beſides theſe, are *Dictys* the *Cretan*, ſecretary to *Idomeneus*, and *Dares* the *Phrygian* an attendant of *Hector*, who have ſpurious treatiſes paſſing under their names. From each of theſe is *Homer* ſaid to have borrowed his whole argument; ſo inconſiſtent are theſe ſtories with one another.

The next names we find, are *Demodocus*, whom *Homer* might have met at *Corcyra*, and *Phemius*, whom

* Tzetzes *Chil.* 5. *Hiſt.* 29.

whom he might have met at *Ithaca*: the one (as † *Plutarch* says) having according to tradition written the war of *Troy*, the other the *return* of the *Grecian* captains. But these are only two names of friends, which he is pleased to honour with eternity in his poem, or two different pictures of himself, as author of the *Iliad* and *Odysses*, or entirely the children of his imagination, without any particular allusion. So that his usage here, puts me in mind of his own *Vulcan* in the * *Iliad*: The God had cast two statues, which he endued with the power of motion; and it is said presently after, that he is scarce able to go unless they support him.

It is reported by some, says ‖ *Ptolemæus Ephestio*, "That there was before *Homer*, a woman of *Memphis*, called *Phantasia*, who writ of the wars of "*Troy*, and the wanderings of *Ulysses*. Now *Homer* "arriving at *Memphis* where she had laid up her "work, and getting acquainted with *Phanitas*, whose "business it was to copy the sacred writings, he ob- "tained a sight of these, and followed entirely the "scheme she had drawn." But this is a wild story, which speaks of an *Ægyptian* woman with a *Greek* name, and who never was heard of but upon this account. It appears indeed from his knowledge of the *Ægyptian* learning, that he was initiated into their mysteries, and for aught we know by one *Phanitas*. But if we consider what the name of the woman signifies, it seems only as if, from being used in a figurative expression, it had been mistaken for a proper name.

† Plutarch *on Musick*. * Iliad. 18.
‖ Ptol. Ep. *Excerp. apud Photium*, l. 5.

name. And then the meaning will be, that having gathered as much information concerning the *Grecian* and *Trojan* ſtory, as he could be furniſhed with from the accounts of *Ægypt*, which were generally mixed with fancy and fable, he wrought out his plans of the *Iliad* and the *Odyſſes*.

We paſs all theſe ſtories, together with the *little Iliad* of *Siagrus*, mentioned by ‡ *Ælian*. But one cannot leave this ſubject without reflecting on the depreciating humour, and odd induſtry of man, which ſhews itſelf in raiſing ſuch a number of inſinuations that claſh with each other, and in ſpiriting up ſuch a croud of unwarranted names to ſupport them. Nor can we but admire at the contradictory nature of this proceeding; that names of works which either never were in being, or never worthy to live, ſhould be produced only to perſuade us that the moſt laſting and beautiful poem of the ancients was taken out of them. A beggar might be content to patch up a garment with ſuch ſhreds as the world throws away, but it is never to be imagined an Emperor would make his robes of them.

After *Homer* had ſpent a conſiderable time in travel, we find him towards his age introduced to ſuch an action as tends to his diſparagement. It is not enough to accuſe him for ſpoiling the dead, they raiſe a living author, by whom he muſt be baffled in that qualification on which his fame is founded.

‡ *Ælian. l.* 14. *c.* 21.

There is in * *Heſiod* an account of an ancient poetical contention at the funeral of *Amphidamas*, in which, he ſays, he obtained the prize, but does not mention from whom he carried it. There is alſo among the † *Hymns* aſcribed to *Homer*, a prayer to *Venus* for ſucceſs in a poetical diſpute, but it neither mentions where, nor againſt whom. But though they have neglected to name their antagoniſts, others have ſince taken care to fill up the ſtories by putting them together. The making two ſuch conſiderable names in poetry engage, carries an amuſing pomp in it, like making two heroes of the firſt rank enter the liſts of combat. And if *Homer* and *Heſiod* had their parties among the *Grammarians*, here was an excellent opportunity for *Heſiod*'s favourers to make a ſacrifice of *Homer*. Hence a bare conjecture might ſpread into a *tradition*, then the tradition give occaſion to an *epigram*, which is yet extant, and again the *epigram* (for want of knowing the time it was writ in) be alledged as a *proof* of that conjecture from whence it ſprung. After this, a ‡ whole treatiſe was written upon it, which appears not very ancient, becauſe it mentions *Adrian*: The ſtory agrees in the main with the ſhort account we find in § *Plutarch*, "That *Ganictor*, the ſon of *Amphidamas*, King of *Eubœa*, "being uſed to celebrate his father's funeral games, "invited from all parts men famous for ſtrength and "wiſdom. Among theſe *Homer* and *Heſiod* arrived "at

* Heſiod. *Op. & dierum. l.* 2. *v.* 272, &c.
† Hom. *Hymn.* 2. *ad Venerem.*
‡ Ἀγὼν Ὁμήρου καὶ Ἡσιόδου.
§ Plut. *Banquet of the ſeven wiſe men.*

" at *Chalcis*. The King *Panidas* preſided over the " conteſt, which being finiſhed, he decreed the *Tri-* " *pos* to *Heſiod*, with this ſentence, That the Poet of " peace and huſbandry better deſerved to be crowned " than the Poet of war and contention. Whereup- " on *Heſiod* dedicated the prize to the muſes, with " this inſcription,

" Ἡσίοδος Μούσαις Ἑλικωνίσι τόν δ' ἀνέθηκεν
" Ὕμνῳ νικήσας ἐν Χαλκίδι θεῖον" Ομηρον.

Which are two lines taken from that place in *Heſiod* where he mentions no antagoniſt, and altered, that the two names might be brought in, as is evident by comparing them with theſe,

Ὕμνῳ νικήσαντα φέρειν τρίποδ' ἀτώντα,
Τόν μεν Ἐγὼ Μούσῃς Ἑλικωνιάδεσσ' ἀνέθηκα.

To anſwer this ſtory, we may take notice that *Heſiod* is generally placed after *Homer*. *Grævius*, his own commentator, ſets him a hundred years lower; and whether he were ſo or no, yet † *Plutarch* has ſlightly paſſed the whole account as a fable. Nay, we may draw an argument againſt it from *Heſiod* himſelf: He had a love of fame which cauſed him to engage at the funeral games, and which went ſo far as to make him record his conqueſt in his own works; had he defeated *Homer*, the ſame principle would have made him mention a name that could have ſecured his own

† Plut. *Symp. l.* 5. §. 2.

to immortality. A poet who records his glory, would not omit the nobleſt circumſtance, and *Homer*, like a captive prince, had certainly graced the triumph of his adverſary.

Towards the latter end of his life, there is another ſtory invented, which makes him conclude it in a manner altogether beneath the greatneſs of a genius. We find in the life ſaid to be written by *Plutarch*, a tradition, "That he was warned by an oracle to be-"ware of the *young men's riddle*. This remained "long obſcure to him, 'till he arrived at the iſland "* Io*. There as he ſat to behold the fiſhermen, they "propoſed to him a riddle in verſe, which he being "unable to anſwer, died for grief." This ſtory refutes itſelf, by carrying ſuperſtition at one end, and folly at the other. It ſeems conceived with an air of deriſion, to lay a great man in the duſt after a fooliſh manner. The ſame ſort of hand might have framed that tale of *Ariſtotle*'s drowning himſelf becauſe he could not account for the *Euripus*: The deſign is the ſame, the turn the ſame; and all the difference, that the great men are each to ſuffer in his character, the one by a *poetical riddle*, the other by a *philoſophical problem*. But theſe are actions which can only proceed from the meanneſs of pride, or extravagance of madneſs: A ſoul enlarged with knowledge (ſo vaſtly as that of *Homer*) better knows the proper ſtreſs which is to be laid upon every incident, and the proportion of concern, or careleſſneſs, with which it ought to be affected. But it is the fate of narrow capacities to meaſure mankind by a falſe ſtandard, and imagine the great like themſelves, capable of being diſconcerted

erted by little occaſions; to frame their malignant fables according to this imagination, and to ſtand detected by it as by an evident mark of ignorance.

III. The third manner in which the life of *Homer* has been written, is but an amaſſing of all the traditions and hints which the writers could meet with, great or little, in order to tell a ſtory of him to the world. Perhaps the want of choice materials might put them upon the neceſſity; or perhaps an injudicious deſire of ſaying all they could, occaſioned the fault. However it be, a life compoſed of trivial circumſtances, which (tho' it give a true account of ſeveral paſſages) ſhews a man but little in that light in which he was moſt famous, and has hardly any thing correſpondent to the idea we entertain of him: Such a life, I ſay, will never anſwer rightly the demand the world has upon an Hiſtorian. Yet the moſt formal account we have of *Homer* is of this nature, I mean that which is ſaid to be collected by *Herodotus*. It is, in ſhort, an unſupported minute treatiſe, compoſed of events which lie within the compaſs of probability, and belong to the loweſt ſphere of life. It ſeems to be entirely conducted by the ſpirit of a *Grammarian*; ever abounding with *extempore verſes*, as if it were to prove a thing ſo unqueſtionable as our author's title to rapture; and at the ſame time the occaſions are ſo poorly invented, that they miſbecome the warmth of a poetical imagination. There is nothing in it above the life which a *Grammarian* might lead himſelf; nay

III. *Stories of Homer proceeding from trifling curioſity.*

nay, it is but ſuch a one as they commonly do lead, the higheſt ſtage of which is to be *maſter of a ſchool*. But becauſe this is a treatiſe to which writers have had recourſe for want of a better, I ſhall give the following abſtract of it.

Homer was born at *Smyrna*, about one hundred ſixty eight years after the ſiege of *Troy*, and ſix hundred twenty two years before the *expedition* of *Xerxes*. His mother's name was *Crytheis*, who proving unlawfully with child, was ſent away from *Cumæ* by her uncle, with *Iſmenias*, one of thoſe who led the colony to *Smyrna*, then building. A while after, as ſhe was celebrating a feſtival with other women on the banks of the river *Meles*, ſhe was delivered of *Homer*, whom ſhe therefore named *Meleſigenes*. Upon this ſhe left *Iſmenias*, and ſupported herſelf by her labour, 'till *Phemius* (who taught a ſchool in *Smyrna*) fell in love with her, and married her. But both dying in proceſs of time, the ſchool fell to *Homer*, who managed it with ſuch wiſdom, that he was univerſally admired both by natives and ſtrangers. Amongſt theſe latter was *Mentes*, a maſter of a ſhip from *Leucadia*, by whoſe perſuaſions and promiſes he gave up his ſchool, and went to travel: With him he viſited *Spain* and *Italy*, but was left behind at *Ithaca* upon account of a defluction in his eyes. During his ſtay he was entertained by one *Mentor*, a man of fortune, juſtice, and hoſpitality, and learned the principal incidents of *Ulyſſes*'s life. But at the return of *Mentes*, he went from thence to *Colophon*, where, his defluction renewing, he fell entirely blind. Upon this he could think of no better expedient than to go back

back to *Smyrna*, where perhaps he might be ſupported by thoſe who knew him, and have the leiſure to addict himſelf to poetry. But there he found his poverty encreaſe, and his hopes of encouragement fail; ſo that he removed to *Cumæ*, and by the way was entertained for ſome time at the houſe of one *Tychius*, a leather-dreſſer. At *Cumæ* his poems were wonderfully admired, but when he propoſed to eternize their town if they would allow him a ſalary, he was anſwered, that there would be no end of maintaining all the Ὁμηροι, or *blind men*, and hence he got the Name of *Homer*. From *Cumæ* he went to *Phocæa*, where one *Theſtorides* (a ſchool-maſter alſo) offered to maintain him if he would ſuffer him to tranſcribe his verſes: This *Homer* complying with thro' mere neceſſity, the other had no ſooner gotten them, but he removed to *Chios*; there the poems gained him wealth and honour, while the author himſelf hardly earned his bread by repeating them. At laſt, ſome who came from *Chios* having told the people that the ſame verſes were publiſhed there by a ſchool-maſter, *Homer* reſolved to find him out. Having therefore landed near that place, he was received by one *Glaucus* a ſhepherd, (at whoſe door he had like to have been worried by dogs) and carried by him to his maſter at *Bolliſſus*, who admiring his knowledge, entruſted him with the education of his children. Here his praiſe began to ſpread, and *Theſtorides*, who heard of his neighbourhood, fled before him. He removed however ſome time afterwards to *Chios*, where he ſet up a ſchool of poetry, gained a competent fortune, married a wife, and had two

daughters, the one of which died young, the other was married to his patron at *Bolliſſus*. Here he inſerted in his poems the names of thoſe to whom he had been moſt obliged, as *Mentes*, *Phemius*, *Mentor*, and *Tychius*; and reſolving for *Athens*, he made honourable mention of that city, to prepare the *Athenians* for a kind reception. But as he went, the ſhip put in at *Samos*, where he continued the whole winter, ſinging at the houſes of great men, with a train of boys after him. In ſpring he went on board again in order to proſecute his journey to *Athens*, but landing by the way at *Ios*, he fell ſick, died, and was buried on the ſea-ſhore.

This is the life of *Homer* aſcribed to *Herodotus*, tho' it is wonderful it ſhould be ſo, ſince it evidently contradicts his own *hiſtory*, by placing *Homer* ſix hundred twenty-two years before the expedition of *Xerxes*; whereas *Herodotus* himſelf, who was alive at the time of that expedition, ſays *Homer* was only * four hundred years before him. However, if we can imagine that there may be any thing of truth in the main parts of this treatiſe, we may gather theſe general obſervations from it. That he ſhewed a great thirſt after knowledge, by undertaking ſuch long and numerous travels; That he manifeſted an unexampled vigour of mind, by being able to write with more fire under the diſadvantages of blindneſs, and the utmoſt poverty, than any Poet after him in better circumſtances; and that he had an unlimited ſenſe of fame, (the attendant of noble ſpirits) which prompted him

* Herod, *l.* 2.

him to engage in new travels, both under theſe diſadvantages, and the additional burthen of old age.

But it will not perhaps be either improper or difficult to make ſome conjectures which ſeem to lay open the foundation from whence the traditions which frame the low lives of *Homer* have ariſen. We may conſider, That there are no Hiſtorians of his time, (or none handed down to us) who have mentioned him; and that he has never ſpoken plainly of himſelf, in thoſe works which have been aſcribed to him without controverſy. However, an eager deſire to know ſomething concerning him has occaſioned mankind to labour the point under theſe diſadvantages, and turn on all hands to ſee if there were any thing left which might have the leaſt appearance of information. Upon the ſearch, they find no remains but his *name* and *works*, and reſolve to torture theſe upon the rack of invention, in order to give ſome account of the perſon they belong to.

The firſt thing therefore they ſettle is, That what paſſed for his *name* muſt be his *name* no longer, but an *additional title* uſed inſtead of it. The reaſon why it was given, muſt be ſome accident of his life. They then proceed to conſider every thing the word may imply by its derivation. One finds that Ὁ μηρὸς ſignifies a *thigh*; whence ariſes the tradition in * *Heliodorus*, that he was baniſhed *Egypt* for the mark on that part, which ſhewed a ſpurious birth; and this they imagine ground enough to give him the life of a wanderer. A ſecond finds that Ὅμηρος ſignifies

* Hel. *l.* 3.

an *hoſtage*, and then he muſt be delivered as ſuch in a war (according to * *Proclus*) between *Smyrna* and *Chios*. A third can derive the name Ὁ μὴ ὁρῶν, *non videns*, from whence he muſt be a *blind man* (as in the piece aſcribed to † *Herodotus*). A fourth brings it from Ὁμοῦ ἰέναι, *ſpeaking* in *council*; and then (as it is in *Suidas*) he muſt, by a divine inſpiration, declare to the *Smyrnæans*, that they ſhould war againſt *Colophon*. A fifth finds the word may be brought to ſignify *following others*, or *joining himſelf* to them, and then he muſt be called *Homer* for ſaying, (as it is quoted from ‡ *Ariſtotle* in the life aſcribed to *Plutarch*) that he would Ὁμηρεῖν, or *follow* the *Lydians* from *Smyrna*. Thus has the name been turned and winded, enough at leaſt to give a ſuſpicion, that he who got a *new etymology*, got either a *new life* of him, or ſomething which he added to the old one.

However the *name* itſelf not affording enough to furniſh out a whole life, his *works* muſt be brought in for aſſiſtance, and it is taken for granted, That where he has not ſpoken of himſelf, he lies veiled beneath the perſons or actions of thoſe whom he deſcribes. Becauſe he calls a Poet by the name of *Phemius* in his *Odyſſey*, they concluded this § *Phemius* was his maſter. Becauſe he ſpeaks of *Demodocus* as another Poet who was blind, and frequented palaces; he muſt be ſent about ‖ blind, to ſing at the doors of rich men. If *Ulyſſes* be ſet upon by dogs at his ſhepherd's

* Proc. *vit.* Hom.
† Herod. *vit.* Hom.
‡ Plut. *vit.* Hom.
§ Herod. *vit.* Hom.
‖ Herod. *vit.* Hom.

herd's cottage, becauſe this is a low adventure, it is thought to be his own at *Bolliſſus*. * And if he calls the leather-dreſſer, who made *Ajax*'s ſhield, by the name of *Tychius*, he muſt have been ſupported by ſuch an one in his wants: Nay, ſome have been ſo violently carried into this way of conjecturing, that the bare † *ſimile* of a woman who works hard for her livelihood, is ſaid to have been borrowed from his mother's condition, and brought as a proof of it. Thus he is ſtill imagined to intend himſelf; and the fictions of poetry, converted into real facts, are delivered for his life, who has aſſigned them to others. All thoſe ſtories in his works which ſuit with a mean condition are ſuppoſed to have happened to him; tho' the ſame way of inference might as well prove him to have acted in a higher ſphere, from the many paſſages that ſhew his ſkill in government, and his knowledge of the great parts of life.

There are ſome other ſcattered ſtories of *Homer* which fall not under theſe heads, but are however of as trifling a nature; as much unfit for the materials of hiſtory, ſtill more ungrounded, if poſſible, and ariſing merely from chance, or the humours of men: Such is the report we meet with from ‡ *Heraclides*, That "*Homer* was fined at *Athens* for a madman;" which ſeems invented by the diſciples of *Socrates*, to caſt an odium upon the *Athenians* for their conſenting to the death of their maſter; and carries in it ſomething like a declaiming revenge of the ſchools,

as

* *Ibid.* † *Vid. M.* Dacier's *life of* Homer.

‡ Diogenes Laertius *ex* Heracl. *in vita* Socratis.

as if the world should imagine the one could be esteemed *mad*, where the other was put to death for being *wicked*. Such another report is that in * *Ælian*, "That *Homer* portioned his daughter with some of "his works for want of money;" which looks but like a jest upon a poor wit, which at first might have had an Epigrammatist for its father, and been afterwards gravely understood by some painful collector. In short, mankind have laboured heartily about him to no purpose; they have caught up every thing greedily, with that busy minute curiosity and unsatisfactory inquisitiveness which *Seneca* calls the *Disease of the Greeks*; they have puzzled the cause by their attempts to find it out; and, like travellers destitute of a road, yet unsolved to make one over unpassable deserts, they superinduce error instead of removing ignorance.

IV. *Probable conjectures concerning* Homer.

IV. Whenever any authors have attempted to write the life of *Homer*, clear from superstition, envy, and trifling, they have grown ashamed of all these traditions. This, however, has not occasioned them to desist from the undertaking; but still the difficulty, which could not make them desist, has necessitated them, either to deliver the old story with excuses; or else, instead of a life, to compose a treatise partly of *criticism*, and partly of *character*; rather descriptive, than supported by action, and the air of history.

They

* Ælian. *l.* 9. *cap.* 15.

They begin with acquainting us, that the *Time* in which he lived has never been fixed beyond diſpute, and that the opinions of authors are various concerning it: But the controverſy, in its ſeveral conjectures, includes a ſpace of years between the earlieſt and lateſt, from twenty-four to about five hundred, after the ſiege of *Troy*. Whenever the time was, it ſeems not to have been near that ſiege from his own * *Invocation* of the *Muſes* to recount the catalogue of the ſhips: "For we, ſays he, have only heard a rumour, and "know nothing particularly." It is remarked by † *Velleius Paterculus*, That it muſt have been conſiderably later from his own confeſſion, that "mankind "was but half as ſtrong in his age, as in that he "writ of;" which, as it is founded upon a notion of a gradual degeneracy in our nature, diſcovers the interval to have been long between *Homer* and his ſubject. But not to trouble ourſelves with entering into all the dry diſpute, we may take notice, that the world is inclined to ſtand by the ‡ *Arundelian marble*, as the moſt certain computation of thoſe early times; and this, by placing him at the time when *Diognetus* ruled *His Time.*

* Ἡμεῖς δ' ἢ κλέος οἶον ἀκούομεν οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν. *Iliad.* 2. v. 487.

† Hic longè à temporibus belli quod compoſuit, Troïci, quem quidam rentur, abfuit. Nam fermè ante annos 950 floruit, intra mille natus eſt: quo nomine non eſt mirandum quòd ſæpe illud uſurpat, ὅιοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσι. Hîc enim ut *hominum* ita *ſæculorum* notatur differentia. *Vell. Paterc.* lib. 1.

‡ *Vide* Dacier, Du Pin, *&c. concerning the* Arundelian marble.

ruled in *Athens*, makes him flouriſh a little before the *Olympiads* were eſtabliſhed; about three hundred years after the taking of *Troy*, and near a thouſand before the *Chriſtian Æra*. For a farther confirmation of this, we have ſome great names of antiquity who give him a Cotemporary agreeing with the computation: * *Cicero* ſays, There was a tradition that *Homer* lived about the time of *Lycurgus*. † *Strabo* tells us, It was reported that *Lycurgus* went to *Chios* for an interview with him. And even ‡ *Plutarch*, when he ſays, *Lycurgus* received *Homer's* works from the grand-ſon of that *Creophilus* with whom he had lived, does not put him ſo far backward, but that poſſibly they might have been alive at the ſame time.

The next diſpute regards his *country*, concerning which § *Adrian* enquired of the *His* Country. Gods, as a queſtion not to be ſettled by men; and *Appion* (according to ‖ *Pliny*) raiſed a ſpirit for his information. That which has increaſed the difficulty, is the number of conteſting places, of which *Suidas* has reckoned up nineteen in one breath. But his ancient commentator, ** *(Dydimus,)* found the ſubject ſo fertile, as to employ a great part of his four thouſand volumes upon it. There is a prophecy of the *Sybils* that he ſhould be born at *Salamis* in *Cyprus*; and then to play an argument of the ſame nature againſt it, there is the *oracle* given to *Adrian* afterwards, that ſays he was born in *Ithaca*. There

* Cicero *Qu. Tuſcul. l.* 5. † Strabo, *l.* 10.

‡ Plut. *vitâ* Lycurgi. § Ἀγὼν Ὁμήρου καὶ Ἡσιόδου, *of Adrian's Oracle.* ‖ Plin. *l.* 30. *cap.* 2.

** Seneca *Ep.* 88. *concerning* Didymus.

There are *customs* of *Æolia* and *Ægypt* cited from his works, to make out by turns, and with the same probability, that he belonged to each of them. There was a *school* shew'd for his at *Colophon*, and a *tomb* at *Io*, both of equal strength to prove he had his birth in either. As for the *Athenians*, they challenged him as born where they had a colony; or else in behalf of *Greece* in general, and as the *metropolis* of its learning, they made his name free of their city *(qu. Liciniâ & Mutiâ lege*, says * *Politian)* after the manner of that law by which all *Italy* became free of *Rome*. All these have their authors to record their titles, but still the weight of the question seems to lie between *Smyrna* and *Chios*, which we must therefore take a little more notice of. That *Homer* was born at *Smyrna*, is endeavoured to be proved by an † *Epigram*, recorded to have been under the statue of *Pisistratus* at *Athens*; by the reports mentioned in *Cicero*, *Strabo*, and *A. Gellius*; and by the *Greek* lives; which pass under the names of *Herodotus*, *Plutarch*, and *Proclus*; as also the two that are anonymous. The ‡ *Smyrnæans* built a temple to him, cast medals of him, and grew so possest of his having been theirs, that it is said they burned *Zoilus* for affronting them in the person of *Homer*. On the other hand, the *Chians* plead the ancient authorities of § *Simonides* and

* Politian. *Præf.* in Homerum. † Epigram *on* Pisistratus *in the anonymous life before* Homer.

‡ Vitruvius Proœm. *l.* 7.

§ Simonides *Frag. de brevitate vitæ*; *quoting a verse of* Homer.

Ἓν δὲ τὸ καλλιστον Χῖος ἔειπεν ἀνήρ.

and * *Theocritus* for his being born among them. They mention a race they had, called the *Homeridæ*, whom they reckoned his posterity; they cast medals of him; they shew to this day an *Homerium*, or temple of *Homer*, near *Bolissus*; and close their arguments with a quotation from the *Hymn* to *Apollo* (which is acknowledged for *Homer*'s by † *Thucydides*) where he calls himself, "The blind man that inhabits *Chios*." The reader has here the sum of the large treatise of *Leo Allatius*, written particularly on this subject ‡, in which, after having separately weighed the pretensions of all, he concludes for *Chios*. For my part, I determine nothing in a point of so much uncertainty; neither which of these was honoured with his birth, nor whether any of them was, nor whether each may not have produced his own *Homer*; since § *Xenophon* says, there were many of the name. But one cannot avoid being surpriz'd at the prodigious veneration for his character, which could engage mankind with such eagerness in a point so little essential; that Kings should send to oracles for the enquiry of his birth-place; that cities should be in strife about it; that whole lives of learned men should be employed upon it; that some should write treatises; that others should call

* Theocritus *in* Dioscuris, *ad fin.*

——————Χῖος ἀοιδὸς,
Ὑμνήσας Πρυάμοιο πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
Ἰλιάδας τε μάχας——————

† Thucyd. *lib.* 3. ‡ Leo Allatius *de patriâ* Homeri.
§ Xenophon *de Æquitatione.*

call up spirits about it; that thus, in short, heaven, earth and hell should be sought to, for the decision of a question which terminates in curiosity only.

If we endeavour to find the *parents* of *Homer*, the search is as fruitless. *His* Parents. * *Ephorus* has made *Maeon* to be his father, by a niece whom he deflowred; and this has so far obtained, as to give him the derivative name of *Maeonides*. His mother (if we allow the story of *Maeon*) is called *Crytheis*: But we are lost again in uncertainty, if we search farther; for *Suidas* has mentioned *Eumetis* or *Polycaste*; and † *Pausanias*, *Clymene* or *Themisto*; which happens, because the contesting countries find out mothers of their own for him. Tradition has in this case afforded us no more light than what may serve to shew its shadows in confusion; they strike the sight with so equal a probability, that we are in doubt which to chuse, and must pass the question undecided.

If we enquire concerning his own *name*, even that is doubted of. He has been called *Melesigenes* from the river where he was born. *Homer* has been reckoned an ascititious name, from some accident in his life: The *Certamen Homericum* calls him once *Auletes*, perhaps from his musical genius; and ‡ *Lucian*, *Tigranes*; it may be from a confusion with that *Tigranes* or § *Tigretes*, who was brother of Queen *Artemisia*, and whose name has been so far mingled with his, as to make *His* Name. him

* Plut. *vita* Hom. *ex* Ephoro. † Pausanias, *l.* 10.

‡ Lucian's *true history*, *l.* 2. § Suidas *de* Tigrete.

him be esteemed author of some of the lesser works which are ascribed to *Homer*. It may not be amiss to close these criticisms with that agreeable derision wherewith *Lucian* treats the humour of Grammarians in their search after minute and impossible enquiries, when he feigns, that he had talked over the point with *Homer*, in the *Island of the Blessed*. "I "asked him, says he, of what country he was? a "question hard to be resolved with us; to which he "answered, He could not certainly tell, because some "had informed him, that he was of *Chios*, some of "*Smyrna*, and others of *Colophon*; but he took "himself for a *Babylonian*, and said he was called "*Tigranes*, while he lived among his countrymen; "and *Homer* while he was a hostage among the "*Grecians*."

His blindness.

At his birth he appears not to have been *blind*, whatever he might be afterwards. The *Chian* medal of him (which is of great antiquity, according to *Leo Allatius*) seats him with a volume open, and reading intently. But there is no need of proofs from antiquity for that which every line of his works will demonstrate. With what an exactness, agreeable to the natural appearance of things, do his cities stand, his mountains rise, his rivers wind, and his regions lie extended? How beautifully are the views of all things drawn in their figures, and adorned with their paintings? What address in action, what visible characters of the passions inspirit his heroes? It is not

to

to be imagined, that a man could have been always blind, who thus inimitably copies nature, and gives every where the proper proportion, figure, colour, and life: "*Quem si quis cæcum genitum putat* (says * *Paterculus*) "*omnibus sensibus orbus est*:" He must certainly have beheld the creation, considered it with a long attention, and enriched his fancy by the most sensible knowledge of those ideas which he makes the reader see while he but describes them.

His Education *and* Master.

As he grew forward in years, he was trained up to learning (if we credit † *Diodorus*) under one "*Pronapides*, a man of excellent natural endowments, who taught the *Pelasgick* letter invented by *Linus*." From him he might learn to preserve his poetry by committing it to writing; which we mention, because it is generally believed ‡ no poems before his were so preserved; and he himself in the third line of his *Batrachomyomachia* (if that piece be his) expresly speaks of § writing his works in his *tablets*.

His Travels.

When he was of riper years, for his farther accomplishment and the gratification of his thirst of knowledge, he spent a considerable part of his time in travelling. Upon which account ‖ *Proclus* has taken notice that he

* Paterculus, *l.* 1. † Diod. Sic. *l.* 3.

‡ Joseph. *cont.* Appion, *l* 1.

§ ——— ἀοιδῆς
Ἦν νέον ἐν δέλτοισιν ἐμοῖς ἐπι γούνασι θῆκα. Batrach.

‖ Procl. *vitâ* Hom.

he muſt have been rich: "For long travels, ſays he, "occaſion high expences, and eſpecially at thoſe "times, when men could neither ſail without immi-"nent danger and inconveniencies, not had a regu-"lated manner of commerce with one another." This way of reaſoning appears very probable; and if it does not prove him to have been rich, it ſhews him, at leaſt, to have had patrons of a generous ſpirit; who obſerving the vaſtneſs of his capacity, believed themſelves beneficent to mankind, while they ſupported one who ſeemed born for ſomething extraordinary.

Ægypt being at that time the ſeat of learning, the greateſt wits and genius's of *Greece* uſed to travel thither. Among theſe * *Diodorus* reckons *Homer*, and to ſtrengthen his opinion alledges that multitude of their notions which he has received into his poetry, and of their cuſtoms, to which he alludes in his fictions: Such as his *Gods*, which are named from the firſt *Ægyptian Kings*; the number of the *Muſes* taken from the *nine Minſtrels*, which attended *Oſiris*; the *Feaſt* wherein they uſed to ſend their ſtatues of the Deities into *Æthiopia*, and to return after twelve days; and the carrying their dead bodies over the lake to a pleaſant place called *Acheruſia* near *Memphis*, from whence aroſe the ſtories of *Charon*, *Styx*, and *Elyſium*. Theſe are notions which ſo abound in him, as to make † *Herodotus* ſay, He had introduced from

* Diod. Sic. *l.* 1.

† Ἡσίοδον γὰρ καὶ Ὅμηρον ἡλικίαν τετρακοσίοισι ἔτεσι δοκέω μὲν πρεσβυτέρους γενέσθαι, καὶ οὐ πλέοσι· οὗτοι δέ εἰσι οἱ ποιήσαντες

from thence the *religion* of *Greece*. And if others have believed he was an *Egyptian*, from his knowledge of their rites and traditions, which were revealed but to few, and of the arts and cuſtoms which were practiſed among them in general; it may prove at leaſt thus much, that he muſt have travelled there.

As *Greece* was in all probability his native country, and had then began to make an effort in learning, we cannot doubt but he travelled there alſo with a particular obſervation. He uſes the different *dialects* which are ſpoken in its different parts, as one who had been converſant with them all. But the argument which appears moſt irrefragable, is to be taken from his *catalogue* of the *ſhips*: He has there given us an exact *Geography* of *Greece*, where its cities, mountains, and plains, are particularly mentioned, where the courſes of its rivers are traced out, where the countries are laid in order, their bounds aſſigned, and the uſes of their ſoils ſpecified. This the ancients, who compared it with the original, have allowed to be ſo true in all points, that it could never have been owing to a looſe and caſual information: Even *Strabo*'s account of *Greece* is but a kind of commentary upon *Homer*'s.

We may carry this argument farther, to ſuppoſe his having been round *Aſia Minor*, from his exact diviſion of the *Regnum Priami vetus* (as *Horace* calls it) into its ſeparate *Dynaſties*, and the account he gives of

ποιήσαντες θεογονίην Ἕλλησι, καὶ τοῖσι θεοῖσι τὰς ἐπωνυμίας δόντες, καὶ τιμὰς τε καὶ τέχνας διελόντες, καὶ εἴδεα αὐτῶν σημήναντες. Herodot. *l.* 2.

of the bordering nations in alliance with it. Perhaps too, in the wanderings of *Ulyſſes* about *Sicily*, whoſe ports and neighbouring iſlands are mentioned, he might contrive to ſend his Hero where he had made his own voyage before. Nor will the fables he has intermingled be any objection to his having travelled into thoſe parts, ſince they are not related as the hiſtory of the preſent time, but the tradition of the former. His mention of *Thrace*, his deſcription of the beaſts of *Libya*, and of the climate in the *Fortunate Iſlands*, may ſeem alſo to give us a view of him in the extremes of the earth, where it was not barbarous or uninhabited. It is hard to ſet limits to the travels of a man, who has ſet none to that deſire of knowledge which made him undertake them. Who can ſay what people he has not ſeen, who appears to be verſed in the cuſtoms of all? He takes the Globe for the ſcene on which he introduces his ſubject; he launches forward intrepidly, like one to whom no place is new, and appears a citizen of the world in general.

When he returned from his travels, he ſeems to have applied himſelf to the finiſhing of his Poems, however he might have either deſigned, begun, or purſued them before. In theſe he treaſured up his various acquiſitions of knowledge, where they have been preſerved thro' many ages, to be as well the proofs of his own induſtry, as the inſtructions of poſterity. He could then deſcribe his ſacrifices after the *Æolian* manner; or * his leagues with a mixture of

* Iliad. 3.

of *Trojan* and *Spartan* ceremonies: * He could then compare the confuſion of a multitude to that tumult he had obſerved in the *Icarian* ſea, daſhing and breaking among its crowd of iſlands: he could repreſent the numbers of an army, by thoſe flocks of † ſwans he had ſeen on the banks of the *Cayſter*: or being to deſcribe that heat of battle with which *Achilles* drove the *Trojans* into the river, ‡ he could illuſtrate it with an alluſion from *Cyrene* or *Cyprus*, where, when the inhabitants burned their fields, the graſshoppers fled before the fire to periſh in the Ocean. His fancy being fully repleniſhed might ſupply him with every proper occaſional image; and his ſoul after having enlarged itſelf, and taken in an extenſive variety of the creation, might be equal to the taſk of an *Iliad* and an *Odyſſey*.

In his old *age*, he fell blind, and ſettled at *Chios*, as he ſays in the *Hymn* to *Apollo*, (which, as is before obſerved, is acknowledged for his by *Thucydides*, and might occaſion both *Simonides* and *Theocritus* to call him a *Chian*.) § *Strabo* relates, That *Lycurgus*, the great legiſlator of *Sparta*, was reported to have gone to *Chios* to have a conference with *Homer*, after he had ſtudied the laws of *Crete* and *Ægypt*, in order to form his conſtitutions. If this be true, how much a nobler repreſentation does it give of him, and indeed more agreeable to what we conceive of this mighty genius, than thoſe ſpurious

His old age *and* Death.

* Iliad. V. 145.
† Iliad. 2. V. 461.
‡ Iliad. 21. V. 12.
§ Strabo, *l.* 10.

ſpurious accounts which keep him down among the meaneſt of mankind? What an idea could we frame to ourſelves, of a converſation held between two perſons ſo conſiderable; a philoſopher conſcious of the force of poetry, and a poet knowing in the depths of philoſophy; both their ſouls improved with learning, both eminently raiſed above little deſigns or the meaner kind of intereſt, and meeting together to conſult the good of mankind? But in this I have only indulged a thought which is not to be inſiſted upon; the evidence of hiſtory rather tends to prove that *Lycurgus* brought his works from *Aſia* after his death: which * *Proclus* imagines to have happened at a great old age, on account of his vaſt extent of learning, for which a ſhort life could never ſuffice.

His character *and* manners.

If we would now make a conjecture concerning the genius and temper of this great man; perhaps his works which would not furniſh us with facts for his life will be more reaſonably made uſe of to give us a picture of his mind: To this end therefore, we may ſuffer the very name and notion of a book to vaniſh for a while, and look upon what is left us as a converſation, in order to gain an acquaintance with *Homer*. Perhaps the general air of his works will become the general character of his genius; and the particular obſervations give ſome light to the particular turns of his temper. His comprehenſive knowledge ſhews that his ſoul was not formed like

* Procl. *vitâ* Hom.

like a narrow channel for a ſingle ſtream, but as an expanſe which might receive an ocean into its boſom; that he had the ſtrongeſt deſire of improvement, and an unbounded curioſity, which made its advantage of every tranſient circumſtance, or obvious accident. His ſolid and ſententious manner may make us admire him for a man of judgment: one who, in the darkeſt ages, could enter far into a diſquiſition of human nature; who, notwithſtanding all the changes which governments, manners, rites, and even the notions of virtue, have undergone, could ſtill abound with ſo many maxims correſpondent to truth, and notions applicable to ſo many ſciences. The fire, which is ſo obſervable in his Poem, may make us naturally conjecture him to have been of a warm temper, and lively behaviour; and the pleaſurable air which every where overſpreads it, may give us reaſon to think, that fire of imagination was tempered with ſweetneſs and affability. If we farther obſerve the particulars he treats of, and imagine that he laid a ſtreſs upon the ſentiments he delivers, purſuant to his real opinions; we ſhall take him to be of a religious ſpirit, by his inculcating in almoſt every page the worſhip of the Gods. We ſhall imagine him to be a generous lover of his country, from his care to extol it every where; which is carried to ſuch a height, as to make * *Plutarch* obſerve, That though many of the *Barbarians* are made priſoners or ſuppliants, yet neither of theſe diſgraceful accidents (which are common to all nations in war) ever happens to one *Greek*

* Plutarch *de Aud. Poetis.*

throughout his works. We ſhall take him to be a compaſſionate lover of mankind, from his numberleſs praiſes of hoſpitality and charity; (if indeed we are not to account for 'em, as the common writers of his life imagine, from his owing his ſupport to theſe virtues.) It might ſeem from his love of ſtories, with his manner of telling them ſometimes, that he gave his own picture when he painted his *Neſtor*, and, as wiſe as he was, was no enemy to talking. One would think from his praiſes of wine, his copious goblets, and pleaſing deſcriptions of banquets, that he was addicted to a chearful, ſociable life, which *Horace* takes notice of as a kind of tradition;

"*Laudibus arguitur vini vinoſus* Homerus." *Ep.* 19. *l.* 1.

And that he was not (as may be gueſſed of *Virgil* from his works) averſe to the *female ſex*, will appear from his care to paint them amiable upon all occaſions: His *Andromache* and *Penelope* are in each of his Poems moſt ſhining characters of conjugal affection; even his *Helena* herſelf is drawn with all the ſoftnings imaginable; his ſoldiers are exhorted to combat with the hopes of *women*; his commanders are furniſhed with *fair ſlaves* in their tents, nor is the venerable *Neſtor* without a *miſtreſs*.

It is true, that in this way of turning a *book* into a *man*, this reaſoning from his works to himſelf, we can at beſt but hit off a few out-lines of a character: wherefore I ſhall carry it no further, but conclude with one *diſcovery* which we may make from his *ſilence*; a diſcovery extremely proper to be made in this

this manner, which is, That he was of a very modeſt temper. There is in all other Poets a cuſtom of ſpeaking of themſelves, and a vanity of promiſing eternity to their writings: in both which *Homer*, who has the beſt title to ſpeak out, is altogether ſilent. As to the laſt of them, the world has made him ample recompenſe; it has given him that eternity he would not promiſe himſelf: But whatever endeavours have been offered in reſpect of the former, we find ourſelves ſtill under an irreparable loſs. That which others have ſaid of him has amounted to no more than conjecture; that which I have ſaid is no further to be inſiſted on: I have uſed the liberty which is indulged me by precedent, to give my own opinions among the accounts of others, and the world may be pleaſed to receive them as ſo many willing endeavours to gratify its curioſity.

Catalogue of his works.

The only inconteſtable works which *Homer* has left behind him are the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*: The *Batrachomyomachia* or *Battle of frogs and mice*, has been diſputed, but is however allowed for this by many authors; among whom † *Statius* has reckoned it like the *Culex* of *Virgil*, a trial of his force before his greater performances. It is indeed a beautiful piece of raillery, in which a great writer might delight to unbend himſelf; an inſtance of that agreeable trifling which has been at ſome time or other indulged by the fineſt genius's, and the offſpring of that amuſing and chearful humour, which generally accompanies the

† Statius *Præf. ad Sylv.* 1.

character of a rich imagination, like a vein of *Mercury* running mingled with a mine of *Gold*.

The *Hymns* have been doubted alſo, and attributed by the Scholiaſts to *Cynæthus* the *Rhapſodiſt*; but neither ‡ *Thucydides*, § *Lucian*, nor • *Pauſanias*, have ſcrupled to cite them as genuine. We have the authority of the two former for that to *Apollo*, tho' it be obſerved that the word Νόος is to be found in it, which the book *de Poeſi Homericâ* (aſcribed to *Plutarch*) tells us, was not in uſe in *Homer*'s time. We have alſo an authority of the laſt for a ¶ *Hymn* to *Ceres*, of which he has given us a fragment. That to *Mars* is objected againſt for mentioning Τύραννος, and that which is the firſt to *Minerva*, for uſing Τυχὴ, both of them being, (according to the author of the treatiſe before mentioned) words of a later invention. The *Hymn* to *Venus* has many of its lines copied by *Virgil*, in the interview between *Æneas* and that Goddeſs, in the firſt *Æneid*. But whether theſe Hymns are *Homer*'s or not, they are always judged to be near as ancient, if not of the ſame age with him.

The *Epigrams* are extracted out of the life, ſaid to be written by *Herodotus*, and we leave them as ſuch to ſtand or fall with it; except the Epitaph on *Midas*, which is very antient, quoted without its author, both by ‖ *Plato* and † *Longinus*, and (according to †† *Laertius*) aſcribed by *Simonides* to *Cleobulus* the

‡ Thucyd. *l.* 3.
§ Lucian *Phalarid.* 2.
• Pauſan. *Bœotic.*
¶ Pauſ. *Meſſen.*
‖ Plat. *in* Phæd.
† Longin. §. 36. *edit.* Tollii.
†† Laertius *in vita* Cleobuli.

the wiſe man; who living after *Homer*, anſwers better to the age of *Midas* the ſon of *Gordias*.

The *Margites*, which is loſt, is ſaid by § *Ariſtotle* to have been a Poem of a comic nature, wherein *Homer* made uſe of *iambick* verſes as proper for raillery. It was a jeſt upon the fair ſex, and had its name from one *Margites*, a weak man who was the ſubject of it The ſtory is ſomething looſe, as may be ſeen by the account of it ſtill preſerved in ‡ *Euſtathius*'s comment on the *Odyſſey*.

The *Cercopes* was a ſatyrical work which is alſo loſt; we may however imagine it was alſo levelled againſt the vices of men, if our conjecture be right that it was founded upon the * old fable of the *Cercopes*, a nation who were turned into *monkies* for their frauds and impoſtures.

The *Deſtruction* of *Oechalia*, was a Poem of which (according to *Euſtathius*) *Hercules* was the Hero; and the ſubject, his ravaging that country; becauſe *Eurytus* the King had denied him his daughter *Iöle*.

The *Ilias Minor* was a piece which included both the taking of *Troy* and the return of the *Grecians* In this was the ſtory of *Sinon*, which *Virgil* has made uſe of. ‖ *Ariſtotle* has judged it not to belong to *Homer*.

The *Cypriacks*, if it was upon them that *Nævius* founded his *Ilias Cypria*, (as † Mr. *Dacier* conjectures) were the *love adventures* of the *ladies* at the

§ Ariſt. *Poet cap.* 4. ‡ Euſtath. *in* Odyſſ. 10.
* Ovid. *Met. l.* 14. *de* Cercop. ‖ Ariſt. *Poet. cap.* 24.
† Dac. *on* Ariſt. *Poet. cap.* 24.

ſiege: theſe are rejected by ‡‡ *Herodotus*, for ſaying that *Paris* brought *Helen* to *Troy* in three days; whereas *Homer* aſſerts they were long driven from place to place.

There are other things aſcribed to him, ſuch as the *Heptapeſtion goat*, the *Arachnomachia*, &c. in the ludicrous manner; and the *Thebais Epigoni*, or ſecond ſiege of *Thebes*, the *Phocias*, *Amazonia*, &c. in the ſerious: which, if they were his, are now to be reputed a real loſs to the learned world. Time, in ſome things, may have prevailed over *Homer* himſelf, and left only the names of the works, as memorials that ſuch were in being; but while the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* remain, he ſeems like a leader, who, tho' he may have failed in a ſkirmiſh, has carry'd a victory, for which he paſſes in triumph through all future ages.

Monuments, Coins, Marbles, remaining of him.

The remains we have at preſent, of thoſe monuments antiquity had framed for him, are but few. It could not be thought that they who knew ſo little of the *life* of *Homer*, could have a right knowledge of his *perſon*: yet they had ſtatues of him as of their Gods, whoſe forms they had never ſeen. "*Quinimò quæ non ſunt, fin-*"*guntur* (ſays †† *Pliny*) *pariuntque deſideria non tra-*"*diti vultûs, ſicut in* Homero *evenit.*" But though the ancient portraits of him ſeem purely notional, yet they agree, (as I think ‖ *Fabretti* has obſerved) in repreſenting him with a ſhort curled beard, and diſtinct marks of age in his forehead.

In

‡‡ Herod. *l.* 2. †† Pliny, *l.* 35. *c.* 2. ‖ Raph. Fabret. *Explicatio Veteris Tabellæ Anaglyphæ.* Hom. *Iliad.*

In *Bollissus* near *Chias*, there is a ruin, which was shown for the house of *Homer*, which * *Leo Allatius* went on pilgrimage to visit, and (as he tells us) found nothing but a few stones crumbling away with age, over which he and his companions wept for satisfaction.

They erected temples to *Homer* in *Smyrna*, as appears from ¶ *Cicero*; one of these is supposed to be yet extant, and the same which they shew for the Temple of *Janus*. It agrees with † *Strabo*'s description, a square building of stone, near a river, thought to be the *Meles*, with two doors opposite to each other, North and South, and a large Niche within the east-wall, where the image stood: But M. *Spon* denies this to be the true *Homerium*.

Of the medals struck for him, there are some both of *Chios* and *Smyrna* still in being.

But that which of all that remains has been of late the chief amusement of the learned, is the marble called his *Apotheosis*, the work of *Archelaus* of *Priene*, and now in the palace of *Colonna*. We see there a temple hung with its veil, where *Homer* is placed on a seat with a footstool to it, as he has described the seats of the Gods; supported on each side with figures representing the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the one by a sword, the other by the ornament of a ship, which denotes the voyages of *Ulysses*. On each side of his footstool are *mice*, in allusion to the *Batrachomyomachia*.

* Leo Allat. de *patria* Hom. *cap.* 13.

¶ Cicero *pro* Archia.

† Strabo, *l.* 14. Τὸ Ὁμήρειον. στοὰ τετράγονος ἔχουσα νεᾶν Ὁμήρου καὶ ξοάνου, &c. *de* Smyrna.

trachomyomachia. Behind is *Time* waiting upon him, and a figure with turrets on its head, which ſignifies the *World*, crowning him with the Laurel. Before him is an altar, at which all the *Arts* are ſacrificing to him as to their Deity. On one ſide of the altar ſtands a boy, repreſenting *Mythology*; on the other, a woman, repreſenting *Hiſtory*: After her is *Poetry* bringing the *ſacred fire*; and in a long following train, *Tragedy*, *Comedy*, *Nature*, *Virtue*, *Memory*, *Rhetorick*, and *Wiſdom*. in all their proper attitudes.

SECT. II.

HAVING now finiſhed what was propoſed concerning the hiſtory of *Homer*'s life, I ſhall proceed to that of his works; and conſidering him no longer as a *Man*, but as an *Author*, proſecute the thread of his ſtory in this his ſecond life, through the different degrees of eſteem which thoſe writings have obtained in different periods of time.

It has been the fortune of ſeveral great Genius's not to be known while they lived, either for want of hiſtorians, the meanneſs of fortune, or the love of retirement, to which a poetical temper is peculiarly addicted. Yet after death their works give themſelves a life in Fame, without the help of an hiſtorian; and, notwithſtanding the meanneſs of their author, or his love of retreat, they go forth among mankind, the glories of that age which produced them, and the delight of thoſe which follow it. This

is

is a fate particularly verified in *Homer*, than whom no conſiderable author is leſs known as to himſelf, or more highly valued as to his productions.

The earlieſt account of theſe is ſaid by * *Plutarch* to be ſome time after his death, when *Lycurgus* ſailed to *Aſia*: "There he had the firſt ſight "of *Homer*'s works, which were pro- "bably preſerved by the grand-chil- "dren of *Creophilus*; and having obſerved that their "pleaſurable air of fiction did not hinder the Poet's "abounding in maxims of ſtate, and rules of mo- "rality, he tranſcribed and carried with him that en- "tire collection we have now among us: For at that "time (continues this author) there was only an ob- "ſcure rumour in *Greece* to the reputation of theſe "Poems, and but a few ſcattered fragments handed "about, 'till *Lycurgus* publiſhed them entire." *The firſt publication of his Works by* Lycurgus.

Thus they were in danger of being loſt as ſoon as they were produced, by the misfortune of the age, a want of taſte in learning, or the manner in which they were left to poſterity, when they fell into the hands of *Lycurgus*. He was a man of great learning, a law-giver to a people divided and untractable, and one who had a notion that poetry influenced and civilized the minds of men; which made him ſmooth the way to his conſtitution by the ſongs of *Thales* the *Cretan*, whom he engaged to write upon obedience and concord. As he propoſed to himſelf, that the conſtitution he would raiſe upon this their union ſhould be of a martial nature, theſe poems were of

* Plutarch. *Apophthegm.*

an extraordinary value to him; for they came with a full force into his ſcheme; the moral they inſpired was unity; the air they breathed was martial; and their ſtory had this particular engagement for the *Lacedæmonians*, that it ſhewed *Greece* in war, and *Aſia* ſubdued under the conduct of one of their own Monarchs, who commanded all the *Grecian* Princes. Thus the Poet both pleaſed the law-giver, and the people; from whence he had a double influence when the laws were ſettled. For his Poem then became a Panegyrick on their conſtitution, as well as a Regiſter of their glory; and confirmed them in the love of it by a gallant deſcription of thoſe qualities and actions for which it was adapted. This made † *Cleomenes* call him *The Poet of the* Lacedæmonians: And therefore when we remember that *Homer* owed the publication of his works to *Lycurgus*, we ſhould grant too, that *Lycurgus* owed in ſome degree the enforcement of his laws to the works of *Homer*.

Their reception in Greece.

At their firſt appearance in *Greece*, they were not digeſted into a regular body, but remained as they were brought over, in ſeveral detached pieces, called, (according to * *Ælian*) from the ſubject on which they treated; as, *the battle at the ſhips*, *the death of* Dolon, *the valour of* Agamemnon, *the* Patroclea, *the grot of* Calypſo, *ſlaughter of the Wooers*, and the like. Nor were theſe entitled *Books*, but *Rhapſodies*; from whence they that ſung them had the title of *Rhapſodiſts*. It was in this manner they began to be diſperſed, while their poetry, their hiſtory,

† Plutarch. *Apophthegm.* * Ælian. *l.* 13. *cap.* 14.

history, the glory they ascribed to *Greece* in general, the particular description they gave of it, and the compliment they paid to every little state by an honourable mention, so influenced all, that they were transcribed and sung with general approbation. But what seems to have most recommended them was, that *Greece* which could not be great in its divided condition, looked upon the fable of them as a likely plan of future grandeur. They seem from thenceforward to have had an eye upon the conquest of *Asia*, as a proper undertaking, which by its importance might occasion union enough to give a diversion from civil wars, and by its prosecution bring in an acquisition of honour and empire. This is the meaning of * *Isocrates*, when he tells us, "That *Homer*'s poetry "was in greater esteem, because it gave exceeding "praise to those who fought against the *Barbarians*. "Our ancestors (continues he) honoured it with a "place in education and musical contests, that by "often hearing it we should have a notion of an "original enmity between us and those nations; "and that admiring the virtue of those who fought "at *Troy*, we should be induced to emulate their "glory." And indeed they never quitted this thought, 'till

* Οἶμαι δὲ καὶ τὴν Ὁμήρου ποίησιν μείζω λαβεῖν δόξαν, ὅτι καλῶς τοὺς πολημήσαντας τοῖς βαρβάροις ἐνεκωμίασε· καὶ διὰ τοῦτο βουληθῆναι τοὺς προγόνους ἡμῶν ἔντιμον αὐτοῦ ποιῆσαι τὴν τέχνην, ἔν τε τοῖς τῆς μουσικῆς ἄθλοις, καὶ τῇ παιδεύσει τῶν νεωτέρων ἵνα πολλάκις ἀκούοντες τῶν ἐπῶν, ἐκμανθάνωμεν τὸν ἔχθραν τὴν πρὸς αὐτοὺς ὑπάρχουσαν, καὶ ζηλοῦντες τὰς ἀρετὰς τῶν στρατευσαμένων ἐπὶ Τροίαν τῶν αὐτῶν ἔργων ἐκείνος ἐπιθυμῶμεν. Isocrat. *Paneg.*

'till they had ſucceſsfully carried their arms where-ever *Homer* might thus excite them.

Digeſted into order at Athens.

But while his works were ſuffered to lie in an unconnected manner, the chain of the ſtory was not always perceived, ſo that they loſt much of their force and beauty by being read diſorderly. Wherefore as *Lacedæmon* had the firſt honour of their publication by *Lycurgus*, that of their regulation fell to the ſhare of *Athens* in the time of * *Solon*, who himſelf made a law for their recital. It was then that *Piſiſtratus*, the Tyrant of *Athens*, who was a man of great learning and eloquence, (as † *Cicero* has it) firſt put together the confuſed parts of *Homer*, according to that regularity in which they are now handed down to us. He divided them into the two different Works, entitled the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*; he digeſted each according to the Author's deſign, to make their plans become evident; and diſtinguiſhed each again into twenty-four books, to which were afterwards prefixed the twenty-four letters. There is a paſſage indeed in ‡ *Plato*, which takes this Work from *Piſiſtratus*, by giving it to his ſon *Hipparchus*; with this addition, that he commanded them to be ſung at the feaſt called *Panathenæa*. Perhaps it may be,

* Diog. Laert. *vit.* Sol.

† Quis doctior iiſdem illis temporibus, aut cujus eloquentia litteris inſtructior quàm *Piſiſtrati*? Qui primus *Homeri* libros, confuſos antea, ſic diſpoſuiſſe dicitur ut nunc habemus. Cic. *de Orat. l.* 3. *Vide etiam Æl. l.* 13. *cap.* 14. Liban. *Panegyr. in* Jul. *Anonymum* Homeri *vitam. Fuſius vero in Commentatoribus* Dyon. Thracis.

‡ Plato *in* Hipparcho.

be, as * *Leo Allatius* has imagined, becauſe the ſon publiſhed the copy more correctly: This he offers, to reconcile ſo great a teſtimony as *Plato*'s to the cloud of witneſſes which are againſt him in it: But be that as it will, *Athens* ſtill claims its proper honour of reſcuing the father of learning from the injuries of time, of having reſtored *Homer* to himſelf, and given the world a view of him in his perfection. So that if his verſes were before admired for their *uſe* and *beauty*, as the ſtars were, before they were conſidered in a ſyſtem of ſcience; they were now admired much more for their graceful harmony, and that ſphere of order in which they appear to move. They became thenceforward more the pleaſure of the wits of *Greece*, more the ſubject of their ſtudies, and the employment of their pens.

About the time that this new edition of *Homer* was publiſhed in *Athens*, there was one *Cynæthus*, a learned *Rhapſodiſt*, who (as the † *Scholiaſt* of *Pindar* informs us) ſettled firſt at *Syracuſe* in that employment; and if (as *Leo Allatius* believes) he had been before an aſſiſtant in the edition, he may be ſuppoſed to have firſt carried it abroad. But it was not long preſerved correct among his followers; they committed miſtakes in their tranſcriptions and repetitions, and had even the preſumption to alter ſome lines, and interpolate others. Thus the works of *Homer* ran the danger of being utterly defaced; which made it become the concern of Kings and Philoſophers, that they ſhould be reſtored to their primitive beauty.

In

* Leo Allatius *de patriâ* Hom. *cap.* 5.
† Schol. Pind. *in Nem. Od.* 2.

The Edition in Macedon *under* Alexander.

In the front of these is *Alexander the Great*, for whom they will appear peculiarly calculated, if we consider that no books more enliven or flatter personal valour, which was great in him to what we call romantick: Neither has any book more places applicable to his designs on *Asia*, or (as it happened) to his actions there. It was then no ill compliment in * *Aristotle* to purge the *Iliad*, upon this account, from those errors and additions which had crept into it. And so far was *Alexander* himself from esteeming it a matter of small importance, that he afterwards † assisted in a strict review of it with *Anaxarchus* and *Calisthenes*; whether it was merely because he esteemed it a treasury of military virtue and knowledge; or that (according to a late ingenious conjecture) he had a farther aim in promoting the propagation of it, when he was ambitious to be esteemed a son of *Jupiter*; as a book which, treating of the sons of the Gods, might make the intercourse between them and mortals become a familiar notion. The review being finished, he laid it up in a casket, which was found among the spoils of *Darius*, as what best deserved so inestimable a case; and from this circumstance it was named, *The Edition of the casket*.

The

* Plut. *in vitâ* Alexandri.

† φέρεται γὰρ τὸς διόρθωσις τῆς Ὁμήρου ποιήσεως ἡ ἐκ τοῦ Νάρθηκος λεγομένη τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου μετὰ τοῦ περὶ Καλλισθένην καὶ Ἀνάξαρχου ἐπελθόντος, καὶ σημειωσαμένου ἔπειτα καταθέντος εἰς Νάρθηκα ὃν εὗρεν ἐν Περσικῇ γάζῃ πολυτελῶς κατεσκευασμένον. Strab. *lib.* 13.

The place where the works of *Homer* were next found in the greateſt regard, is *Ægypt*, under the reign of the *Ptolemies*. Theſe Kings, being deſcended from *Greece*, retained always a paſſion for their original country. The men, the books, the qualifications of it, were in eſteem in their court; they preſerved the language in their family; they encouraged a concourſe of learned men; erected the greateſt library in the world; and trained up their Princes under *Grecian* tutors; among whom the moſt conſiderable were appointed for reviſers of *Homer*. The firſt of theſe was * *Zenodotus*, library-keeper to the firſt *Ptolemy*, and qualified for this undertaking by being both a Poet and a Grammarian. But neither his copy, nor that which his diſciple *Ariſtophanes* had made, ſatisfying *Ariſtarchus*, (whom *Ptolemy Philometor* had appointed over his ſon *Euergetes*) he ſet himſelf to another correction with all the wit and learning he was maſter of. He reſtored ſome verſes to their former readings, rejected others which he marked with *obeliſks* as ſpurious, and proceeded with ſuch induſtrious accuracy, that, notwithſtanding there were ſome who wrote againſt his performance, antiquity has generally acquieſced in it. Nay, ſo far have they carried their opinion in his favour, as to call a man an ‡ *Ariſtarchus* when they meant to ſay a candid, judicious Critick; in the ſame manner as they

Editions in Egypt.

* Suidas.

‡ Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet *Ariſtarchus* ——— Horat. *Art Poetica.*

they call the contrary a *Zoilus*, from that *Zoilus* who about this time wrote an envious criticiſm againſt *Homer*. And now we mention theſe two together, I fancy it will be no ſmall pleaſure to the benevolent part of mankind, to ſee how their characters ſtand in contraſt to each other, for examples to future ages, at the head of the two contrary ſorts of criticiſm, which proceed from good nature or ill will. The one was honoured with the offices and countenance of the court; the other, * when he applied to the ſame place for an encouragement amongſt the men of learning, had his petition rejected: The one had his fame continued to poſterity; the other is only remembered with infamy: If the one had antagoniſts, they were obliged to pay him the deference of a formal anſwer; the other was never anſwered but in general, with thoſe opprobrious names of *Thracian ſlave*, and *rhetorical dog*: The one is ſuppoſed to have his copy ſtill remaining; while the other's remarks are periſhed, as things that men were aſhamed to preſerve, the juſt deſert of whatever ariſes from the miſerable principles of ill will or envy.

In Syria *and other parts of* Aſia.

It was not the ambition of *Ægypt* only to have a correct edition of *Homer*. We find in the † life of the Poet *Aratus*, that he having finiſhed a copy of the *Odyſſey*, was ſent for by *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, and entertained by him while he finiſhed one of the *Iliads*. We read too of others

* Vitruv. *l.* 7. in *Præm.*

† *Author vitæ* Arati, & Suidas *in* Arato.

others which were publiſhed with the names of countries; ſuch as the ‡ *Maſſaliotick* and *Sinopick*: as if the world were agreed to make his works in their ſurvival undergo the ſame fate with himſelf; and that as different cities contended for his birth, ſo they might contend for his true edition. But though theſe reviews were not peculiar to *Ægypt*, the greateſt honour was theirs, in that univerſal approbation which the performance of *Ariſtarchus* received; and if it be not his edition which we have at preſent, we know not to whom to aſcribe it.

But the world was not contented barely to have ſettled an edition of his works. There were innumerable comments, in which they were opened like a treaſury of learning; and tranſlations, whereby other languages became enriched by an infuſion of his ſpirit of poetry. * *Ælian* tells us, that even the *Indians* had them in their tongue, and the *Perſian* Kings ſung them in theirs. † *Perſius* mentions a verſion in *Latin* by *Labeo*; and in general the paſſages and imitations which are taken from him, are ſo numerous, that he may be ſaid to have been tranſlated by piece-meal into that, and all other languages: Which affords us this remark, that there is hardly any thing in him, which has not been pitched upon by ſome author or other as a particular beauty.

In India *and* Perſia.

It

‡ Euſtathius *initio Iliados.*

* Ælian, *l.* 12. *cap.* 48.

† Perſius, *Sat.* 1.

The extent and height of their reputation in the Heathen World.

It is almoſt incredible to what an height the idea of that veneration the ancients paid to *Homer* will ariſe, to one who reads particularly with this view, through all theſe periods. He was no ſooner come from his obſcurity, but *Greece* received him with delight and profit: There were then but few books to divide their attention, and none which had a better title to engroſs it all. They made ſome daily diſcoveries of his beauties, which were ſtill promoted in their different channels by the favourite qualities of different nations. *Sparta* and *Macedon* conſidered him moſt in reſpect of his *warlike ſpirit*; *Athens* and *Ægypt* with regard to his *poetry* and *learning*; and all their endeavours united under the hands of the learned, to make him blaze forth into an univerſal character. His works, which from the beginning paſſed for excellent *poetry*, grew to be *hiſtory* and *geography*; they roſe to be a *magazine* of *Sciences*; were exalted into a *ſcheme* of *religion*; gave a ſanction to whatever rites they mentioned; were quoted in all caſes for the *conduct of life*, and learned by heart as the very book of belief and practice. From him the *Poets* drew their inſpirations, the *Criticks* their rules, and the *Philoſophers* a defence of their opinions: Every author was fond to uſe his name; and every profeſſion writ books upon him, 'till they ſwelled to libraries. The warriors formed themſelves by his Heroes, and the oracles delivered his verſes for anſwers. Nor was mankind ſatisfied to have ſeated his character at the top of human wiſdom, but being overborne with

an

an imagination that he tranſcended their ſpecies, they admitted him to ſhare in thoſe honours they gave the deities. They inſtituted games for him, dedicated ſtatues, erected temples, as at *Smyrna*, *Chios*, and *Alexandria*; and * *Ælian* tells us, that when the *Argives* ſacrificed with their gueſts, they uſed to invoke the preſence of *Apollo* and *Homer* together.

The decline of their character in the beginning of Chriſtianity.

Thus he was ſettled on a foot of adoration, and continued highly venerated in the *Roman* empire, when *Chriſtianity* began. Heathenism was then to be deſtroyed, and *Homer* appeared the father of it; whoſe fictions were at once the belief of the Pagan religion, and the objections of Chriſtianity againſt it. He became therefore very deeply involved in the queſtion; and not with that honour which hitherto attended him, but as a criminal who had drawn the world into folly. He was on one hand accuſed for having framed † fables upon the works of *Moſes*; as the rebellion of the Giants, from the building of *Babel*, and the caſting *Atè* or *Striſe* out of heaven from the fall of *Luciſer*. He was expoſed on the other hand for thoſe which he is ſaid to invent, as when ‡ *Arnobius* cries out, "This is the "man who wounded your *Venus*, impriſoned your "*Mars*, who freed even your *Jupiter* by *Briareus*, "and who finds authorities for all your vices," &c.

Mankind

* Ælian. *l.* 9. *cap.* 15.

† Juſtin Martyr, *Admonit. ad gentes.*

‡ Arnobius *adverſus gentes*, *l.* 7.

Mankind was * derided for whatever he had hitherto made them believe; and † *Plato*, who expelled him his commonwealth, has, of all the Philoſophers, found the beſt quarters from the Fathers, for paſſing that ſentence. His fineſt beauties began to take a new appearance of pernicious qualities; and becauſe they might be conſidered as allurements to fancy, or ſupports to thoſe errors with which they were mingled, they were to be depreciated while the conteſt of faith was in being. It was hence, that the reading them was diſcouraged, that we hear *Ruffinus* accuſing St. *Jerome* for it, and that ‡ St. *Auſtin* rejects him as the grand maſter of fable; though indeed the *dulciſſimè vanus* which he applies to *Homer*, looks but like a fondling manner of parting with him.

This ſtrong attack upon our author obliged thoſe Philoſophers, who could have acquieſced as his admirers, to appear as his defenders; who, becauſe they ſaw the fables could not be literally ſupported, endeavoured to find a hidden ſenſe, and to carry on every where that vein of *allegory*, which was already broken open with ſucceſs in ſome places. But how miſerably were they forced to ſhifts, when they made § *Juno*'s dreſſing in the *Ceſtus* for *Jupiter*, to ſignify the purging of the *air* as it approached the *fire*? Or the ſtory of *Mars* and *Venus*, that inclination they have

* *Vid.* Tertul. *Apol. cap.* 14.

† Arnobius, *ibid.* Euſebius *præp. Evangel. l.* 14. *cap.* 10.

‡ *St.* Auguſt. *Confeſſ. l.* 1. *cap.* 14.

§ Plutarch *on reading the Poets.*

have to incontinency who are born when these planets are in conjunction? Wit and learning had here a large field to display themselves, and to disagree in; for sometimes *Jupiter*, and sometimes *Vulcan*, was made to signify the *fire*: or *Mars* and *Venus* were allowed to give us a lecture of *morality* at one time, and a problem of *astronomy* at another. And these strange discoveries, which * *Porphyry* and the rest would have to pass for the genuine *theology* of the *Greeks*, prove but (as † *Eusebius* terms it) the perverting of fables into a mystic sense. They did indeed often defend *Homer*, but then they allegorized away their Gods by doing so. What the world took for substantial objects of adoration, dissolved into a figurative meaning, a moral truth, or a piece of learning, which might equally correspond to any religion; and the learned at last had left themselves nothing to worship, when they came to find an object in Christianity.

Restoration of Homer's *works to their just character.*

The dispute of faith being over, ancient learning reassumed its dignity, and *Homer* obtained his proper place in the esteem of mankind. His books are now no longer the scheme of a living religion, but become the register of one in former times. They are not now received for a rule of life, but valued for those just observations which are dispersed through them. They are no longer pronounced from oracles, but quoted still by authors for their learning.

* Porphyrius *de Antro Nymph. &c.*

† Eusebii *præpar. Evangel. l.* 3. *cap.* 1.

learning. Thoſe remarks which the Philoſophers made upon them, have their weight with us; thoſe beauties which the Poets dwelled upon, their admiration: And even after the abatement of what was extravagant in his run of praiſe, he remains confeſſedly a mighty genius not tranſcended by any which have ſince ariſen; a Prince, as well as a Father, of *Poetry*.

SECT. III.

A view of the learning of Homer's *time.*

IT remains in this hiſtorical eſſay, to regulate our preſent opinion of *Homer*, by a view of his learning, compared with that of his age. For this end he may firſt be conſidered as a Poet, that character which was his profeſſedly; and ſecondly as one endowed with other ſciences, which muſt be ſpoken of, not as in themſelves but as in ſubſerviency to his main deſign. Thus he will be ſeen on his right foot of perfection in one view, and with the juſt allowances which ſhould be made on the other: While we paſs through the ſeveral heads of ſcience, the ſtate of thoſe times in which he writ will ſhew us both the impediments he roſe under, and the reaſon why ſeveral things in him which have been objected to, either could not, or ſhould not be otherwiſe than they are.

As

As for the ſtate of *Poetry*, it was at a low pitch in the age of *Homer*. There is mention of *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Muſæus*, venerable names in antiquity, and eminently celebrated in fable for the wonderful power of their ſongs and muſic. The learned *Fabricius*, in his *Bibliotheca Græca*, has reckoned about ſeventy who are ſaid to have written before *Homer*: but their works were not preſerved, and can be only conſidered (if they were really excellent) as the happineſs of their own generation. What ſort of Poets *Homer* ſaw in his own time, may be gathered from his deſcription of * *Demodocus* and *Phemius*, whom he has introduced to celebrate his profeſſion. The imperfect riſing of the art lay then among the *(extempore)* ſingers of ſtories at banquets, who were half ſingers, half muſicians. Nor was the name of *Poet* then in being, or once uſed throughout *Homer's* works. From this poor ſtate of Poetry, he has taken a handle to uſher it into the world with the boldeſt ſtroke of praiſe which has ever been given it. It is in the eighth *Odyſſey*, where *Ulyſſes* puts *Demodocus* upon a trial of ſkill. *Demodocus* having diverted the gueſts with ſome actions of the *Trojan* war; "† All "this (ſays *Ulyſſes*) you have ſung very elegantly, as "if you had either been preſent, or heard it re- "ported; but paſs now to a ſubject I ſhall give you, "ſing the management of *Ulyſſes* in the wooden "horſe, juſt as it happened, and I will acknowledge "the Gods have taught you your ſongs." This the finger *In Poetry.*

* Od. 1ſt, *and* Od. 8th. † Odyſſ. *l.* 8. v. 487, &c.

ſinger being inſpired from heaven begins immediately, and *Ulyſſes*, by weeping at the recital, confeſſes the truth of it. We ſee here a narration which could only paſs upon an age extremely ignorant in the nature of Poetry, where that claim of inſpiration is given to it which it has never ſince laid down, and (which is more) a power of propheſying at pleaſure aſcribed to it. Thus much therefore we gather from himſelf, concerning the moſt ancient ſtate of Poetry in *Greece*; that no one was honoured with the name of Poet, before him whom it eſpecially belonged to ever after. And if we farther appeal to the conſent of authors, we find he has other titles for being called the firſt. * *Joſephus* obſerves, That the *Greeks* have not conteſted but he was the moſt ancient, whoſe books they had in writing. † *Ariſtotle* ſays, "He "was the firſt who brought all the parts of a poem "into one piece," to which he adds, "with true judgment," to give him a praiſe, including both the invention and perfection. And *Horace* ſeems to think, that he invented the very *meaſure* which is called *Heroic* from the ſubjects on which he employed it;

Res geſtæ regumque, ducumque, & fortia bella,—
Quo ſcribi poſſint numero *monſtravit Homerus* ‡.

Whatever was ſerious or magnificent made a part of his ſubject: War and peace were the comprehenſive diviſion in which he conſidered the world; and the plans

* Joſeph. *contra* Appion. *l.* 1. † Ariſt. *Poet. cap.* 25.
‡ Hor. *Epiſt. ad* Piſones. v. 73.

plans of his poems were founded on the moſt active ſcenes of each, the adventures of a ſiege, and the accidents of a voyage. For theſe, his ſpirit was equally active and various, lofty in expreſſion, clear in narration, natural in deſcription, rapid in action, abundant in figures. If ever he appears leſs than himſelf, it is from the time he writ in; and if he runs into errors, it is from an exceſs, rather than a defect of genius. Thus he roſe over the poetical world, ſhining out like a ſun all at once; which if it ſometimes makes too *faint* an appearance, 'tis to be aſcribed only to the neceſſity of the ſeaſon that keeps it at a diſtance; and if he is ſometimes too *violent*, we confeſs at the ſame time that we owe all things to his heat.

As for his *Theology*, we ſee the Heathen ſyſtem entirely followed. This was all he could then have to work upon, and where he fails of truth for want of revelation, he at leaſt ſhews his knowledge in his own religion by the traditions he delivers. But we are now upon a point to be further handled, becauſe the greateſt controverſy concerning the merit of *Homer* depends upon it. Let us conſider then, that there was an age in *Greece*, when natural reaſon only diſcovered there muſt be ſomething ſuperior to us, and tradition had affixed the notion to a number of Deities. At this time *Homer* roſe with the fineſt turn imaginable for Poetry, who deſigning to inſtruct mankind in the manner for which he was moſt adapted, made uſe of the miniſtry of the Gods to give the higheſt air of ſurprize and veneration to his writings. He found the religion of mankind wrapt up in fables; it was thought then the

Theology.

eaſieſt method to convey morals to the people, who were allured to attention by pleaſure, and awed with the opinion of a hidden myſtery. Nor was it his buſineſs when he undertook the province of a poet (not of a mere philoſopher) to be the firſt who ſhould diſcard that which furniſhes Poetry with its moſt beautiful appearance: and eſpecially, ſince the age he lived in, by diſcovering its taſte, had not only given him authority, but even put him under the neceſſity of preſerving it. Whatever therefore he might think of his Gods, he took them as he found them: he brought them into action according to the notions which were then entertained, and in ſome ſtories as they were then believed; unleſs we imagine that he invented every thing he delivers. Yet there are ſeveral rays of truth ſtreaming thro' all this darkneſs, in thoſe ſentiments he entertains concerning the Gods; and ſeveral allegories lightly veiled over, from whence the learned drew new knowledges, each according to his power of penetration and fancy. But that we may the better comprehend him in all the parts of this general view, let us extract from him a ſcheme of his religion.

He has a *Jupiter*, a *father of Gods and men*, whom he makes ſupreme, and to whom he applies ſeveral attributes, as wiſdom, juſtice, knowledge, power, &c. which are eſſentially inherent to the idea of a God *. He has given him two *veſſels*, out of which he diſtributes natural *good* or *evil* for the life of man; he places the Gods in council round him; he makes † *Prayers* paſs to and fro before him; and mankind adore

* Iliad. 24. v. 527. † Il. 9. v. 498.

adore him with ſacrifice. But all this grand appearance, wherein Poetry paid a deference to reaſon, is daſhed and mingled with the imperfection of our nature; not only with the applying our paſſions to the ſupreme being (for men have always been treated with this compliance to their notions) but that he is not even exempted from our common appetites, and frailties: For he is made to eat, drink, and ſleep: but this his admirers would imagine to be only a groſſer way of repreſenting a general notion of happineſs, becauſe he ſays in one place, * that the food of the Gods was not of the ſame nature with ours. But, upon the whole, while he endeavoured to ſpeak of a Deity without a right information, he was forced to take him from that image he diſcovered in *man*; and (like one who, being dazzled with the ſun in the heavens, would view him as he is reflected in a river) he has taken off the impreſſion not only ruffled with the emotion of our paſſions, but obſcured with the earthly mixture of our natures.

The other Gods have all their provinces aſſigned them; "Every thing has its peculiar Deity, ſays † "*Maximus Tyrius*, by which *Homer* would inſinuate "that the Godhead was preſent to all things." When they are conſidered farther, we find he has turned the virtues and endowments of our minds into *perſons*, to make the ſprings of action become viſible; and becauſe they are given by the Gods, he repreſents them as Gods themſelves deſcending from heaven. In the ſame ſtrong light he ſhews our vices when they

* Il. 5. v. 340. † Maxim. Tyr. *Diſſ.* 16.

they occaſion misfortunes, like extraordinary powers which inflict them upon us; and even our natural puniſhments are repreſented as puniſhers themſelves. But when we come to ſee the manner they are introduced in, they are found feaſting, fighting, wounded by men, and ſhedding a ſort of blood; in which his machines play a little too groſly: the fable which was admitted to procure the pleaſure of ſurpriſe, violently oppreſſes the moral, and it may be loſt labour to ſearch for it in every minute circumſtance, if indeed it was intended to be there. The main deſign was however philoſophical, the dreſs the poet's, which was uſed for neceſſity, and allowed to be ornamental. And ſomething ſtill may be offered in his defence, if he has both preſerved the grand moral from being obſcured, and adorned the parts of his works with ſuch ſentiments of the Gods as belonged to the age he lived in; which that he did appears from his having then had that ſucceſs for which allegory was contrived. "It is the madneſs of men, "ſays [a] *Maximus Tyrius*, to diſeſteem what is plain, "and admire what is hidden; this the poets diſco-"vering, invented the fable for a remedy, when they "treated of holy matters; which being more ob-"ſcure than converſation, and more clear than the "riddle, is a mean between knowledge and ignorance, "believed partly for being agreeable, and partly for "being wonderful. Thus as Poets in name, and "Philoſophers in effect, they drew mankind gra-"dually to ſearch after truth, when the name of "philoſopher

[a] Maxim. Tyr. *Diſſ.* 29.

" philoſopher would have been harſh and diſ-
" pleaſing."

When *Homer* proceeds to tell us our duty to theſe ſuperior beings, we find prayer, ſacrifice, luſtration, and all the rites which were eſteemed religious, conſtantly recommended under fear of their diſpleaſure. We find too a notion of the ſoul's ſubſiſting after this life, but for want of revelation he knows not what to reckon the happineſs of a future ſtate, to any one who was not deified; which is plain from the ſpeech of * *Achilles* to *Ulyſſes* in the region of the dead; where he tells him, that " he would rather " ſerve the pooreſt creature upon earth, than rule " over all the departed." It was chiefly for this reaſon that *Plato* excluded him his commonwealth; he thought *Homer* ſpoke indecently of the Gods, and dreadfully of a future ſtate; in which ſentence he has made no allowance for the times he writ in. But if he cannot be defended in every thing as a theologiſt, yet we may ſay, in reſpect of his poetry, that he has enriched it from theology with true ſentiments for profit; adorned it with allegories for pleaſure; and by uſing ſome machines which have no farther ſignificancy, or are ſo refined as to make it doubted if they have any, he has however produced that character in poetry which we call the *Marvellous*, and from which the *agreeable* (according to *Ariſtotle*) is always inſeparable.

* Odyſſ. 11. v. 488.

Politicks. If we take the ſtate of *Greece* at his time in a political view, we find it a * diſunited country, made up of ſmall ſtates: and whatever was managed in war amounted to no more than inteſtine ſkirmiſhes, or piracies abroad, which were eaſily revenged on account of their diſ-union. Thus one people ſtole *Europa*, and another *Io*; the *Grecians* took *Heſione* from *Troy*, and the *Trojans* took *Helena* from *Greece* in revenge. But this laſt having greater friends and alliances than any upon whom the rapes had hitherto fallen, the ruin of *Troy* was the conſequence; and the force of the *Aſiatic* coaſts was ſo broken, that this accident put an end to the age of piracies. Then the inteſtine broils of *Greece* (which had been diſcontinued during the league) were renewed upon its diſſolution. War and ſedition moved people from place to place, during its want of inhabitants; Exiles from one country were received from Kings in another; and Leaders took tracts of ground to beſtow them upon their followers. Commerce was neglected, living at home unſafe, and nothing of moment tranſacted by any but againſt their neighbours. *Athens* only, where the people were undiſturbed, becauſe it was a barren ſoil which no body coveted, had begun to ſend colonies abroad, being overſtocked with inhabitants.

Now a Poem coming out at ſuch a time, with a Moral capable of healing theſe diſorders, by promoting *Union*, we may reaſonably think it was deſigned for that end to which it is ſo peculiarly adapted.

If

* *See* Thucydides, *lib.* 1.

If we imagine therefore, that *Homer* was a politician in this affair, we may ſuppoſe him to have looked back into the ages paſt, to ſee if at any time theſe diſorders had been leſs; and to have pitched upon that ſtory, wherein they found a temporary cure; that by celebrating it with all poſſible honour he might inſtil a deſire of the ſame ſort of union into the hearts of his countrymen. This indeed was a work which could belong to none but a poet, when Governors had power only over ſmall territories, and the numerous Governments were every way independent. It was then that all the charms of poetry were called forth, to inſinuate the important glory of an alliance; and the *Iliad* delivered from the Muſes, with all the pomp of words and artificial influence. Union among themſelves was recommended, peace at home, and glory abroad: And leſt this ſhould be rendered uſeleſs by miſmanagements; he lets us into farther leſſons concerning it: How when his Kings quarrel, their ſubjects ſuffer; when they act in conjunction, victory attends them: when they meet in council, plans are drawn and proviſions made for future action; and when in the field, the arts of war are deſcribed with the greateſt exactneſs. Theſe were lectures of general concern to mankind, proper for the Poet to deliver, and Kings to attend to; ſuch as made *Porphyry* write of the profit that princes might receive from *Homer*; and *Stratocles*, *Hermias*, and *Frontinus* extract military diſcipline out of him. Thus tho' *Plato* has baniſhed him from one imaginary commonwealth, he has ſtill been ſerviceable to many real kingdoms.

Morality. The morality of *Greece* could not be perfect while there was a weakneſs in its government; faults in Politics are occaſioned by faults in Ethics, and occaſion them in their turn. The diviſion into ſo many ſtates was the riſe of frequent quarrels, whereby men were bred up in a rough untractable diſpoſition. Bodily ſtrength met with the greateſt honours, becauſe it was daily neceſſary to the ſubſiſtence of little governments; and that head-long courage which throws itſelf forward to enterprize and plunder, was univerſally careſſed, becauſe it carried all things before it. It is no wonder in an age of ſuch education and cuſtoms, that, * *Thucydides* ſays, "Robbing was honoured, provided "it was done with gallantry, and that the ancient "poets made people queſtion one another as they "ſailed by, *if they were thieves?* as a thing for "which no one ought either to be ſcorned or up-"braided." Theſe were the ſort of actions which the ſingers then recorded, and it was out of ſuch an age that *Homer* was to take his ſubjects. For this reaſon (not a want of morality in him) we ſee a boaſting temper and unmanaged roughneſs in the ſpirit of his Heroes, which ran out in pride, anger, or cruelty. It is not in him as in our modern Romances, where men are drawn in perfection, and we but read with a tender weakneſs what we can neither apply nor emulate. *Homer* writ for men, and therefore he writ of them; if the world had been better, he would have ſhown it ſo: as the matter now ſtands, we ſee his people

* Thucyd. *lib.* 1.

people with the turn of his age, insatiably thirsting after glory and plunder; for which however he has found them a lawful cause, and taken care to retard their success by those very faults.

In the prosecution of the story every part of it has its lessons of morality: There is brotherly love in *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, friendship in *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, and the love of his country in *Hector*. But since we have spoken of the *Iliad* as more particular for its politics, we may consider the *Odyssey* as its moral is more directly framed for ethics. It carries the Hero through a world of trials both of the dangerous and pleasurable nature. It shows him first under most surprizing weights of adversity, among shipwrecks and savages; all these he is made to pass through, in the methods by which it becomes a man to conquer; a patience in suffering, and a presence of mind in every accident. It shows him again in another view, tempted with the baits of idle or unlawful pleasures; and then points out the methods of being safe from them. But if in general we consider the care our author has taken to fix his lessons of morality by the proverbs and precepts he delivers, we shall not wonder if *Greece*, which afterwards gave the appellation of *wise* to men who settled *single sentences* of truth, should give him the title of the *Father of Virtue*, for introducing such a number. To be brief, if we take the opinion of * *Horace*, he has proposed him to us

* Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.
Hor. *Ep.* 2. l. 1.

as a maſter of morality; he lays down the common philoſophical diviſion of *good*, into *pleaſant*, *profitable*, and *honeſt*; and then aſſerts that *Homer* has more fully and clearly inſtructed us in each of them, than the moſt rigid philoſophers.

Some indeed have thought, notwithſtanding all this, that *Homer* had only a deſign to pleaſe in his inventions; and that others have ſince extracted morals out of his ſtories (as indeed all ſtories are capable of being uſed ſo) But this is an opinion concerning Poetry, which the world has rather degenerated into, than begun with. The tradition of *Orpheus*'s civilizing mankind by hymns on the Gods, with others of the like nature, may ſhow there was a better uſe of the art both known and practiſed. There is alſo a remarkable paſſage of this kind in the third book of the *Odyſſey*, that *Agamemnon* left one of the * Poets of thoſe times in his Court when he ſailed for *Troy*; and that his Queen was preſerved virtuous by his ſongs, 'till *Ægyſthus* was forced to expel him in order to debauch her. Here he has hinted what a true poetical ſpirit can do, when applied to the promotion of virtue; and from this one may judge he could not but deſign *that* himſelf, which he recommends as the duty and merit of his profeſſion. Others ſince his time may have ſeduced the art to worſe intentions; but they who are offended at the liberties of ſome poets, ſhould not condemn all in the groſs for trifling or corruption; eſpecially when the evidence runs ſo ſtrongly for any one, to the contrary.

We

* Odyſſ. 3. v. 267.

We may in general go on to obſerve, that the time when *Homer* was born did not abound in learning. For where-ever politics and morality are weak, learning wants its peaceable air to thrive in. He is himſelf the man from whom we have the firſt accounts of antiquity, either in its actions or learning; from whom we hear what *Ægypt* or *Greece* could inform him in, and whatever himſelf could diſcover by the ſtrength of nature or induſtry. But however, that we may not miſtake the Elogies of thoſe ancients who call him the *Father of Arts and Sciences*, and be ſurprized to find ſo little of them (as they are now in perfection) in his works; we ſhould know that this character is not to be underſtood at large, as if he had included the full and regular ſyſtems of every thing: He is to be conſidered profeſſedly only in quality of a poet; this was his buſineſs, to which as whatever he knew was to be ſubſervient, ſo he has not failed to introduce thoſe ſtrokes of knowledge from the whole circle of arts and ſciences, which the ſubject demanded, either for neceſſity or ornament. This will appear on a fair view of him in each of theſe lights.

Hiſtory.

Before his time there were no Hiſtorians in *Greece*: He treated hiſtorically of paſt tranſactions, according as he could be informed by tradition, ſong, or whatever method there was of preſerving their memory. For this we have the conſent of antiquity; they have generally more appealed to his authority, and more inſiſted on it, than on the teſtimony of any other writer, when they treat of the rites, cuſtoms, and manners of the firſt times. They have generally believed

believed that the acts of *Tydeus* at *Thebes*, the second siege of that city, the settlement of *Rhodes*, the battle between the *Curetes* and the *Ætolians*, the succession of the Kings of *Mycenæ* by the sceptre of *Agamemnon*, the acts of the *Greeks* at *Troy*, and many other such accounts, are some of them wholly preserved by him, and the rest as faithfully related as by any historian. Nor perhaps was all of his invention which seems to be feigned, but rather frequently the obscure traces and remains of real persons and actions: which as § *Strabo* observes, when history was transmitted by oral tradition, might be mixed with fable before it came into the hands of the poet. "This happened (says he) to *Herodotus*, the first "professed historian, who is as fabulous as *Homer* "when he refers to the common reports of countries; "and it is not to be imputed to either as a fault, but "as a necessity of the times." Nay, the very passages which cause us to tax them at this distance with being fabulous, might be occasioned by their diligence, and a fear of erring, if they too hastily rejected those reports which had passed current in the nations they described.

Geography.

Before his time there was no such thing as *Geography* in *Greece*. For this we have the suffrage of * *Strabo*, the best of Geographers, who approves the opinion of *Hipparchus* and other ancients, that *Homer* was the very author of it; and upon this account begins his treatise of the science itself, with an *encomium* on him.

§ Strabo, *l.* 1. * Strabo, *ibid. initio.*

him. As to the general part of it, we find he had a knowledge of the Earth's being surrounded by the Ocean, because he makes the Sun and Stars both to rise and set in it; and that he knew the use of the Stars is plain from his making † *Ulysses* sail by the observation of them. But the instance oftenest alledged upon this point is the ‡ shield of *Achilles*; where he places the earth encompassed with the Sea, and gives the Stars the names they are yet known by, as the *Hyades*, *Pleïades* the *Bear* and *Orion*. By the three first of these he represents the constellations of the northern region; and in the last he gives a single representative of the southern, to which (as it were for a counter-balance) he adds a title of greatness, ὃν Ὠρίωνος. Then he tells us that the *Bear*, or stars of the Arctick Circle, never disappear; as an observation which agrees with no other. And if to this we add (what *Eratosthenes* thought he meant) that the five plates which were fastened on the shield, divided it by the lines where they met, into the five Zones, it will appear an original design of globes and spheres. In the particular parts of *Geography* his knowledge is entirely incontestable. *Strabo* refers to him upon all occasions, allowing that he knew the extremes of the Earth, some of which he names, and others he describes by signs, as the *fortunate Islands*. The same § author takes notice of his accounts concerning the several soils, plants, animals, and customs; as *Ægypt*'s being fertile of medicinal herbs;

† Odyss. *l.* 5. *v.* 272. ‡ Iliad 18. *v.* 482. &c.

§ Strabo *l.* 1.

herbs; *Libya*'s fruitfulneſs, where the ewes have horns, and yean thrice a year, *&c.* which are knowledges that make *Geography* more various and profitable. But what all have agreed to celebrate is his deſcription of *Greece*, which had laws made for its preſervation, and conteſts between governments decided by its authority: Which * *Strabo* acknowledges to have no epithet, or ornamental expreſſion for any place, that is not drawn from its nature, quality or circumſtances; and profeſſes (after ſo long an interval) to deviate only where the country had undergone alterations, that caſt the deſcription into obſcurity.

Rhetorick.

In his time *Rhetorick* was not known; that art took its riſe out of poetry, which was not till then eſtabliſhed. "The oratorial elocution (ſays † *Strabo*) "is but an imitation of the poetical: this appeared "firſt and was approved: They who imitated it "took off the meaſures, but ſtill preſerved all the "other parts of poetry in their writings: Such were "*Cadmus* the *Mileſian*, *Pherecydes*, and *Hecataeus*. "Then their followers took ſomething more from "what was left, and at laſt elocution deſcended into "the proſe which is now amongſt us." But if *Rhetorick* is owing to poetry, the obligation is ſtill more due to *Homer*. He (as ‡ *Quintilian* tells us) gave both the pattern and riſe to all the parts of it. "*Hic* "*omnibus eloquentiæ partibus exemplum & ortum* "*dedit: Hunc nemo in magnis rebus ſublimitate, in* "*parvis proprietate, ſuperavit. Idem lætus & preſ-*

"*ſus,*

* Strabo *l.* 8. † Strabo *l.* 1.

‡ Quintil. *l.* 10. *cap.* 1.

" *ſus, jucundus & gravis, tum copiâ tum brevitate*
" *admirabilis, nec poeticâ modò ſed oratoriâ virtute,*
" *eminentiſſimus.*" From him therefore they who ſettled the art found it proper to deduce the rules, which was eaſily done, when they had divided their obſervations into the kinds and the ornaments of elocution. For the kinds, the " ancients (ſays * *A.*
" *Gell.*) ſettled them according to the three which
" they obſerve in his principal ſpeakers; his *Ulyſſes*
" who is magnificent and flowing; his *Menelaus*,
" who is ſhort and cloſe; and his *Neſtor*, who is
" moderate and diſpaſſioned, and has a kind of mid-
" dle eloquence participating of both the former." And for the ornaments, ‖ *Ariſtotle*, the great maſter of the Rhetoricians, ſhows what deference is paid to *Homer*, when he orders the orator to lay down his heads, and expreſs both the manners and affections of his work, with an imitation of that diction, and thoſe figures, which the *divine Homer* excelled in. This is the conſtant language of thoſe who ſucceeded him, and the opinion ſo far prevailed as to make §, *Quintilian* obſerve, that they who have written concerning the art of ſpeaking, take from *Homer* moſt of the inſtances of their ſimilitudes, amplifications, examples, digreſſions, and arguments.

As to *natural Philoſophy*, the age was not arrived in which it flouriſhed; however ſome of its notions may be traced in him. As when he ſays that the fountains and rivers come from the ocean, he holds

Natural Philoſophy.

* Aulus Gell. *l.* 7. *cap.* 14. ‖ Ariſt. *Topic.*
§ Quintil. *l.* 10.

holds a *circulation of fluids* in the earth. But as this is a branch of learning which does not lie much in the way of a Poet who ſpeaks of Heroes and Wars; the deſire to prove his knowledge this way, has only run ‡ *Politian* and others into trifling inferences; as when they would have it that he underſtood the ſecrets of Philoſophy, becauſe he mentions ſun, rain, wind and thunder. The moſt probable way of making out his knowledge in this kind, is by ſuppoſing he couched it in allegories; and that he ſometimes uſed the *names of the Gods* as his *Terms* for the *Elements*, as the *Chymiſts* now uſe them for *Metals*. But in applying this to him we muſt tread very carefully; not ſearching for allegory too induſtriouſly, where the paſſage may inſtruct by example; and endeavouring rather to find the fable an ornament to what is eaſily known, than to make it a cover to curious and unknown problems.

Phyſick. As for *Medicine*, ſomething of it muſt have been underſtood in that age; though it was ſo far from perfection, that (according to * *Celſus*) what concerned *Diet* was invented long after by *Hippocrates*. The accidents of life make the ſearch after remedies too indiſpenſable a duty to be neglected at any time. Accordingly he § tells us, that the *Ægyptians*, who had many medicinal plants in their country, were all Phyſicians: and perhaps he might have learnt his own ſkill from his acquaintance with that nation. The ſtate

‡ Politian. *Præfatio Hom.* * Celſus, *lib.* 1.

§ Odyſſ. *l.* 4. *v.* 231.

ſtate of war which *Greece* had lived in, required a knowledge in the healing of wounds: and this might make him breed his princes, *Achilles*, *Patroclus*, *Podalirius*, and *Machaon*, to the ſcience. What *Homer* thus attributes to others, he knew himſelf, and he has given us reaſon to believe, not ſlightly. For if we conſider his inſight into the ſtructure of the human body, it is ſo nice, that he has been judged by ſome to have wounded his Heroes with too much ſcience: or if we obſerve his cure of wounds, which are the accidents proper to an Epic Poem, we find him directing the chirurgical operation, ſometimes infuſing ‡ lenitives, and at other times bitter powders, when the effuſion of blood required aſtringent qualities.

Statuary. For *Statuary*, it appears by the accounts of *Egypt* and the *Palladium*, that there was enough of it early in the world for thoſe images which were required in the worſhip of their Gods; but there are none mentioned as valuable in *Greece* ſo early, nor was the art eſtabliſhed on its rules before *Homer*. He found it agreeable to the worſhip in uſe, and neceſſary for his machinery, that his Gods ſhould be cloathed in bodies: Wherefore he took care to give them ſuch as carried the utmoſt perfection of the human form; and diſtinguiſhed them from each other ever in this ſuperior beauty, with ſuch marks as were agreeable to each of the Deities. " This, ſays † " *Strabo*, awakened the conceptions of the moſt emi-

" nent

‡ Il. 4. v. 218. *and* Il. 11. *in fine.* † Strabo, l. 8.

"nent ſtatuaries, while they ſtrove to keep up the "grandeur of that idea, which *Homer* had impreſſed "upon their imagination; as we read of *Phidias* "concerning the ſtatue of *Jupiter*." And becauſe they copied their Gods from him in their beſt performances, his deſcriptions became the *characters* which were afterwards purſued in all works of a good taſte. Hence came the common ſaying of the antients, "that either *Homer* was the only man who "had ſeen the forms of the Gods, or the only one "who had ſhown them to men;" a paſſage which * Madam *Dacier* wreſts to prove the truth of this theology, different from *Strabo*'s acceptation of it.

There are beſides what we have ſpoken of, other ſciences pretended to be found in him. Thus *Macrobius* diſcovers that the *chain* with which † *Jupiter* ſays he could lift the world, is a *metaphyſical notion*, that means a connection of all things from the ſupreme being to the meaneſt part of the creation. Others, to prove him ſkilful in *judicial aſtronomy*, bring a quotation concerning the births of ‡ *Hector* and *Polydamas* on the ſame night; who were nevertheleſs of different qualifications, one excelling in war, and the other in eloquence. Others again will have him to be verſed in *Magick*, from his ſtories concerning *Circe*. Theſe and many of the like nature are interpretations ſtrained or trifling, ſuch as *Homer* does not want for a proof of his learning, and by which we contribute

* Dacier, *Preface to* Homer.

† Il. 8. v. 19. *Vid.* Macrob. *de ſomn. Scip. l.* 1. *c.* 14.

‡ Il. 18. v. 252.

contribute nothing to raiſe his character, while we ſacrifice our judgment to him in the eyes of others.

It is ſufficient to have gone thus far, in ſhewing he was the father of learning, a ſoul capable of ranging over the whole creation with an intellectual view, ſhining alone in an age of obſcurity, and ſhining beyond thoſe who have had the advantage of more learned ages; leaving behind him a work not only adorned with all the knowledge of his own time, but in which he has before-hand broken up the fountains of ſeveral ſciences which were brought nearer to perfection by poſterity: A work which ſhall always ſtand at the top of the ſublime character, to be gazed at by readers with an admiration of its perfection, and by writers with a deſpair that it ſhould ever be emulated with ſucceſs.

AN

ESSAY

ON

HOMER's BATTLES.

PERHAPS it may be neceſſary, to premiſe ſome obſervations upon *Homer's* Battles in general. I ſhall firſt endeavour to ſhew the *Conduct* of the Poet herein, and next collect ſome *Antiquities*, that tend to a more diſtinct underſtanding of thoſe deſcriptions which make ſo large a part of the Poem.

One may very well apply to *Homer* himſelf, what he ſays of his Heroes at the end of the fourth book, that whoſoever ſhould be guided thro' his battles by *Minerva*, and pointed to every ſcene of them, would

ſee

ſee nothing through the whole but ſubjects of ſurprize and applauſe. When the reader reflects that no leſs than the compaſs of twelve books is taken up in theſe, he will have reaſon to wonder by what methods our author could prevent deſcriptions of ſuch a length from being tedious. It is not enough to ſay, that tho' the ſubject itſelf be the ſame, the actions are always different; that we have now diſtinct combats, now promiſcuous fights, now ſingle duels, now general engagements; or that the ſcenes are perpetually vary'd; we are now in the fields, now at the fortification of the *Greeks*, now at the ſhips, now at the gates of *Troy*, now at the river *Scamander*: But we muſt look farther into the art of the poet to find the reaſons of this aſtoniſhing variety.

We may firſt obſerve that diverſity in the *deaths* of his *warriors*, which he has ſupply'd by the vaſteſt fertility of invention. Theſe he diſtinguiſhes ſeveral ways: Sometimes by the *characters* of the Men, their *age*, *office*, *profeſſion*, *nation*, *family*, &c. One is a blooming *youth*, whoſe father diſſuaded him from the war; one is a *Prieſt*, whoſe piety could not ſave him; one is a *ſportſman*, whom *Diana* taught in vain; one is the *native* of a far-diſtant *country*, who is never to return; one is deſcended from a *noble line*, which ends in his death; one is made remarkable by his *boaſting*; another by his *beſeeching*; and another, who is diſtinguiſhed no way elſe, is marked by his *Habit* and the ſingularity of his armour.

Sometimes he varies theſe deaths by the ſeveral *poſtures* in which his Heroes are repreſented either fighting or falling. Some of theſe are ſo exceedingly *exact*,

act, that one may gueſs from the very poſition of the combatant, where-abouts the wound will light: Others ſo very *peculiar* and *uncommon*, that they could only be the effect of an imagination which had ſearched thro' all the ideas of nature. Such is that picture of *Mydon* in the fifth book, whoſe arm being numbed by a blow on the elbow, drops the reins that trail on the ground; and then being ſuddenly ſtruck on the temples, falls headlong from the chariot in a ſoft and deep place, where he ſinks up to the ſhoulders in the ſands, and continues a while fixed by the weight of his armour, with his legs quivering in the air, 'till he is trampled down by his horſes.

Another cauſe of this variety is the difference of the *wounds* that are given in the *Iliad*: They are by no means like the wounds deſcribed by moſt other poets, which are commonly made in the ſelf-ſame obvious places: The heart and head ſerve for all thoſe in general who underſtand no anatomy, and ſometimes for variety they kill men by wounds that are no where mortal but in their poems. As the whole human body is the ſubject of theſe, ſo nothing is more neceſſary to him who would deſcribe them well, than a thorough knowledge of its ſtructure, even tho' the poet is not profeſſedly to write of them as an anatomiſt; in the ſame manner as an exact ſkill in anatomy is neceſſary to thoſe Painters that would excel in drawing the naked, tho' they are not to make every muſcle as viſible as in a book of chirurgery. It appears from ſo many paſſages in *Homer* that he was perfectly maſter of this ſcience, that it would be needleſs to cite any in particular. One may only obſerve, that if we thoroughly

thoroughly examine all the wounds he had deſcribed, tho' ſo infinite in number, and ſo many ways diverſified, we ſhall hardly find one which will contradict this obſervation.

I muſt juſt add a remark, that the various periphraſes and circumlocutions by which *Homer* expreſſes the ſingle act of *dying*, have ſupplied *Virgil* and the ſucceeding Poets with all their manners of phraſing it. Indeed he repeats the ſame verſe on that occaſion more often than they—τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσ' ἐκάλυψε—Ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε ἐπ' αὐτῷ, &c. But tho' it muſt be owned he had more frequent occaſions for a line of this kind than any Poet, as no other has deſcribed half ſo many deaths, yet one cannot aſcribe this to any ſterility of expreſſion, but to the genius of his times, that delighted in thoſe reiterated verſes. We find repetitions of the ſame ſort affected by the ſacred writers, ſuch as *He was gathered to his people: He ſlept with his fathers;* and the like. And upon the whole they have a certain antiquated harmony, not unlike the burthen of a ſong, which the ear is willing to ſuffer, and as it were reſts upon.

As the perpetual horror of combats, and a ſucceſſion of images of death, could not but keep the imagination very much on the ſtretch; *Homer* has been careful to contrive ſuch reliefs and pauſes, as might divert the mind to ſome other ſcene, without loſing ſight of his principal object. His *compariſons* are the more frequent on this account; for a *compariſon* ſerves this end the moſt effectually of any thing, as it is at once correſpondent to, and differing from, the ſubject. Thoſe criticks who fancy that the uſe of

compariſons

compariſons diſtracts the attention, and draws it from the firſt image which ſhould moſt employ it, (as that we loſe the idea of the *battle* itſelf, while we are led by a ſimile to that of a *deluge* or a *ſtorm*:) Thoſe, I ſay, may as well imagine we loſe the thought of the ſun, when we ſee his reflection in the water; where he appears more diſtinctly, and is contemplated more at eaſe, than if we gazed directly at his beams. For it is with the eye of the imagination as it is with our corporeal eye, it muſt ſometimes be taken off from the object in order to ſee it the better. The ſame criticks that are diſpleaſed to have their fancy diſtracted (as they call it) are yet of inconſiſtent with themſelves, as to object to *Homer* that his ſimiles are too much alike, and are too often derived from the ſame animal. But is it not more reaſonable (according to their own notion) to compare the ſame man always to the ſame animal, than to ſee him ſometimes a ſun, ſometimes a tree, and ſometimes a river? Tho' *Homer* ſpeaks of the ſame creature, he ſo diverſifies the circumſtances and accidents of the compariſons, that they always appear quite different. And to ſay truth, it is not ſo much the animal or the thing, as the action or poſture of them, that employs our imagination: Two different animals in the ſame action are more like to each other, than one and the ſame animal is to himſelf, in two different actions. And thoſe who in reading *Homer* are ſhocked that 'tis alwaysa *lion*, may as well be angry that 'tis always a *man*.

What may ſeem more exceptionable, is his inſerting the ſame compariſons in the ſame words at length upon different occaſions, by which management he makes

makes one ſingle image afford many ornaments to ſeveral parts of the Poem. But may not one ſay *Homer* is in this like a ſkilful improver, who places a beautiful ſtatue in a well diſpoſed garden ſo as to anſwer ſeveral viſtas, and by that artifice one ſingle figure ſeems multiplied into as many objects as there are openings from whence it may be viewed?

What farther relieves and ſoftens theſe deſcriptions of battles, is the Poet's wonderful art of introducing many pathetick circumſtances about the deaths of the Heroes, which raiſes a different movement in the mind from what thoſe images naturally inſpire, I mean compaſſion and pity; when he cauſes us to look back upon the loſt riches, poſſeſſions, and hopes of thoſe who die: When he tranſports us to their native countries and paternal ſeats, to ſee the griefs of their aged fathers, the deſpair and tears of their widows, or the abandoned conditions of their orphans. Thus when *Proteſilaus* falls, we are made to reflect on the lofty Palaces he left half finiſhed; when the ſons of *Phænops* are killed, we behold the mortifying diſtreſs of their wealthy father, who ſaw his eſtate divided before his eyes, and taken in truſt for ſtrangers. When *Axylus* dies, we are taught to compaſſionate the hard fate of that generous and hoſpitable man, whoſe houſe was the houſe of all men, and who deſerved that glorious elogy of *The friend of humankind.*

It is worth taking notice too what uſe *Homer* every where makes of each little accident or circumſtance that can naturally happen in a battle, thereby to caſt a variety over his action; as well as of every turn of

mind or emotion a Hero can poſſibly feel, ſuch as reſentment, revenge, concern, confuſion, &c. The former of theſe makes his work reſemble a large hiſtory-piece, where even the leſs important figures and actions have yet ſome convenient place or corner to be ſhewn in; and the latter gives it all the advantages of tragedy, in thoſe various turns of paſſion that animate the ſpeeches of his Heroes, and render his whole Poem the moſt *Dramatick* of any Epick whatſoever.

It muſt alſo be obſerved, that the conſtant *machines* of the *Gods* conduce very greatly to vary theſe long battles, by a continual change of the ſcene from earth to heaven. *Homer* perceived them too neceſſary for this purpoſe to abſtain from the uſe of them even after *Jupiter* had enjoined the Deities not to act on either ſide. It is remarkable how many methods he has found to draw them into every book; where if they dare not aſſiſt the warriors, at leaſt they are very helpful to the poet.

But there is nothing that more contributes to the variety, ſurprize, and *Eclat* of *Homer's* battles, or is more perfectly admirable in itſelf, than that artful manner of taking meaſure, or (as one may ſay) *gaging* his Heroes by each other, and thereby elevating the character of one perſon, by the oppoſition of it to that of ſome other whom he is made to excel. So that he many times deſcribes one, only to image another, and raiſes one only to raiſe another. I cannot better exemplify this remark, than by giving an inſtance in the character of *Diomed* that lies before me. Let us obſerve by what a ſcale of oppoſitions he elevates

vates this Hero, in the fifth book, firſt to excel all human valour, and after to rival the Gods themſelves. He diſtinguiſhes him firſt from the *Grecian* Captains in general, each of whom he repreſents conquering a ſingle *Trojan*, while *Diomed* conſtantly encounters two at once; and while they are engaged each in his diſtinct poſt, he only is drawn fighting in every quarter, and ſlaughtering on every ſide. Next he oppoſes him to *Pandarus*, next to *Æneas*, and then to *Hector*. So of the Gods, he ſhews him firſt againſt *Venus*, then *Apollo*, then *Mars*, and laſtly in the eighth book againſt *Jupiter* himſelf in the midſt of his thunders. The ſame conduct is obſervable more or leſs in regard to every perſonage of his work.

This ſubordination of the Heroes is one of the cauſes that make each of his battles riſe above the other in greatneſs, terror and importance, to the end of the Poem. If *Diomed* has performed all theſe wonders in the firſt combat, it is but to raiſe *Hector*, at whoſe appearance he begins to fear. If in the next battle *Hector* triumphs not only over *Diomed*, but over *Ajax* and *Patroclus*, ſets fire to the fleet, wins the armour of *Achilles*, and ſingly eclipſes all the Heroes; in the midſt of all his glory, *Achilles* appears, *Hector* flies, and is ſlain.

The manner in which his Gods are made to act, no leſs advances the gradation we are ſpeaking of. In the firſt battles they are ſeen only in ſhort and ſeparate excurſions: *Venus* aſſiſts *Paris*, *Minerva*, *Diomed*, and *Mars Hector*. In the next, a clear ſtage is left for *Jupiter*, to diſplay his omnipotence, and turn the fate of armies alone. In the laſt, all the powers of

heaven are engaged and banded into regular parties, Gods encountering Gods, *Jove* encouraging them with his thunders, *Neptune* raiſing his tempeſts, heaven flaming, earth trembling, and *Pluto* himſelf ſtarting from the throne of hell.

II. I am now to take notice of ſome cuſtoms of *antiquity* relating to the *arms* and *art military* of thoſe times, which are proper to be known, in order to form a right notion of our Author's deſcriptions of war.

That *Homer* copied the manners and cuſtoms of the age he writ of, rather than of that he lived in, has been obſerved in ſome inſtances. As that he no where repreſents *cavalry* or *trumpets* to have been uſed in the *Trojan* wars, tho' they apparently were in his own time. It is not therefore impoſſible but there may be found in his works ſome deficiencies in the art of war, which are not to be imputed to his ignorance, but to his judgment.

Horſes had not been brought into *Greece* long before the ſiege of *Troy*. They were originally Eaſtern animals, and if we find at that very period ſo great a number of them reckoned up in the wars of the *Iſraelites*, it is the leſs a wonder, conſidering they came from *Aſia*. The practice of riding them was ſo little known in *Greece* a few years before, that they looked upon the *Centaurs* who firſt uſed it, as monſters compounded of men and horſes. *Neſtor* in the firſt *Iliad* ſays he had ſeen theſe *Centaurs* in his youth, and *Polypætes* in the ſecond is ſaid to have been born on the day that his father expelled them from *Pelion* to the deſerts of *Æthica*. They had no other

other uſe of horſes than to draw their chariots in battle, ſo that whenever *Homer* ſpeaks of *fighting from a horſe, or taming an horſe*, or the like, it is conſtantly to be underſtood of fighting from a chariot, or taming horſes to that ſervice. This (as we have ſaid) was a piece of decorum in the Poet; for in his own time they were arrived to ſuch a perfection in horſemanſhip, that in the fifteenth *Iliad*, v. 822, we have a *ſimile* taken from an extraordinary feat of activity, where one man manages four horſes at once, and leaps from the back of one to another at full ſpeed.

If we conſider in what high eſteem among warriors theſe noble animals muſt have been at their firſt coming into *Greece*, we ſhall the leſs wonder at the frequent occaſions *Homer* has taken to deſcribe and celebrate them. It is not ſo ſtrange to find them ſet almoſt upon a level with men, at the time when a *horſe* in the prizes was of equal value with a *captive*.

The *chariots* were in all probability very low. For we frequently find in the *Iliad*, that a perſon who ſtands erect on a chariot is killed (and ſometimes by a ſtroke on the head) by a foot-ſoldier with a ſword. This may farther appear from the eaſe and readineſs with which they alight or mount on every occaſion, to facilitate which, the chariots were made open behind. That the wheels were but ſmall, may be gueſſed from a cuſtom they had of taking them off and ſetting them on, as they were laid by, or made uſe of. *Hebe* in the fifth book puts on the wheels of *Juno*'s chariot when ſhe calls for it in haſte: And it ſeems to be with alluſion to the ſame practice that it is ſaid in *Exodus*, c. 14, *The Lord took off their chariot-wheels*,

riot-wheels, ſo that they drove them heavily. The ſides were alſo low; for whoever is killed in his chariot throughout the poem, conſtantly falls to the ground, as having nothing to ſupport him. That the whole machine was very ſmall and light is evident from a paſſage in the tenth *Iliad*, where *Diomed* debates whether he ſhall draw the chariot of *Rheſus* out of the way, or carry it on his ſhoulders to a place of ſafety. All the particulars agree with the repreſentations of the chariots on the moſt ancient *Greek* coins; where the tops of them reached not ſo high as the backs of the horſes, the wheels are yet lower, and the heroes who ſtand in them are ſeen from the knee upwards*. This may ſerve to ſhew thoſe Criticks are under a miſtake, who blame *Homer* for making his warriors ſometimes retire behind their chariots, as if it were a piece of cowardice: which was as little diſgraceful then, as it is now to alight from one's horſe in a battle, on any neceſſary emergency.

There were generally two perſons in one chariot, one of whom was wholly employed in guiding the horſes. They uſed indifferently two, three, or four horſes; from whence it happens, that ſometimes when a horſe is killed, the hero continues the fight with two or more that remain; and at other times a warrior retreats upon the loſs of one; not that he has leſs courage than the other, but that he has fewer horſes.

Their *ſwords* were all broad cutting ſwords, for we find they never ſtab but with their ſpears.

The

* *See the collection of* Goltzius, &c.

The *ſpears* were uſed two ways, either to puſh with, or to caſt from them, like the maſſive javelins. It ſeems ſurprizing, that a man ſhould throw a dart or ſpear with ſuch force, as to pierce thro' both ſides of the armour and the body (as is often deſcribed in *Homer*.) For if the ſtrength of the men was gigantick, the armour muſt have been ſtrong in proportion. Some ſolution might be given for this, if we imagined the armour was generally braſs, and the weapons pointed with iron; and if we could fancy that *Homer* called the ſpears and ſwords *brazen*, in the ſame manner that he calls the reins of a bridle *ivory*, only from the ornaments about them. But there are paſſages where the point of the ſpear is expreſly ſaid to be of braſs, as in the deſcription of that of *Hector* in *Iliad* 6. *Pauſanias*, *Laconicis*, takes it for granted, that the arms, as well offenſive as defenſive, were braſs. He ſays the ſpear of *Achilles* was kept at his time in the temple of *Minerva*, the top and point of which were of braſs; and the ſword of *Meriones*, in that of *Eſculapius* among the *Nicomedians*, was entirely of the ſame metal. But be that as it will, there are examples even at this day of ſuch a prodigious force in caſting darts, as almoſt exceeds credibility. The *Turks* and *Arabs* will pierce thro' thick planks with darts of hardened wood; which can only be attributed to their being bred (as the ancients were) to that exerciſe, and to the ſtrength and agility acquired by a conſtant practice of it.

We may aſcribe to the ſame cauſe their power of caſting *ſtones* of a vaſt weight, which appears a common practice in theſe battles. Thoſe are in a great error,

error, who imagine this to be only a fictitious embellishment of the Poet, which was one of the exercises of war among the ancient *Greeks* and *Orientals*. * St. *Jerome* tells us, it was an old custom in *Palestine*, and in use in his own time, to have round stones of a great weight kept in the castles and villages, for the youth to try their strength with. And the custom is yet ext ant in some parts of *Scotland*, where stones for the same purpose are laid at the gates of great houses, which they call *putting stones*.

Another consideration which will account for many things that may seem uncouth in *Homer*, is the reflection that before the use of *fire-arms* there was infinitely more scope for *personal valour* than in the modern battles. Now whensoever the personal strength of the combatants happened to be unequal, the declining a single combat could not be so dishonourable as it is in this age, when the arms we make use of put all men on a level. For a soldier of far inferior strength may manage a rapier or fire-arms so expertly, as to be an overmatch for his adversary. This may appear a sufficient excuse for what in the modern construction might seem cowardice in *Homer*'s heroes, when they avoid engaging with others, whose bodily strength exceeds their own. The maxims of valour

* Mos est in urbibus Palæstinæ, & usque hodie per omnem Judæam vetus consuetudo servatur, ut in viculis, oppidis, & castellis rotundi ponantur lapides gravissimi ponderis, ad quos juvenes exercere se solent, & eos pro varietate virium sublevare, alii ad genua, alii ad umbilicum, alii ad humeros, ad caput, nonnulli super verticem, rectis junctisque manibus, magnitudinem virium demonstrantes, pondus attollunt.

valour in all times were founded upon reaſon, and the cowardice ought rather in this caſe to be imputed to him who braved his inferior. There was alſo more leiſure in their battles before the knowledge of fire arms; and this in a good degree accounts for thoſe *harangues* his heroes make to each other in the time of combat.

There was another practice frequently uſed by theſe ancient warriors, which was to ſpoil an enemy of his arms after they had ſlain him; and this cuſtom we ſee them frequently purſuing with ſuch eagerneſs, as if they looked on their victory not compleat 'till this point was gained. Some modern Criticks have accuſed them of avarice on account of this practice, which might probably ariſe from the great value and ſcarceneſs of armour in that early time and infancy of war. It afterwards became a point of honour, like gaining a ſtandard from the enemy. *Moſes* and *David* ſpeak of the pleaſure of obtaining many ſpoils. They preſerved them as monuments of victory, and even religion at laſt became intereſted herein, when theſe ſpoils were conſecrated in the temples of the tutelar Deities of the conqueror.

The reader may eaſily ſee, I ſet down theſe heads juſt as they may occur to my memory, and only as hints to farther obſervations; which any one who is converſant in *Homer* cannot fail to make, if he will but think a little in the ſame track.

It is no part of my deſign to enquire what progreſs had been made in the *art of war* at this early period: The bare peruſal of the *Iliad* will beſt inform us of it. But what I think tends more immediately to the

the better comprehenſion of theſe deſcriptions, is to give a ſhort view of the *ſcene* of war, the *ſituation* of *Troy*, and thoſe places which *Homer* mentions, with the proper *field* of each battle: Putting together, for this purpoſe, thoſe paſſages in my Author that give any light to this matter.

The ancient city of *Troy* ſtood at a greater diſtance from the ſea, than thoſe ruins which have ſince been ſhewn for it. This may be gathered from *Iliad* 5. v. (of the original) 791. where it is ſaid, that the *Trojans* never durſt ſally out of the *walls* of their town, 'till the retirement of *Achilles*; but afterwards combated the *Grecians* at their very ſhips, *far from the city*. For had *Troy* ſtood (as *Strabo* obſerves) ſo nigh the *ſea-ſhore*, it had been madneſs in the *Greeks* not to have built any fortification before their fleet till the tenth year of the ſiege, when the enemy was ſo near them: And on the other hand, it had been cowardice in the *Trojans* not to have attempted any thing all that time, againſt an army that lay unfortified and unintrenched. Beſides the intermediate ſpace had been too ſmall to afford a field for ſo many various adventures and actions of war. The places about *Troy* particularly mentioned by *Homer* lie in this order.

1. The *Scæan gate*: This opened to the field of battle, and was that thro' which the *Trojans* made their excurſions. Cloſe to this ſtood the *beech-tree* ſacred to *Jupiter*, which *Homer* generally mentions with it.

2. The *hill* of *wild fig-trees*. It joined to the walls of *Troy*, on one ſide, and extended to the high-way on the other. The firſt appears from what *Andromache*

muche says in *Il.* 6. v. 432. that *the walls were in danger of being scaled from this hill*; and the last from *Il.* 22. v. 145. *&c.*

3. The *two springs of Scamander.* These were a little higher on the same high-way. (*Ibid.*)

4. *Calicolone*, the name of a pleasant hill that lay near the river *Simois*, on the other side of the town. *Il.* 20. v. 53.

5. *Bateia*, or the sepulchre of *Myrinne*, stood a little before the city in the plain. *Il.* 2. v. 318. *of the Catal.*

6. The *monument* of *Ilus*: Near the middle of the plain. *Iliad.* 11. v. 166.

7. The tomb of *Æsyetes*, commanded the prospect of the fleet, and that part of the sea-coast. *Iliad.* 2. v. 301. *of the catalogue.*

It seems, by the 465th verse of the second *Iliad*, that the *Grecian* army was drawn up under the several leaders by the banks of *Scamander* on that side toward the ships: In the mean time that of *Troy*, and the auxiliaries, was rang'd in order at *Myrinne's* sepulchre. *Ib.* v. 320. *of the catal.* The place of the *first battle*, where *Diomed* performs his exploits, was near the joining of *Simois* and *Scamander*; for *Juno* and *Pallas* coming to him, alight at the confluence of those rivers. *Iliad.* 5. v. 776. and that the *Greeks* had not yet passed the stream, but fought on that side next the fleet, appears from v. 791. of the same book, where *Juno* says *the* Trojans *now brave them at their very ships.* But in the beginning of the sixth book, the place of battle is specified to be between the rivers of *Simois* and *Scamander*; so that

that the *Greeks* (tho' *Homer* does not particularize when, or in what manner) had then croſſed the ſtream toward *Troy*.

The engagement in the eighth book is evidently cloſe to the *Grecian* fortification on the ſhore. That night *Hector* lay at *Ilus*'s tomb in the field, as *Dolon* tells us, *Lib.* 10. v. 415. And in the eleventh book the battle is chiefly about *Ilus*'s tomb.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, about the fortification of the *Greeks*, and in the fifteenth at the *ſhips*.

In the ſixteenth, the *Trojans* being repulſed by *Patroclus*, they engage between the fleet, the river, and the *Grecian* wall: See v. 396. *Patroclus* ſtill advancing, they fight at the gates of *Troy*, v. 700. In the ſeventeenth, the fight about the body of *Patroclus* is under the *Trojan* wall, v. 403. His body being carried off, *Hector* and *Æneas* purſue the *Greeks* to the fortification, v. 760. And in the eighteenth, upon *Achilles*'s appearing, they retire and encamp without the fortification.

In the twentieth, the fight is ſtill on that ſide next the ſea; for the *Trojans* being purſued by *Achillas*, paſs over the *Scamander* as they run toward *Troy*: See the beginning of book 21. The following battles are either in the river itſelf, or between that and the city, under whoſe walls *Hector* is killed in the twenty-ſecond book, which puts an end to the battles of the *Iliad*.

N. B. *The verſes above are cited according to the number of lines in the* Greek.

THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Contention of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*.

IN the war of Troy, *the* Greeks *having ſacked ſome of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives,* Chryſeïs *and* Bryſeïs, *allotted the firſt to* Agamemnon, *and the laſt to* Achilles. Chryſes, *the father of* Chryſeïs, *and prieſt of* Apollo, *comes to the* Grecian *camp to ranſom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the ſiege. The prieſt being refuſed and inſolently diſmiſſed by* Agamemnon, *intreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a peſtilence on the* Greeks. Achilles *calls a council, and encourages* Chalcas *to declare the cauſe of it, who attributes it to the refuſal of* Chryſeïs. *The King being obliged to ſend back his captive, enters into a furious conteſt with* Achilles, *which* Neſtor *pacifies; however, as he had the abſolute command of the army, he ſeizes on* Bryſeïs *in revenge.* Achilles *in diſcontent withdraws himſelf and his forces from the reſt of the* Greeks; *and complaining to* Thetis, *ſhe ſupplicates* Jupiter *to render them ſenſible of the wrong done to her ſon, by giving victory to the* Trojans. Jupiter *granting her ſuit, incenſes* Juno, *between whom the debate runs high, 'till they are reconciled by the addreſs of* Vulcan.

The time *of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the Princes, and twelve for* Jupiter's *ſtay with the* Æthiopians, *at whoſe return* Thetis *preſers her petition. The ſcene lies in the* Grecian *camp, then changes to* Chryſa, *and laſtly to* Olympus.

THE

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ACHILLES' Wrath, to *Greece* the direful ſpring
Of Woes unnumber'd, heav'nly Goddeſs, ſing!
That Wrath which hurl'd to *Pluto's* gloomy reign
The ſouls of mighty chiefs untimely ſlain:
Whoſe

NOTES.

It is ſomething ſtrange that of all the commentators upon *Homer*, there is hardly one whoſe principal deſign is to illuſtrate the poetical beauties of the author. They are voluminous in explaining thoſe ſciences which he made but ſubſervient to his Poetry, and ſparing only upon that art which conſtitutes his character. This has been occaſioned by the oſtentation of men who had more reading than taſte, and were fonder of ſhewing their variety of learning in all kinds than their ſingle underſtanding in Poetry. Hence it comes to paſs that their remarks are rather philoſophical, hiſtorical, geographical, allegorical, or in ſhort rather any thing than critical and poetical. Even the Grammarians, tho' their whole buſineſs and uſe be only to render the words of an author intelligible, are ſtrangely touched with the pride of doing

Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:

Since

doing something more than they ought. The grand ambition of one sort of scholars is to encrease the number of *various lections*; which they have done to such a degree of obscure diligence, that (as *Sir H. Savil* observed) we now begin to value the first editions of books as most correct, because they have been least corrected. The prevailing passion of others is to discover *new meanings*, in an author, whom they will cause to appear mysterious, purely for the vanity of being thought to unravel him. These account it a disgrace to be of the opinion of those that preceded them; and it is generally the fate of such people who will never say what was said before, to say what will never be said after them. If they can but find a word, that has once been strained by some dark writer, to signify any thing different from its usual acceptation; it is frequent with them to apply it constantly to that uncommon meaning, whenever they meet it in a clear writer: For reading is so much dearer to them than sense, that they will discard it at any time to make way for a criticism. In other places where they cannot contest the truth of the common interpretation, they get themselves room for dissertation by imaginary *Amphibologies*, which they will have to be designed by the author. This disposition of finding out different significations in one thing, may be the effect of either too much, or too little wit: For men of a right understanding generally see at once all that an author can reasonably mean, but others are apt to fancy two meanings for want of knowing one. Not to add, that there is a vast deal of difference between the learning of a Critick, and the puzzling of a *Grammarian*.

It is no easy task to make something out of a hundred pedants that is not pedantical; yet this he must do, who would give a tolerable abstract of the former expositors of *Homer*. The commentaries of *Eustathius*, are indeed an immense treasury of *Greek* learning; but as he seems to have smuffed the substance of whatever others had written upon the author; so he is not free from some of the foregoing censures. There are those who have said, that a judicious abstract of him alone, might furnish out sufficient illustrations upon *Homer*. It was resolved to take the trouble of reading through that voluminous work, and the reader may be assured, those remarks that any way concern the Poetry or art of the Poet, are much fewer than is imagined. The greater

part

Since great *Achilles* and *Atrides* strove,
Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will of *Jove!*

Declare,

part of these is already plundered by succeeding commentators, who have very little but what they owe to him: and I am obliged to say even of Madam *Dacier*, that she is either more beholden to him than she has confessed, or has read him less than she is willing to own. She has made a farther attempt than her predecessors to discover the beauties of the Poet; tho' we have often only her general praises, and exclamations instead of reasons. But her remarks altogether are the most judicious collection extant of the scattered observations of the ancients and moderns, as her preface is excellent, and her translation equally careful and elegant.

The chief design of the following notes is to comment upon *Homer* as a Poet; whatever in them is extracted from others is constantly owned; the remarks of the ancients are generally set at length, and the places cited: all those of *Eustathius* are collected which fall under this scheme: many, which were not acknowledged by other commentators, are restored to the true owner; and the same justice is shown to those who refused it to others.

The plan of this poem is formed upon anger and its ill effects, the plan of *Virgil*'s upon pious resignation and its rewards: and thus every passion or virtue may be the foundation of the scheme of an Epic Poem. This distinction between two authors who have been so successful, seemed necessary to be taken notice of, that they who would imitate either may not stumble at the very entrance, or so curb their imaginations, as to deprive us of noble morals told in a new variety of accidents. Imitation does not hinder invention: We may observe the rules of nature, and write in the spirit of those who have writ before them; without taking the same track, beginning in the same manner, and following the main of their story almost step by step; as most of the modern writers of Epic Poetry have done after one of these great Poets.

V. 1] *Quintilian* has told us, that from the beginning of *Homer*'s two poems the rules of all *Exordiums* were derived. "*In paucissimis versibus utriusque operis ingressu leges Proœmiorum* "*non dico servavit, sed constituit.*" Yet *Rapin* has been very free with this invocation, in his *Comparison between* Homer *and* Virgil; which is by no means the most judicious of his works.

Declare, O Muſe! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce ſtrife, from what offended pow'r? 10
Latona's

works. He cavils firſt at the Poet's inſiſting ſo much upon the effects of *Achilles*'s anger, That it was "the cauſe of "the woes of the *Greeks*," That it "ſent ſo many Heroes to "the ſhades," that "their bodies were left a prey to birds "and beaſts;" the firſt of which he thinks had been ſufficient. One may anſwer, that the woes of *Greece* might conſiſt in ſeveral other things than in the death of her Heroes, which was therefore needful to be ſpecified: As to the bodies, he might have reflected how great a curſe the want of burial was accounted by the ancients, and how prejudicial it was eſteemed even to the ſouls of the deceaſed: We have a moſt particular example of the ſtrength of this opinion from the conduct of *Sophocles* in his *Ajax*; who thought this very point ſufficient to make the diſtreſs of the laſt act of that tragedy after the death of his Hero, purely to ſatisfy the audience that he obtained the rites of ſepulture. Next he objects it as prepoſterous in *Homer* to deſire the Muſe to tell him the whole ſtory, and at the ſame time to inform her ſolemnly in his own perſon that 'twas the *will of Jove* which brought it about. But is a Poet then to be imagined intirely ignorant of his ſubject, tho' he invokes the Muſe to relate the particulars? May not *Homer* be allowed the knowledge of ſo plain a truth, as that the will of God is fulfilled in all things? Nor does his manner of ſaying this infer that he *informs* the Muſe of it, but only correſponds with the uſual way of deſiring information from another concerning any thing, and at the ſame time mentioning that little we know of it in general. What is there more in his paſſage? "Sing, O Goddeſs, that wrath of *Achilles*, "which proved ſo pernicious to the *Greeks*: We only know "the effects of it, that it ſent innumerable brave men to the "ſhades, and that it was *Jove*'s will it ſhould be ſo. But tell "me, O Muſe, what was the ſource of this deſtructive an-"ger?" I can't apprehend what *Rapin* means by ſaying, it is hard to know where this *invocation* ends, and that it is confounded with the *narration*, which ſo manifeſtly begins at Ἀτρεΐδης τε, Διὸς υἱὸς. But upon the whole, methinks the *French* Criticks play double with us, when they ſometimes repreſent the rules of Poetry to be formed upon the practice of *Homer*, and at other times arraign their maſter, as if he tranſgreſſed them. *Horace* has ſaid the *Exordium* of an Epic Poem

Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The

Poem ought to be plain and modest, and instances *Homer*'s as such; and *Rapin* from this very rule will be trying *Homer* and judging it otherwise (for he criticises also upon the beginning of the *Odyssey*.) But for a full answer we may bring the words of *Quintilian* (whom *Rapin* himself allows to be the best of Criticks) concerning these propositions and invocations of our author "*Benevolum auditorem invocatione deorum quae praesidere vatibus creditum est, intentum, propositâ rerum magnitudine, & docilem summâ celeriter comprehensâ, facit.*

V. 1.] Μῆνιν ἄειδε θεὰ Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος.

Plutarch observes there is a defect in the measure of this first line (I suppose he means in the *Eta*'s of the Patronymick.) This he thinks, the fiery vein of *Homer* making haste to his subject, past over with a bold neglect, being conscious of his own power and perfection in the greater parts; as some (says he) who make virtue their sole aim, pass by censure in smaller matters. But perhaps we may find no occasion to suppose this a neglect in him, if we consider that the word *Pelides*, had he made use of it without so many alterations as he has put it to in Πηληϊάδεω, would still have been true to the rules of measure. Make but a diphthong of the second *Eta* and the *Iota*, instead of their being two syllables (perhaps by the fault of transcribers) and the objection is gone. Or perhaps it might be designed, that the verse in which he professes to sing of violent anger should run off in the rapidity of Dactyles. This art he is allowed to have used in other places, and *Virgil* has been particularly celebrated for it.

V. 8. *Will of Jove.*] *Plutarch* in his treatise of reading Poets, interprets Διὸς in this place to signify *Fate*, not imagining it consistent with the goodness of the supreme being, or *Jupiter*, to contrive or practise any evil against men. *Eustathius* makes [*Will*] here to refer to the promise which *Jupiter* gave to *Thetis*, that he would honour her son by siding with *Troy* while he should be absent. But to reconcile these two opinions, perhaps the meaning may be, that when *Fate* had decreed the destruction of *Troy*, *Jupiter* having the power of incidents to bring it to pass, fulfilled that decree by providing means for it. So that the words may thus specify the time of action, from the beginning of the poem, in which

The king of Men his rev'rend Priest defy'd,
And, for the King's offence, the people dy'd.

For

which those incidents worked, 'till the promise to *Thetis* was fulfilled, and the destruction of *Troy* ascertained to the *Greeks* by the death of *Hector*. However it is certain that this Poet was not an absolute *Fatalist*, but still supposed the power of *Jove* superior: For in the sixteenth *Iliad* we see him designing to save *Sarpedon*, tho' the Fates had decreed his death, if *Jove* had not interposed. Neither does he exclude *free-will* in men; for as he attributes the destruction of the Heroes to the *w'ill* of *Jove* in the beginning of the *Iliad*, so he attributes the destruction of *Ulysses*'s friends to their *own folly* in the beginning of the *Odyssee*.

Αὐτῶν γὰρ σφετέρησιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο.

V. 9. *Declare, O Muse.*] It may be questioned whether the first period ends Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή, and the interrogation to the Muse begins with Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα—Or whether the period does not end till the words, Διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς, with only a single interrogation at Τίς τ' ἄρ' σφῶε θεῶν——? I should be inclined to favour the former, and think it a double interrogative, as *Milton* seems to have done in his imitation of this place at the beginning of *Paradise Lost*.

——*Say first what cause*
Mov'd our grand parents? &c. And just after,
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?

Besides that I think the proposition concludes more nobly with the sentence, *Such was the will of Jove*. But the latter being followed by most editions, and by all the translations I have seen in any language, the general acceptation is here complied with, only transposing the line to keep the sentence last. And the next verses are so turned as to include the double interrogation, and at the same time to do justice to another interpretation of the words Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ, *Ex quo tempore*; which marks the *date* of the quarrel from whence the poem takes its rise. *Chapman* would have *Ex quo* understood of *Jupiter*, *from whom* the debate was suggested; but this clashes with the line immediately following, where he asks, What God inspired the contention? and answers, it was *Apollo*.

V. 11.

For *Chryſes* ſought with coſtly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father ſtands,
Apollo's awful enſigns grace his hands:
By theſe he begs; and lowly bending down,
Extends the ſceptre and the laurel crown.
He ſu'd to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The Brother-Kings, of *Atreus*' royal race.
Ye Kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And *Troy*'s proud walls lie level with the ground.

May

V. 11. *Latona's ſon.*] Here the author, who firſt invoked the Muſe as the Goddeſs of Memory, vaniſhes from the reader's view, and leaves her to relate the whole affair through the poem, whoſe preſence from this time diffuſes an air of majeſty over the relation. And leſt this ſhould be loſt to our thoughts in the continuation of the ſtory, he ſometimes refreſhes them with a new invocation at proper intervals. *Euſtathius.*

V. 20. *The ſceptre and the laurel crown.*] There is ſomething exceeding venerable in this appearance of the prieſt. He comes with the enſigns of the God he belonged to; the laurel crown, now carried in his hand to ſhew he was a ſuppliant; and a golden ſceptre, which the ancients gave in particular to *Apollo*, as they did a ſilver one to the moon, and other ſorts to other planets. *Euſtathius.*

V. 23. *Ye Kings and warriors!*— The art of this ſpeech is remarkable. *Chryſes* conſiders the conſtitution of the *Greeks* before *Troy*, as made up of troops partly from Kingdoms and partly from Democracies: Wherefore he begins with a diſtinction which comprehends all. After this, as *Apollo*'s prieſt, he prays that they may obtain the two bleſſings they had moſt in view, the conqueſt of *Troy*, and a ſafe return. Then as he names his petition, he offers an extraordinary ranſom; and concludes with bidding them fear the God if they refuſe it; like one who from his office ſeems to foreſee their miſery and exhorts them to ſhun it. Thus he endeavours to work by the art of a general application, by religion, by intereſt, and the inſinuation of danger. This is the ſubſtance of what *Euſtathius* remarks on this place; and in purſuance to his laſt obſervation, the epithet *Avenging* is

added

May *Jove* reſtore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleaſures of your native ſhore.
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give *Chryſeïs* to theſe arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my preſents move,
And dread avenging *Phœbus*, ſon of *Jove*.

The *Greeks* in ſhouts their joint aſſent declare,
The prieſt to rev'rence, and releaſe the fair.
Not ſo *Atrides*: He, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the ſacred Sire, and thus reply'd.
Hence on thy life, and fly theſe hoſtile plains,
Nor aſk, preſumptuous, what the King detains:
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor truſt too far thoſe enſigns of thy God.
Mine is thy daughter, Prieſt, and ſhall remain;
And pray'rs, and tears, and bribes ſhall plead in vain;
'Till time ſhall riſle ev'ry youthful grace,
And age diſmiſs her from my cold embrace,

In

added to this verſion, that it may appear the prieſt foretells the anger of his God.

V. 33. *He with pride repuls'd.*] It has been remarked in honour of *Homer*'s judgment, and the care he took of his reader's morals, that where he ſpeaks of evil actions committed, or hard words given, he generally characteriſes them as ſuch by a previous expreſſion This paſſage is given as one inſtance of it. where he ſays the repulſe of *Chryſes* was a proud injurious action in *Agamemnon*: And it may be remarked, that before his Heroes treat one another with hard language in this book, he ſtill takes care to let us know they were under a diſtraction of anger. Plutarch, *of reading Poets.*

V. 41. *'Till time ſhall riſle ev'ry youthful grace,*
And age diſmiſs her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed ſhe once enjoy'd.]

The

In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then; to *Argos* shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil, and weeping sire.
The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, nor daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main:

'Till

The *Greek* is ἀντεόσεσαν, which signifies either *making* the bed, or *partaking* it. *Eustathius* and Madam *Dacier* insist very much upon its being taken in the former sense only, for fear of presenting a loose idea to the reader, and of offending against the modesty of the Muse, who is supposed to relate the Poem. This observation may very well become a Bishop and a Lady: But that *Agamemnon* was not studying here for civility of expression, appears from the whole tenor of his speech; and that he designed *Chryseïs* for more than a servant-maid, may be seen from some other things he says of her, as that he preferred her to his Queen *Clytemnestra*, &c the impudence of which confession, Madam *Dacier* herself has elsewhere animadverted upon. Mr. *Dryden*, in his translation of this book, has been juster to the royal passion of *Agamemnon*, tho' he has carried the point so much on the other side, as to make him promise a greater fondness for her in her old age than in her youth, which indeed is hardly credible.

Mine she shall be, 'till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and destroy'd her prime;
'Till then *my nuptial bed she shall attend,*
And having first *adorn'd it,* late *ascend.*
This for the night; by day the web and loom,
And homely houshold tasks shall be her doom.

Nothing could have made Mr. *Dryden* capable of this mistake, but extreme haste in writing; which never ought to be imputed as a fault to him, but to those who suffered so noble a genius to lie under the necessity of it.

V. 47. *The trembling priest.*] We may take notice here, once for all, that *Homer* is frequently eloquent in his very silence. *Chryses* says not a word in answer to the insults of *Agamemnon*, but

'Till, safe at distance, to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays.
O *Smintheus!* sprung from fair *Latona*'s line,
Thou guardian pow'r of *Cilla*, the divine,
Thou source of light! whom *Tenedos* adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy *Chrysa*'s shores:
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the *Greeks* destroy.
Thus *Chryses* pray'd: The fav'ring Pow'r attends,
And from *Olympus'* lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the *Grecian* hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.

On

but walks pensively along the shore: and the melancholy flowing of the verse admirably expresses the condition of the mournful and deserted father.

Βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.

V. 61. *The favoring Pow'r attends.*] Upon this first prayer in the poem, *Eustathius* takes occasion to observe, that the poet is careful throughout his whole work to let no prayer ever fall entirely which has justice on its side; but he who prays, either kills his enemy, or has signs given him that he has been heard, or his friends return, or his undertaking succeeds, or some other visible good happens. So far instructive and useful to life has *Homer* made his fable.

V. 67. *He twang'd his deadly bow.*] In the tenth year of the siege of *Troy* a plague happened in the *Grecian* camp, occasioned perhaps by immoderate heats and gross exhalations. At the introduction of this accident *Homer* begins his Poem.

and

On mules and dogs th' infection firſt began;
And laſt, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights, thro' all the duſky air
The *Pyres* thick-flaming ſhot a diſmal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inſpir'd by *Juno*, *Thetis'* god-like ſon
Conven'd to council all the *Grecian* train;
For much the Goddeſs mourn'd her Heroes ſlain.

and takes occaſion from it to open the ſcene of action with a moſt beautiful allegory. He ſuppoſes that ſuch afflictions are ſent from Heaven for the puniſhment of our evil actions; and becauſe the Sun was a principal inſtrument of it, he ſays it was ſent to puniſh *Agamemnon* for deſpiſing that God, and injuring his Prieſt. *Euſtathius.*

V. 69. *Mules and dogs.*] *Hippocrates* obſerves two things of plagues; that their cauſe is in the air, and that different animals are differently touched by them, according to their nature or nouriſhment. This philoſophy *Spondanus* refers to the plague here mentioned. Firſt, the cauſe is the air, by reaſon of the darts or beams of *Apollo*. Secondly, the mules and dogs are ſaid to die ſooner than the men; partly becauſe they have by nature a quickneſs of ſmell, which makes the infection ſooner perceivable; and partly by the nouriſhment they take, their feeding on the earth with prone heads making the exhalation more eaſy to be ſucked in with it. Thus has *Hippocrates*, ſo long after *Homer* writ, ſubſcribed to his knowledge in the riſe and progreſs of this diſtemper. There have been ſome who have referred this paſſage to a religious ſenſe, making the death of the mules and dogs before the men to point out a kind method of providence in puniſhing, whereby it ſends ſome previous afflictions to warn mankind, ſo as to make them ſhun the greater evils by repentance. This *Monſieur Dacier*, in his notes on *Ariſtotle's* art of poetry, calls a Remark perfectly fine and agreeable to God's method of ſending plagues on the *Ægyptians*, where firſt horſes, aſſes, *&c.* were ſmitten, and afterwards the men themſelves.

V. 74. Thetis' *god-like ſon conven'd to council.*] On the tenth day a council is held to enquire why the Gods were angry. *Plutarch* obſerves, how juſtly he applies the characters of his perſons to the incidents; not making *Agamemnon* but *Achilles* call this council, who of all the Kings was the moſt capable

of

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the King of men addrest.
Why leave we not the fatal *Trojan* shore,
And measure back the seas we crost before?
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
But let some Prophet, or some sacred Sage,
Explore the cause of great *Apollo*'s rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove,
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from *Jove*.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid,
So Heav'n aton'd shall dying *Greece* restore,
And *Phœbus* dart his burning shafts no more.

He

of making observations upon the plague, and of foreseeing its duration, as having been bred by *Chiron* to the study of Physic. One may mention also a remark of *Eustathius* in pursuance to this, that *Juno*'s advising him in this case might allude to his knowledge of an evil temperament in the Air, of which she was Goddess.

V. 79. *Why leave we not the fatal* Trojan *shore*, &c] The artifice of this speech (according to *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus*, in his second discourse, περὶ ἐσχηματισμένου) is admirably carried on to open an accusation against *Agamemnon*, whom *Achilles* suspects to be the cause of all their miseries. He directs himself not to the assembly, but to *Agamemnon*; he names not only the plague but the war too, as having exhausted them all, which was evidently due to his family. He leads the *Augurs* he would consult, by pointing at something lately done with respect to *Apollo*. And while he continues within the guard of civil expression, scattering his insinuations, he encourages those who may have more knowledge to speak out boldly, by letting them see there is a party made for their safety; which has its effect immediately in the following speech of *Chalcas*, whose demand of protection shows upon whom the offence is to be placed.

V. 86. *By mystic dreams.*] It does not seem that by the word ὀνειρόπολος an interpreter of dreams is meant, for we have

He ſaid, and ſate: when *Chalcas* thus reply'd,
Chalcas the wiſe, the *Grecian* prieſt and guide,
That ſacred Seer, whoſe comprehenſive view
The paſt, the preſent, and the future knew.
Uprising ſlow, the venerable Sage
Thus ſpoke the prudence and the fears of age.
Belov'd of *Jove*, *Achilles!* would'ſt thou know
Why angry *Phœbus* bends his fatal bow?
Firſt give thy faith, and plight a Prince's word
Of ſure protection, by thy pow'r and ſword.
For I muſt ſpeak what wiſdom would conceal,
And truths, invidious to the Great, reveal.

have no hint of any preceding dream that wants to be interpreted. We may therefore more probably refer it to ſuch who uſed (after performing proper rites) to lie down at ſome ſacred place, and expect a dream from the Gods upon any particular ſubject which they deſired. That this was a practice amongſt them, appears from the Temples of *Amphiaraus* in *Bœotia*, and *Podalirius* in *Apulia*, where the enquirer was obliged to ſleep at the altar upon the ſkin of the beaſt he had ſacrificed, in order to obtain an anſwer. It is in this manner that *Latinus* in *Virgil*'s ſeventh book goes to dream in the Temple of *Faunus*, where we have a particular deſcription of the whole cuſtom. *Strabo*, *lib.* 16. has ſpoken concerning the Temple of *Jeruſalem* as a place of this nature; 'where '(ſays he) the people either dreamed for themſelves, or pro-'cured ſome good 'eamer to do it:' By which it ſhould ſeem he had read ſomething concerning the viſions of their Prophets, as that which *Samuel* had when he was ordered to ſleep a third time before the ark, and upon doing ſo had an account of the deſtruction of *Eli*'s houſe; or that which happened to *Solomon* after having ſacrificed before the ark at *Gibeon*. The ſame author has alſo mentioned the Temple of *Serapis*, in his ſeventeenth book, as a place for receiving oracles by dreams.

V. 97. *Belov'd of* Jove, Achilles!] Theſe appellations of praiſe and honour, with which the Heroes in *Homer* ſo frequently ſalute each other, were agreeable to the ſtyle of the ancient times, as appears from ſeveral of the like nature in the

Bold is the taſk, when ſubjects, grown too wiſe,
Inſtruct a Monarch where his error lies;
For tho' we deem the ſhort-liv'd fury paſt,
'Tis ſure, the Mighty will revenge at laſt.
To whom *Pelides*. From thy inmoſt ſoul
Speak what thou know'ſt, and ſpeak without controul.
Ev'n by that God I ſwear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of *Greece* convey,
And whoſe bleſt Oracles thy lips declare;
Long as *Achilles* breathes this vital air,
No daring *Greek* of all the num'rous band,
Againſt his Prieſt ſhall liſt an impious hand:
Not ev'n the Chief by whom our hoſts are led,
The King of Kings ſhall touch that ſacred head.

Encourag'd

the ſcripture. *Milton* has not been wanting to give his Poem this caſt of antiquity, throughout which our firſt parents almoſt always accoſt each other with ſome title, that expreſſes a reſpect to the dignity of human nature.

Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve.—
Adam, *Earth's hallow'd mould of God inſpir'd.*—
Offspring of heaven and earth, and all earth's Lord, &c.

V. 115. *Not even the chief.*] After *Achilles* had brought in *Chalcas* by his dark doubts concerning *Agamemnon*, *Chalcas* who perceived them, and was unwilling to be the firſt that named the King, artfully demands a protection in ſuch a manner, as confirms thoſe doubts, and extorts from *Achilles* this warm and particular expreſſion, "That he would pro-"tect him even againſt *Agamemnon*," (who, as he ſays, is *now* the greateſt man of *Greece*, to hint that at the expiration of the war he ſhould be again reduced to be barely King of *Mycenæ*.) This place *Plutarch* takes notice of as the firſt in which *Achilles* ſhews his contempt of ſovereign authority.

V. 117.

Encourag'd thus, the blameleſs man replies;
Nor vows unpaid, nor ſlighted ſacrifice,
But he, our Chief, provok'd our raging peſt,
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd Prieſt.
Nor will the God's awaken'd fury ceaſe,
But plagues ſhall ſpread, and fun'ral fires increaſe,
'Till the great King, without a ranſom paid,
To her own *Chryſa* ſend the black-ey'd maid.
Perhaps, with added ſacrifice and pray'r,
The prieſt may pardon, and the God may ſpare.
The Prophet ſpoke; when with a gloomy frown
The Monarch ſtarted from his ſhining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breaſt that boil'd with ire,
And from his eyeballs flaſh'd the living fire.
Augur accurs'd! denouncing miſchief ſtill,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!

V. 117. *The blameleſs.*] The epithet ἀμύμων, or *blameleſs*, is frequent in *Homer*, but not always uſed with ſo much propriety as here. The reader may obſerve that care has not been wanting through this tranſlation, to preſerve thoſe epithets which are peculiar to the author, whenever they receive any beauty from the circumſtances about them; as this of *blameleſs* manifeſtly does in the preſent paſſage. It is not only applied to a prieſt, but to one who, being conſcious of the truth, prepares with an honeſt boldneſs to diſcover it.

V. 131. *Augur accurſt.*] This expreſſion is not merely thrown out by chance, but proves what *Chalcas* ſaid of the King when he aſk'd protection, "That he harboured anger in his heart." For it aims at the prediction *Chalcas* had given at *Aulis* nine years before, for the ſacrificing his daughter *Iphigenia*. *Spondanus.*

This, and the two following lines, are in a manner repetitions of the ſame thing thrice over. It is left to the reader to conſider how far it may be allowed, or rather praiſed for a beauty, when we conſider with *Euſtathius* that it is a moſt natural effect of anger to be full of words, and inſiſting on that which galls us. We may add, that theſe reiterated expreſſions

Still muſt that tongue ſome wounding meſſage bring,
And ſtill thy prieſtly pride provoke thy King?
For this are *Phœbus'* Oracles explor'd,
To teach the *Greeks* to murmur at their Lord?
For this with falſhoods is my honour ſtain'd?
Is Heav'n offended, and a Prieſt profan'd,
Becauſe my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?
A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
Not half ſo dear were *Clytæmneſtra's* charms,
When firſt her blooming beauties bleſt my arms.
Yet if the Gods demand her, let her ſail;
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cauſe of all,
And ſuffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize I will reſign,
So dearly valu'd, and ſo juſtly mine.
But ſince for common good I yield the fair,
My private loſs let grateful *Greece* repair;

Nor

expreſſions might be ſuppoſed to be thrown out one after another, as *Agamemnon* is ſtruck in the confuſion of his paſſion, firſt by the remembrance of one prophecy, and then of another, which the ſame man had uttered againſt him.

V. 143. *Not half ſo dear were* Clytæmneſtra's *charms.*] *Agamemnon* having heard the charge which *Chalcas* drew up againſt him in two particulars, that he had affronted the Prieſt, and refuſed to reſtore his daughter; he offers one anſwer which gives ſoftening colours to both, that he loved her as well as his Queen *Clytæmneſtra* for her perfections. Thus he would ſeem to ſatisfy the father by kindneſs to his daughter, to excuſe himſelf before the *Greeks* for what is paſt, and to make a merit of yielding her, and ſacrificing his paſſion for their ſafety.

V. 155

Nor unrewarded let your Prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
Insatiate King (*Achilles* thus replies)
Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!
Would'st thou the *Greeks* their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?

V. 155. *Insatiate King*] Here, where this passion of anger grows loud, it seems proper to prepare the reader, and prevent this mistake in the character of *Achilles*, which might shock him in several particulars following. We should know that the Poet rather studied nature than perfection, in the laying down his characters He resolved to sing the consequences of anger; he considered what virtues and vices would conduce most to bring his Moral out of the Fable; and artfully disposed them in his chief persons after the manner in which we find them; making the fault, which most peculiarly attends any good quality, to reside with it. Thus he has placed pride with magnanimity in *Agamemnon*, and craft with prudence in *Ulysses*. And thus we must take his *Achilles*, not as a mere heroic dispassionate character, but as compounded of courage and anger; one who finds himself almost invincible, and assumes an uncontrouled carriage upon the self-consciousness of his worth; whose high strain of honour will not suffer him to betray his friends, or fight against them, even while he thinks they have affronted him; but whose inexorable resentment will not let him hearken to any terms of accommodation. These are the lights and shades of his character, which *Homer* has heightened and darkened in extremes; because on the one side valour is the darling quality of Epic Poetry; and on the other, anger the particular subject of this Poem. When characters thus mixed are well conducted, though they be not morally beautiful quite through, they conduce more to the end, and are still poetically perfect.

Plutarch takes occasion from the observation of this conduct in *Homer*, to applaud his just imitation of nature and truth, in representing virtues and vices intermixed in his Heroes: contrary to the paradoxes and strange positions of the Stoicks, who held that no vice could consist with virtue, nor the least virtue with vice. Plut. *de aud. Poet.*

The ſpoils of cities raz'd, and warriors ſlain,
We ſhare with juſtice, as with toil we gain:
But to reſume whate'er thy av'rice craves,
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by ſlaves.
Yet if our Chief for plunder only fight,
The ſpoils of *Ilion* ſhall thy loſs requite,
Whene'er, by *Jove*'s decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs
Shall humble to the duſt her lofty tow'rs.

Then thus the King. Shall I my prize reſign
With tame content, and thou poſſeſt of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,
Think not to rob me of a ſoldier's right.
At thy demand ſhall I reſtore the maid?
Firſt let the juſt equivalent be paid:

Such

V. 169. *Great as thou art, and like a God in fight.*] The words in the original are θεοειδὲς' Ἀχιλλεῦ. *Ulyſſes* is ſoon after called Δῖος, and others in other places. The phraſe of *divine* or *God-like* is not uſed by the Poet to ſignify perfection in men, but applied to conſiderable perſons upon account of ſome particular qualification or advantage, which they were poſſeſſed of far above the common ſtandard of mankind. Thus it is aſcribed to *Achilles* on account of his great valour, to *Ulyſſes* for his pre-eminence in wiſdom; even to *Paris* for his exceeding beauty, and to *Clytæmneſtra* for ſeveral fair endowments.

V. 172. *Firſt let the juſt equivalent.*] The reaſoning in point of right between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon* ſeems to be this. *Achilles* pleads that *Agamemnon* could not ſeize upon any other man's captive without a new diſtribution, it being an invaſion of private property. On the other hand, as *Agamemnon*'s power was limited, how came it that all the *Grecian* Captains would ſubmit to an illegal and arbitrary action? I think the legal pretence for his ſeizing *Briſeïs* muſt have been founded upon that law whereby the Commander in chief had the power of taking what part of the prey he pleaſed for his own uſe: And he being obliged to reſtore what he had taken, it ſeemed but juſt that he ſhould have a ſecond choice.

Such as a King might aſk; and let it be
A treaſure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
This hand ſhall ſeize ſome other captive dame.
The mighty *Ajax* ſhall his prize reſign,
Ulyſſes' ſpoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
The man who ſuffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he ſhall rage in vain.
But this when time requires—It now remains
We launch a bark to plow the wat'ry plains,
And waft the ſacrifice to *Chryſa*'s ſhores,
With choſen pilots, and with lab'ring oars.
Soon ſhall the fair the ſable ſhip aſcend,
And ſome deputed Prince the charge attend;
This *Creta*'s King, or *Ajax* ſhall fulfill,
Or wiſe *Ulyſſes* ſee perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal Pleaſure ſhall ordain,
Achilles' ſelf conduct her o'er the Main;
Let fierce *Achilles*, dreadful in his rage,
The God propitiate, and the peſt aſſuage.

At this, *Pelides*, frowning ſtern, reply'd:
O tyrant, arm'd with inſolence and pride!
Inglorious ſlave to int'reſt, ever join'd
With fraud unworthy of a royal mind!
What gen'rous *Greek*, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambuſh, or ſhall lift the ſword?
What cauſe have I to war at thy decree?
The diſtant *Trojans* never injur'd me:
To *Phthia*'s realms no hoſtile troops they led;
Safe in her vales my warlike courſers fed;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarſe reſounding main,
And walls of rocks, ſecure my native reign,

Whoſe fruitful ſoil luxuriant harveſts grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we ſail'd, a voluntary throng,
T'avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What elſe to *Troy* th' aſſembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cauſe?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deſerve,
Diſgrac'd and injur'd by the man we ſerve?
And dar'ſt thou threat to ſnatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as ſmall, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
Thine in each conqueſt is the wealthy prey,
Tho' mine the ſweat and danger of the day.

Some

V. 213. *And dar'ſt thou threat to ſnatch my prize away,*
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?]

The anger of theſe two Princes was equally upon the account of women, but yet it is obſervable that they are conducted with a very different air. *Agamemnon* appears as a lover, *Achilles* as a warrior: The one ſpeaks of *Chryſeïs* as a beauty whom he valued equal to his wife, and whoſe merit was too conſiderable to be eaſily reſigned; the other treats *Briſeïs* as a ſlave, whom he is concerned to preſerve in point of honour, as a teſtimony of his glory. Hence it is that we never hear him mention her but as his *Spoil*, the *Reward of War*, the *Gift the* Grecians *gave him*, or the like expreſſions: and accordingly he yields her up, not in grief for a miſtreſs whom he loſes, but in ſullenneſs for an injury that is done him. This obſervation is Madam *Dacier*'s, and will often appear juſt as we proceed farther. Nothing is finer than the Moral ſhown us in this quarrel, of the blindneſs and partiality of mankind to their own faults: The *Grecians* make a war to recover a woman that was raviſhed, and are in danger to fail in the attempt by a diſpute about another. *Agamemnon*, while he is revenging a rape, commits one; and *Achilles*, while he is in the utmoſt fury himſelf, reproaches *Agamemnon* for his paſſionate temper.

V. 225.

Some trivial preſent to my ſhips I bear,
Or barren praiſes pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy ſlave no more;
My fleet ſhall waſt me to *Theſſalia*'s ſhore.
Left by *Achilles* on the *Trojan* plain,
What ſpoils, what conqueſts ſhall *Atrides* gain?
To this the King: Fly, mighty warrior! fly,
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in ſuch a cauſe to fight,
And *Jove* himſelf ſhall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the Kings (the Gods' diſtinguiſh'd care)
To pow'r ſuperior none ſuch hatred bear:
Strife and debate thy reſtleſs ſoul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy ſavage joy.
If thou haſt ſtrength, 'twas Heav'n that ſtrength beſtow'd,
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
Haſte, launch thy veſſels, fly with ſpeed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary ſway:
I heed

V. 225. *Fly, mighty warrior.*] *Achilles* having threatened to leave them in the former ſpeech, and ſpoken of his warlike actions; the Poet here puts an artful piece of ſpite in the mouth of *Agamemnon*, making him opprobriouſly brand his retreat as a flight, and leſſen the appearance of his courage, by calling it the love of contention and ſlaughter.

V. 229. *Kings, the Gods diſtinguiſh'd care*] In the original it is Διοτρεφῆες, or *nurſt by* Jove. *Homer* often uſes to call his Kings by ſuch epithets as Διογενῆς, *born of the Gods*, or Διοτρεφῆς, *bred by the Gods*; by which he points out to themſelves, the offices they were ordained for; and their people, the reverence that ſhould be paid them. Theſe expreſſions are perfectly in the exalted ſtyle of the eaſtern nations, and correſpondent to thoſe places of holy ſcripture where they are called *Gods*, and *the Sons of the moſt High*.

V. 261.

I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy ſhort-liv'd friendſhip, and thy groundleſs hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born *Myrmidons*; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, Prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,
My bark ſhall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious Prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
Ev'n in thy tent I'll ſeize the blooming prize,
Thy lov'd *Briſeïs* with the radiant eyes.
Hence ſhalt thou prove my might, and curſe the hour,
Thou ſtood'ſt a rival of imperial pow'r;
And hence to all our hoſt it ſhall be known,
That kings are ſubject to the Gods alone.

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppreſt,
His heart ſwell'd high, and labour'd in his breaſt.
Diſtracting thoughts by turns his boſom rul'd,
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reaſon cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly ſword,
Force thro' the *Greeks*, and pierce their haughty Lord;
This whiſpers ſoft, his vengeance to controul,
And calm the riſing tempeſt of his ſoul.
Juſt as in anguiſh of ſuſpenſe he ſtay'd,
While half unſheath'd appear'd the gliſt'ring blade,
Minerva ſwift deſcended from above,
Sent by the * ſiſter and the wife of *Jove*;
(For

* *Juno.*

V. 261. Minerva *ſwift deſcended from above.*] *Homer* having by degrees raiſed *Achilles* to ſuch a pitch of fury, as to make him capable of attempting *Agamemnon*'s life in the council, *Pallas* the Goddeſs of Wiſdom deſcends, and being ſeen only by him, pulls him back in the very inſtant of execution.

He

(For both the Princes claim'd her equal care)
Behind ſhe ſtood, and by the golden hair
Achilles ſeiz'd; to him alone conſeſt;
A ſable cloud conceal'd her from the reſt.
He ſees, and ſudden to the Goddeſs cries,
Known by the flames that ſparkle from her eyes.
Deſcends

He parleys with her a while, as imagining ſhe would adviſe him to proceed, but upon the promiſe of ſuch a time wherein there ſhould be a full reparation of his honour, he ſheaths his ſword in obedience to her. She aſcends to Heaven, and he being left to himſelf, falls again upon his General with bitter expreſſions. The *allegory* here may be allowed by every reader to be unforced: the prudence of *Achilles* checks him in the raſheſt moment of his anger, it works upon him unſeen to others, but does not entirely prevail upon him to deſiſt 'till he remembers his own importance, and depends upon it that there will be a neceſſity of their courting him at any expence into the alliance again. Having perſuaded himſelf by ſuch reflections, he forbears to attack his General, but thinking that he ſacrifices enough to prudence by this forbearance, lets the thought of it vaniſh from him; and no ſooner is Wiſdom gone, but he falls into more violent reproaches for the gratification of his paſſion. All this is a moſt beautiful paſſage, whoſe Moral is evident, and generally agreed on by the Commentators.

V. 268. *Known by the flames that ſparkled from her eyes.*] They who carry on this allegory after the moſt minute manner, refer this to the eyes of *Achilles*, as indeed we muſt, if we entirely deſtroy the bodily appearance of *Minerva*. But what Poet, deſigning to have his Moral ſo open, would take pains to form it into a Fable? In the proper mythological ſenſe, this paſſage ſhould be referred to *Minerva*; according to an opinion of the ancients, who ſuppoſed that the Gods had a peculiar light in their eyes. That *Homer* was not ignorant of this opinion, appears from his uſe of it in other places, as when in the third *Iliad*, *Helena* by this means diſcovers *Venus*: And that he meant it here, is particularly aſſerted by *Heliodorus*, in the third book of his *Æthiopick* hiſtory. "The Gods, ſays he, are known in their apparitions to men "by the fixed glare of their eyes, or their gliding paſſage "through air without moving their feet; theſe marks "*Homer* has uſed from his knowledge of the *Ægyptian* learning,

"applying

Deſcends *Minerva*, in her guardian care,
A heav'nly witneſs of the wrongs I bear,
From *Atreus'* ſon? Then let thoſe eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.
Forbear! (the progeny of *Jove* replies)
To calm thy fury I forſake the ſkies:
Let great *Achilles*, to the Gods reſign'd,
To reaſon yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful *Juno* this command is giv'n;
The King and you are both the care of Heav'n.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But ſheath, obedient, thy revenging ſteel.
For I pronounce (and truſt a heav'nly pow'r)
Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch ſhall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendſhip with a boundleſs ſtore.
Then let revenge no longer bear the ſway,
Command thy paſſions, and the Gods obey.
To her *Pelides*. With regardful ear,
'Tis juſt, O Goddeſs! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I ſuppreſs:
Thoſe who revere the Gods, the Gods will bleſs.
He ſaid, obſervant of the blue-ey'd maid:
Then in the ſheath return'd the ſhining blade.
The Goddeſs ſwift to high *Olympus* flies,
And joins the ſacred ſenate of the ſkies.

Nor

" applying one to *Pallas*, and the other to *Neptune*." Madam *Dacier* has gone into the contrary opinion, and blames *Euſtathius* and others without overthrowing theſe authorities, or aſſigning any other reaſon but that it was not proper for *Minerva*'s eyes to *ſparkle*, when her ſpeech was *mild*.

V. 298.

Nor yet the rage his boiling breaſt forſook,
Which thus redoubling on *Atrides* broke.
O monſter! mix'd of inſolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambuſh'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of War?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the Valiant die.

So

V. 298. *Thou dog in forehead.*] It has been one of the objections againſt the manners of *Homer*'s Heroes, that they are abuſive. Monſ. *de la Motte* affirms in his diſcourſe upon the *Iliad*, that great Men differ from the vulgar in their manner of expreſſing their paſſion; but certainly in violent paſſions (ſuch as thoſe of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*) the Great are as ſubject as any others to theſe ſallies; of which we have frequent examples, both from hiſtory and experience. *Plutarch*, taking notice of this line, gives it as a particular commendation of *Homer*, "that he conſtantly affords us a fine lecture of "morality in his reprehenſions and praiſes, by referring "them not to the goods of fortune or the body, but thoſe "of the mind, which are in our power, and for which we "are blameable or praiſe-worthy. Thus, ſays he, *Agamem-*"*non* is reproached for impudence and fear, *Ajax* for vain "bragging, *Idomeneus* for the love of contention, and *Ulyſſes* "does not reprove even *Therſites* but as a babbler, though he "had ſo many perſonal deformities to object to him. In "like manner alſo the appellations and epithets, with which "they accoſt one another, are generally founded on ſome "diſtinguiſhing qualification of merit, as *Wiſe* Ulyſſes, Hec-"tor *equal to* Jove *in Wiſdom*, Achilles *chief Glory of the* "Greeks," and the like. Plutarch *of reading Poets.*

V. 299. *In ambuſh'd fights to dare.*] *Homer* has magnified the *ambuſh* as the boldeſt manner of fight. They went upon thoſe parties with a few men only, and generally the moſt daring of the army, on occaſions of the greateſt hazard, where they were therefore more expoſed than in a regular battle. Thus *Idomeneus* in the thirteenth book, expreſsly tells *Meriones*, that the greateſt courage appears in this way of ſervice, each man being in a manner ſingled out to the proof of it. *Euſtathius.*

V. 309.

So much 'tis ſafer thro' the camp to go,
And rob a ſubject, than deſpoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and baſe!
Sent in *Jove*'s anger on a ſlaviſh race,
Who loſt to ſenſe of gen'rous freedom paſt,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy laſt.
Now by this ſacred ſceptre, hear me ſwear,
Which never more ſhall leaves or bloſſoms bear,
Which

V. 300. *Now by this ſacred ſceptre.*] *Spondanus* in this place blames *Euſtathius*, for ſaying that *Homer* makes *Achilles* in his paſſion ſwear by the firſt thing he meets with; and then aſſigns (as from himſelf) two cauſes, which the other had mentioned ſo plainly before, that it is a wonder they could be overlooked. The ſubſtance of the whole paſſage in *Euſtathius*, is, that if we conſider the ſceptre ſimply as wood, *Achilles* after the manner of the ancients takes in his tranſport the firſt thing to ſwear by; but that *Homer* himſelf has in the proceſs of the deſcription aſſigned reaſons why it is proper for the occaſion, which may be ſeen by conſidering it ſymbolically. Firſt, That as the wood being cut from the tree, will never re-unite and flouriſh, ſo neither ſhould their amity ever flouriſh again, after they were divided by this contention. Secondly, That a ſceptre being the mark of power, and ſymbol of juſtice, to ſwear by it might in effect be conſtrued ſwearing by the God of Power, and by juſtice itſelf; and accordingly it is ſpoken of by *Ariſtotle*, 3. *l. Polit.* as a uſual ſolemn oath of Kings.

I cannot leave this paſſage without ſhewing, in oppoſition to ſome moderns who have criticized upon it as tedious, that it has been eſteemed a beauty by the ancients, and engaged them in its imitation. *Virgil* has almoſt tranſcribed it in his 12 *Æn.* for the ſceptre of *Latinus*.

Ut ſceptrum hoc (ſceptrum dextrâ nam fortè gerebat)
Nunquam fronde levi fundet virgulta nec umbras;
Cum ſemel in ſylvis imo de ſtirpe reciſum,
Matre caret, poſuitque comas & brachia ferro:
Olim arbos, nunc artificis manus ære decoro
Inclusit, patribuſque dedit geſtare Latinis.

But

Which ſever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This ſceptre, form'd by temper'd ſteel to prove
An enſign of the delegates of *Jove*,
From whom the pow'r of laws and juſtice ſprings:
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to Kings)
By this I ſwear, when bleeding *Greece* again
Shall call *Achilles*, ſhe ſhall call in vain.
When ſluſh'd with ſlaughter, *Hector* comes, to ſpread
The purpled ſhore with mountains of the dead,
Then ſhalt thou mourn th' affront thy madneſs gave,
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to ſave:

Then

But I cannot think this comes up to the ſpirit or propriety of *Homer*, notwithſtanding the judgment of *Scaliger*, who decides for *Virgil*, upon a trivial compariſon of the wording in each, *l.* 5. *cap.* 3. *Poet.* It fails in a greater point than any he has mentioned, which is, that being there uſed on occaſion of a peace, it has no emblematical reference to diviſion, and yet deſcribes the cutting of the wood and its incapacity to bloom and branch again, in as many words as *Homer*. It is borrowed by *Valerius Flaccus* in his third book, where he makes *Jaſon* ſwear as a warrior by his ſpear,

Hanc ego magnanimi ſpolium Didymaonis haſtam,
Ut ſemel eſt avulſa jugis & matre perempta,
Quæ neque jam frondes virides neque proferet umbras,
Fida miniſteria & duras obit horrida pugnas,
Teſtor.

And indeed, however he may here borrow ſome expreſſions from *Virgil* or fall below him in others, he has nevertheleſs kept to *Homer* in the emblem, by introducing the oath upon *Jaſon*'s grief for failing to *Chalchis* without *Hercules*, when he had ſeparated him from the body of the *Argonauts* to ſearch after *Hylas*. To render the beauty of this paſſage more manifeſt, the alluſion is inſerted (but with the feweſt words poſſible) in this tranſlation.

V. 324.

Then rage in bitterneſs of ſoul, to know
This act has made the braveſt *Greek* thy foe.
He ſpoke; and furious, hurl'd againſt the ground
His ſceptre ſtarr'd with golden ſtuds around.
Then ſternly ſilent ſate. With like diſdain,
The raging King return'd his frowns again.
To calm their paſſion with the words of age,
Slow from his ſeat aroſe the *Pylian* ſage,
Experienc'd *Neſtor*, in perſuaſion ſkill'd,
Words, ſweet as honey, from his lips diſtill'd:
Two generations now had paſt away,
Wiſe by his rules, and happy by his ſway;

Two

V. 324. *Thy valour's made the braveſt Greek thy foe.*] If ſelf-praiſe had not been agreeable to the haughty nature of *Achilles*, yet *Plutarch* has mentioned a caſe, and with reſpect to him, wherein it is allowable. He ſays that *Achilles* has at other times aſcribed his ſucceſs to *Jupiter*, but it is permitted to a man of merit and figure, who is injuriouſly dealt with, to ſpeak frankly of himſelf to thoſe who are forgetful and unthankful.

V. 333. *Two generations.*] The Commentators make not *Neſtor* to have lived three hundred years (according to *Ovid*'s opinion;) they take the word γενεὰ not to ſignify a century or age of the world; but a generation, or compaſs of time in which one ſet of men flouriſh, which in the common computation is thirty years; and accordingly it is here tranſlated as much the more probable.

From what *Neſtor* ſays in this ſpeech, Madam *Dacier* computes the age he was of at the end of the *Trojan* war. The fight of the *Lapithæ* and *Centaurs* fell out fifty-five or fifty-ſix years before the war of *Troy*: The quarrel of *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* happened in the tenth and laſt year of that war. It was then ſixty-five or ſixty-ſix years ſince *Neſtor* fought againſt the *Centaurs*; he was capable at that time of giving counſel, ſo that one cannot imagine him to have been under twenty: From whence it will appear that he was now almoſt arrived to the concluſion of his third age, and about fourſcore and five, or four ſcore and ſix years of age.

V. 339.

Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus, with mild benevolence, began:
What ſhame, what woe is this to *Greece!* what joy
To *Troy*'s proud monarch, and the friends of *Troy!*
That

V. 339. *What ſhame*] The quarrel having riſen to its higheſt extravagance, *Neſtor* the wiſeſt and moſt aged *Greek* is raiſed to quiet the Princes, whoſe ſpeech is therefore framed entirely with an oppoſite air to all which has been hitherto ſaid, ſedate and inoffenſive. He begins with a ſoft affectionate complaint which he oppoſes to their threats and haughty language; he reconciles their attention in an awful manner, by putting them in mind that they hear one whom their fathers and the greateſt Heroes had heard with deference. He ſides with neither, that he might not anger any one, while he adviſes them to the proper methods of reconciliation; and he appears to ſide with both while he praiſes each, that they may be induced by the recollection of one another's worth to return to that amity which would bring ſucceſs to the cauſe. It was not however conſiſtent with the plan of the poem that they ſhould entirely be appeaſed, for then the anger would be at an end which was propoſed as the ſubject of the Poem. *Homer* has not therefore made this ſpeech to have its full ſucceſs; and yet that the eloquence of his *Neſtor* might not be thrown out of character by its proving unavailable, he takes care that the violence with which the diſpute was managed ſhould abate immediately upon his ſpeaking; *Agamemnon* confeſſes that all he ſpoke was right, *Achilles* promiſes not to fight for *Briſeïs* if ſhe ſhould be ſent for, and the council diſſolves.

It is to be obſerved that this character of authority and wiſdom in *Neſtor*, is every where admirably uſed by *Homer*, and made to exert itſelf through all the great emergencies of the poem. As he quiets the Princes here, he propoſes that expedient which reduces the army into their order after the Sedition in the ſecond book. When the *Greeks* are in the utmoſt diſtreſſes, 'tis he who adviſes the building the fortifications before the fleet, which is the chief means of preſerving them. And it is by his perſuaſion that *Patroclus* puts on the armour of *Achilles*, which occaſions the return of that Hero, and the conqueſt of *Troy*.

That adverſe Gods commit to ſtern debate
The beſt, the braveſt of the *Grecian* ſtate.
Young as you are, this youthful heat reſtrain,
Nor think your *Veſtor's* years and wiſdom vain.
A God-like race of Heroes once I knew,
Such, as no more theſe aged eyes ſhall view!
Lives there a chief to match *Pirithous'* fame,
Dryas the bold, or *Ceneus'* deathleſs name?
Theſeus, endu'd with more than mortal might,
Or *Polyphemus*, like the Gods in fight?
With theſe of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led;
Fir'd with the thirſt which virtuous envy breeds,
And ſmit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongeſt of Men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild deſerts red with monſters gore,
And from their hills the ſhaggy *Centaurs* tore.
Yet theſe with ſoft, perſuaſive arts I ſway'd;
When *Neſtor* ſpoke they liſten'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n theſe eſteem'd me wiſe,
Do you, young warriors, hear my age adviſe.
Atrides, ſeize not on the beauteous ſlave;
That prize the *Greeks* by common ſuffrage gave:
Nor thou, *Achilles*, treat our prince with pride;
Let Kings be juſt, and ſov'reign pow'r preſide.
Thee, the firſt honours of the war adorn,
Like Gods in ſtrength, and of a Goddeſs born;
Him, awful majeſty exalts above
The pow'rs of earth, and ſceptred ſons of *Jove*.
Let both unite with well-conſenting mind,
So ſhall authority with ſtrength be join'd.

Leave

Leave me, O King! to calm *Achilles'* rage;
Rule thou thyſelf, as more advanc'd in age.
Forbid it, Gods! *Achilles* ſhould be loſt,
The pride of *Greece*, and bulwark of our hoſt.
This ſaid, he ceas'd: The King of Men replies;
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd ſoul,
No laws can limit, no reſpect controul.
Before his pride muſt his ſuperiors fall,
His word the law, and he the Lord of all?
Him muſt our hoſts, our chiefs, our ſelf obey?
What King can bear a rival in his ſway?
Grant that the Gods his matchleſs force have giv'n;
Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?
Here on the Monarch's ſpeech *Achilles* broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting ſpoke.
Tyrant, I well deſerv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy ſlave, and ſtill to ſerve in vain,
Should I ſubmit to each unjuſt decree:
Command thy vaſſals, but command not me.
Seize on *Briſeïs*, whom the *Grecians* doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely ſee reſum'd;
And ſeize ſecure; No more *Achilles* draws
His conqu'ring ſword in any woman's cauſe.

The

V. 394. ——— *No more* Achilles *draws*
His conqu'ring ſword in any woman's cauſe.]

When *Achilles* promiſes, not to conteſt for *Briſeïs*, he expreſſes it in a ſharp deſpiſing air, *I will not fight for the ſake of a woman:* by which he glances at *Helena*, and calls an oblique reflection upon thoſe commanders whom he is about to leave at the ſiege for her cauſe. One may obſerve how well it is fancied of the Poet, to make one woman the ground of a quarrel

The Gods command me to forgive the paſt;
But let this firſt invaſion be the laſt:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'ſt invade,
Shall ſtream in vengeance on my reeking blade.
At this they ceas'd; the ſtern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in ſullen majeſty retir'd.

Achilles with *Patroclus* took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow veſſels lay.
Mean time *Atrides* launch'd with num'rous oars
A well-rigg'd ſhip for *Chryſa*'s ſacred ſhores:
High on the deck was fair *Chryſeïs* plac'd,
And ſage *Ulyſſes* with the conduct grac'd:
Safe in her ſides the hecatomb they ſtow'd,
Then ſwiftly ſailing, cut the liquid road.

The hoſt to expiate, next the King prepares,
With pure luſtrations, and with ſolemn pray'rs.
Waſh'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd; and caſt th' ablutions in the main.

Along

quarrel which breaks an alliance which was only formed upon account of another: and how much the circumſtance thus conſider'd contributes to keep up the anger of *Achilles*, for carrying on the Poem beyond this diſſolution of the council. For (as he himſelf argues with *Ulyſſes* in the 9th *Iliad*) it is as reaſonable for him to retain his anger upon the account of *Briſeïs*, as for the brothers with all *Greece* to carry on a war upon the ſcore of *Helena*. I do not know that any commentator has taken notice of this ſarcaſm of *Achilles*, which I think a very obvious one.

V. 413. *Th' ablutions.*] All our former *Engliſh* tranſlations ſeem to have erred in the ſenſe of this line; the word λύμαῖα being differently rendered by them, *aſhes* or *entrails*, or *purgaments*, or *ordures*, a groſs ſet of ideas, of which *Homer* is not guilty. The word comes from λύω, *eluo*, the ſame verb from whence ἐπιλυμαίνοντο, which precedes in the line, is derived. So that the ſenſe appears to be as it is rendered here, [*They* waſh'd, *and threw away their* waſhings.] Perhaps this

Along the ſhore whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to *Phœbus'* altars paid.
The ſable fumes in curling ſpires ariſe,
And waft their grateful odours to the ſkies.
The army thus in ſacred rites engag'd,
Atrides ſtill with deep reſentment rag'd.
To wait his will two ſacred heralds ſtood,
Talthybius and *Eurybates* the good.
Haſte to the fierce *Achilles'* tent (he cries)
Thence bear *Briſeïs* as our royal prize:
Submit he muſt; or if they will not part,
Our ſelf in arms ſhall tear her from his heart.
Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Penſive they walk along the barren ſands:
Arriv'd, the Hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aſpect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful diſtance long they ſilent ſtand,
Loth to advance, or ſpeak their hard command;
Decent

this luſtration might be uſed as a phyſical remedy in cleanſing them from the infection of the plague: as *Pauſanias* tells us it was by the *Arcadians*, from whence he ſays the plague was called λύμη by the *Greeks*.

V. 430. *At awful diſtance ſilent*] There was required a very remarkable management to preſerve all the characters which are concerned in this nice conjuncture, wherein the heralds were to obey at their peril; *Agamemnon* was to be gratified by an inſult on *Achilles*; and *Achilles* was to ſuffer ſo as might become his pride and not have his violent temper provoked. From all this the Poet has found the ſecret to extricate himſelf, by only taking care to make his heralds ſtand in ſight, and ſilent. Thus they neither make *Agamemnon*'s majeſty ſuffer by uttering their meſſage ſubmiſſively, nor occaſion a rough treatment from *Achilles* by demanding *Briſeïs* in the peremptory air he ordered; and at the ſame time *Achilles* is gratified with the opportunity of giving her up, as if he rather ſent her than was forced to relinquiſh her. The art of this has been taken notice of by *Euſtathius*.

V. 451.

Decent confuſion! This the god-like man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began.
With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye ſacred miniſters of men and Gods!
I know your meſſage; by conſtraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.
Patroclus, haſte, the fair *Briſeïs* bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty King.
But witneſs, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witneſs to Gods above, and men below!
But firſt, and loudeſt, to your Prince declare,
That lawleſs tyrant whoſe commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death *Achilles* ſhall remain,
Tho' proſtrate *Greece* ſhould bleed at ev'ry vein:
The raging Chief in frantick paſſion loſt,
Blind to himſelf, and uſeleſs to his hoſt,
Unſkill'd to judge the future by the paſt,
In blood and ſlaughter ſhall repent at laſt.
Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought;
She, in ſoft ſorrows, and in penſive thought,
Paſt ſilent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, ſlow moving o'er the ſtrand.

Not

V. 451. *She, in ſoft ſorrows.*] The behaviour of *Briſeïs* in her departure is no leſs beautifully imagined than the former. A *French* or *Italian* Poet had laviſhed all his wit and paſſion in two long ſpeeches on this occaſion, which the heralds muſt have wept to hear; inſtead of which, *Homer* gives us a fine picture of nature. We ſee *Briſeïs* paſſing unwillingly along, with a dejected air, melted in tenderneſs, and not able to utter a word: And in the lines immediately following, we have a *contraſte* to this in the gloomy reſentment of *Achilles*, who ſuddenly retires to the ſhore, and vents his rage aloud to the ſeas. The variation of the numbers juſt in this place adds a great beauty to it, which has been endeavoured at in the tranſlation.

V. 458.

Not ſo his loſs the fierce *Achilles* bore;
But ſad retiring to the ſounding ſhore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep, from whence his mother ſprung.
There, bath'd in tears of anger and diſdain,
Thus loud lamented to the ſtormy main.
O parent Goddeſs! ſince in early bloom
Thy ſon muſt fall by too ſevere a doom;
Sure, to ſo ſhort a race of glory born,
Great *Jove* in juſtice ſhould this ſpan adorn:
Honour and fame at leaſt the Thund'rer ow'd,
And ill he pays the promiſe of a God;

V. 458. *There, bath'd in tears.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves on this place that it is no weakneſs in Heroes to weep, but the very effect of humanity and proof of a generous temper; for which he offers ſeveral inſtances, and takes notice that if *Sophocles* would not let *Ajax* weep, it is becauſe he is drawn rather as a madman than a hero. But this general obſervation is not all we can offer in excuſe for the tears of *Achilles*: His are tears of anger and diſdain (as I have ventured to call them in the tranſlation) of which a great and fiery temper is more ſuſceptible than any other; and even in this caſe *Homer* has taken care to preſerve the high character, by making him retire to vent his tears out of ſight. And we may add to theſe an obſervation of which Madam *Dacier* is fond, the reaſon why *Agamemnon* parts not in tears from *Chryſeïs*, and *Achilles* does from *Briſeïs*: The one parts willingly from his miſtreſs; and becauſe he does it for his people's ſafety, it becomes an honour to him: the other is parted unwillingly, and becauſe his General takes her by force, the action reflects a diſhonour upon him.

V. 464. *The thund'rer ow'd.*] This alludes to a ſtory which *Achilles* tells the ambaſſadors of *Agamemnon*, *Il.* 9. That he had the choice of two fates: one leſs glorious at home, but bleſſed with a very long life; the other full of glory at *Troy*, but then he was never to return. The alternate being thus propoſed to him (not from *Jupiter* but *Thetis* who revealed the decree) he choſe the latter, which he looks upon as his due, ſince he gives away length of life for it: and accordingly

If yon' proud monarch thus thy ſon defies,
Obſcures my glories, and reſumes my prize.
Far in the deep receſſes of the main,
Where aged *Ocean* holds his wat'ry reign,
The Goddeſs-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a miſt ſhe roſe above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked ſhores,
And thus the ſorrows of his ſoul explores.
Why grieves my ſon? Thy anguiſh let me ſhare,
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
He deeply ſighing ſaid: To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From *Thebè* ſacred to *Apollo*'s name,
(*Aëtion*'s realm) our conqu'ring army came,

With

when he complains to his mother of the diſgrace he lies under, it is in this manner he makes a demand of honour.

Monſ. *de la Motte* very judiciouſly obſerves, that but for this fore-knowledge of the certainty of his death at *Troy*, *Achilles*'s character could have drawn but little eſteem from the reader. A hero of a vicious mind, bleſſed only with a ſuperiority of ſtrength, and invulnerable into the bargain, was not very proper to excite admiration; but *Homer* by this exquiſite piece of art has made him the greateſt of heroes, who is ſtill purſuing glory in contempt of death, and even under that certainty generouſly devoting himſelf in every action.

V. 478. *From* Thebè.] *Homer*, who opened his poem with the action which immediately brought on *Achilles*'s anger, being now to give an account of the ſame thing again, takes his riſe more backward in the ſtory. Thus the reader is informed in what he ſhould know, without having been delayed from entering upon the promiſed ſubject. This is the firſt attempt which we ſee made towards the poetical method of narration, which differs from the hiſtorical, in that it does not proceed directly always in the line of time, but ſometimes relates things which have gone before, when a more proper opportunity demands it, to make the narration more informing or beautiful.

The

With treaſure loaded and triumphant ſpoils,
Whoſe juſt diviſion crown'd the ſoldier's toils;
But bright *Chryſeïs*, heavenly prize! was led
By vote ſelected, to the Gen'ral's bed.
The prieſt of *Phœbus* ſought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth the ſceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
The brother Kings of *Atreus'* royal race:
The gen'rous *Greeks* their joint conſent declare,
The prieſt to rev'rence, and releaſe the fair;
Not ſo *Atrides'*: He, with wonted pride,
The ſire inſulted, and his gifts deny'd:
Th' inſulted ſire (his God's peculiar care)
To *Phœbus* pray'd, and *Phœbus* heard the pray'r:

The foregoing remark is in regard only to the firſt ſix lines of this ſpeech. What follows is a rehearſal of the preceding action of the poem, almoſt in the ſame words he had uſed in the opening it; and is one of thoſe faults which have with moſt juſtice been objected to our Author. It is not to be denied but the account muſt be tedious, of what the reader had been juſt before informed: And eſpecially when we are given to underſtand it was no way neceſſary, by what *Achilles* ſays at the beginning, that *Thetis knew the whole ſtory already*. As to repeating the ſame lines, a practice uſual with *Homer*, it is not ſo excuſable in this place as in thoſe, where meſſages are delivered in the words they are received, or the like; it being unnatural to imagine, that the perſon, whom the Poet introduces as actually ſpeaking, ſhould fall into the ſelf ſame words that are uſed in the narration by the Poet himſelf. Yet *Milton* was ſo great an admirer and imitator of our author, as not to have ſcrupled even this kind of repetition. The paſſage is at the end of his tenth book, where *Adam* having declared he would proſtrate himſelf before God in certain particular acts of humiliation, thoſe acts are immediately after deſcribed by the Poet in the ſame words.

V. 514,

A dreadful plague enſues: Th' avenging darts
Inceſſant fly, and pierce the *Grecian* hearts.
A prophet then, inſpir'd by heav'n aroſe,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:
My ſelf the firſt th' aſſembled chiefs incline
T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine;
Then riſing in his wrath, the Monarch ſtorm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair *Chryſeïs* to her ſire was ſent,
With offer'd gifts to make the God relent;
But now he ſeiz'd *Briſeïs'* heav'nly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the *Grecian* train;
And ſervice, faith, and juſtice plead in vain.
But, Goddeſs! thou thy ſuppliant ſon attend,
To high *Olympus'* ſhining court aſcend,
Urge all the ties to former ſervice ow'd,
And ſue for vengeance to the thund'ring God.
Oft haſt thou triumph'd in the glorious boaſt,
That thou ſtood'ſt forth, of all th' æthereal hoſt,
When

V. 514. *Oft haſt thou triumph'd.*] The perſuaſive which *Achilles* is here made to put into the mouth of *Thetis*, is moſt artfully contriv'd to ſuit the preſent exigency. You, ſays he, muſt intreat *Jupiter* to bring miſeries on the *Greeks*, who are protected by *Juno*, *Neptune*, and *Minerva*: Put him therefore in mind that thoſe Deities were once his enemies, and adjure him by that ſervice you did him when thoſe very powers would have bound him, that he will now in his turn aſſiſt you againſt the endeavours they will oppoſe to my wiſhes. *Euſtathius.*

As for the ſtory itſelf, ſome have thought (with whom is Madam *Dacier*) that there was ſome imperfect tradition of the fall of the Angels for their rebellion, which the *Greeks* had received by commerce with *Ægypt*; and thus they account the rebellion of the Gods, the precipitation of *Vulcan* from

When bold rebellion ſhook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling *Jove*.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
The Traytor-Gods, by mad ambition driv'n,
Durſt threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n.
Then call'd by thee, the monſter *Titan* came,
(Whom Gods *Briareus*, Men *Ægeon* name)
Thro' wond'ring ſkies enormous ſtalk'd along;
Not * he that ſhakes the ſolid earth ſo ſtrong:
With giant-pride at *Jove*'s high throne he ſtands,
And brandiſh'd round him all his hundred hands:
Th' affrighted Gods confeſs'd their awful lord,
They dropt the ſetters, trembled and ador'd.

* *Neptune.*

from heaven, and *Jove*'s threatening the inferior Gods with *Tartarus*, but as ſo many hints of ſcripture faintly imitated. But it ſeems not improbable that the wars of the Gods, deſcribed by the Poets, allude to the confuſion of the elements before they were brought into their natural order. It is almoſt generally agreed that by *Jupiter* is meant the *Æther*, and by *Juno* the *Air*: The ancient Philoſophers ſuppoſed the *Æther* to be igneous, and by its kind influence upon the *Air* to be the cauſe of all vegetation: Therefore *Homer* ſays, in the 14th *Iliad*, That upon *Jupiter*'s embracing his wife, the earth put forth its plants. Perhaps by *Thetis*'s aſſiſting *Jupiter*, may be meant, that the watry element, ſubſiding and taking its natural place, put an end to this combat of the elements.

V. 523. *Whom Gods* Briareus, *Men* Ægeon *name.*] This manner of making the Gods ſpeak a language different from men (which is frequent in *Homer*) is a circumſtance that, as far as it widens the diſtinction between divine and human natures, ſo far might tend to heighten the reverence paid the Gods. But beſides this, as the difference is thus told in Poetry, it is of uſe to the Poets themſelves: For it appears like a kind of teſtimony of their inſpiration, or their converſe with the Gods, and thereby gives a majeſty to their works.

This, Goddeſs, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him ſar to drive the *Grecian* train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the ſhores with copious death, and bring
The *Greeks* to know the curſe of ſuch a King:
Let *Agamemnon* liſt his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durſt diſgrace
The boldeſt warrior of the *Grecian* race.
Unhappy ſon! (ſair *Thetis* thus replies,
While tears celeſtial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averſe, and nurs'd for future woes?
So ſhort a ſpace the light of heav'n to view!
So ſhort a ſpace! and fill'd with ſorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wiſh prevail,
Far, ſar from *Ilion* ſhould thy veſſels ſail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger ſhun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my ſon.
Yet (what I can) to move thy ſuit I'll go,
To great *Olympus* crown'd with fleecy ſnow.
Mean time, ſecure within thy ſhips from ſar
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The Sire of Gods, and all th' æthereal train,
On the warm limits of the ſartheſt main,
Now mix with mortals, nor diſdain to grace
The feaſts of *Æthiopia*'s blameleſs race:

Twelve

V. 557. *The feaſts of Æthiopia's blameleſs race.*] The *Æthiopians*, ſays *Diodorus*, *l.* 3. are ſaid to be the inventors of pomps, ſacrifices, ſolemn meetings, and other honours paid to the Gods. From hence aroſe their character of piety, which is here

Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal *Jove*.

The Goddeſs ſpoke: The rolling waves uncloſe;
Then down the deep ſhe plung'd, from whence ſhe roſe.
And left him ſorrowing on the lonely coaſt,
In wild reſentment for the fair he loſt.

In *Chryſa*'s port now ſage *Ulyſſes* rode;
Beneath the deck the deſtin'd victims flow'd:
The ſails they furl'd, they laſh'd the maſt aſide,
And dropt their anchors, and the pinnace ty'd.
Next on the ſhore their hecatomb they land,
Chryſeïs laſt deſcending on the ſtrand.

here celebrated by *Homer*. Among theſe there was an annual feaſt at *Dioſpolis*, which *Euſtathius* mentions, wherein they carried about the ſtatues of *Jupiter* and the other Gods, for twelve days, according to their number: to which if we add the ancient cuſtom of ſetting meat before ſtatues, it will appear a rite from which this fable might eaſily ariſe. But it would be a great miſtake to imagine from this place that *Homer* repreſents the Gods as eating and drinking upon earth: a groſs notion he was never guilty of, as appears from theſe verſes in the fifth book, v. 340.

Ἰχῶρ οἷός πέρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν·
Οὐ γὰρ σῖτον ἔδουσ', οὐ πῖνουσ' αἴθοπα οἶνον,
Τοὔνεκ' ἀναίμονές εἰσι, καὶ ἀθάνατοι καλέονται.

(*For not the bread of man their life ſuſtains,*
Nor wine's inflaming juice ſupplies their veins.)

Macrobius would have it, that by *Jupiter* here is meant the *ſun*, and that the number *twelve* hints at the twelve *ſigns*; but whatever may be ſaid in a critical defence of this opinion, I believe the reader will be ſatisfied that *Homer*, conſidered as a Poet, would have his machinery underſtood upon that ſyſtem of the Gods which is properly *Grecian*.

One

Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulyſſes led to *Phœbus'* ſacred fane;
Where at his ſolemn altar, as the maid
He gave to *Chryſes*, thus the Hero ſaid.
Hail, rev'rend prieſt! to *Phœbus'* awful dome
A ſuppliant I from great *Atrides* come:
Unranſom'd here receive the ſpotleſs fair;
Accept the hecatomb the *Greeks* prepare;
And may thy God who ſcatters darts around,
Aton'd by ſacrifice, deſiſt to wound.
At this, the Sire embrac'd the maid again,
So ſadly loſt, ſo lately ſought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting King,
Diſpos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:
With water purify their hands, and take
The ſacred off'ring of the ſalted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And ſolemn voice, the Prieſt directs his pray'r.
God of the ſilver bow, thy ear incline,
Whoſe pow'r encircles *Cilla* the divine;
Whoſe ſacred eye thy *Tenedos* ſurveys,
And gilds fair *Chryſa* with diſtinguiſh'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy prieſt's requeſt,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging peſt;
Once more attend! avert the waſteful woe,
And ſmile propitious, and unbend thy bow.

So

One may take notice here, that it were to be wiſhed ſome paſſages were found in any authentic author, that might tell us the time of the year when the *Æthiopians* kept this feſtival at *Diſpolis*: For from thence one might determine the preciſe ſeaſon of the year wherein the actions of the *Iliad* are repreſented to have happened; and perhaps by that means farther explain the beauty and propriety of many paſſages in the Poem.

So *Chryſes* pray'd, *Apollo* heard his pray'r:
And now the *Greeks* their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the ſalted barley threw,
And with their heads to heav'n the victims ſlew:
The limbs they ſever from th' incloſing hide;
The thighs, ſelected to the Gods, divide:
On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from ev'ry part.

V. 600. *The ſacrifice.*] If we conſider this paſſage, it is not made to ſhine in poetry: All that can be done is to give it numbers, and endeavour to ſet the particulars in a diſtinct view. But if we take it in another light, and as a piece of learning, it is valuable for being the moſt exact account of the ancient ſacrifices any where left us. There is firſt the purification, by waſhing of hands: Secondly the offering up of Prayers: Thirdly the *Mola*, or barley cakes thrown upon the victim: Fourthly the manner of killing it with the head turned up to the celeſtial Gods (as they turned it downwards when they offered to the infernals:) Fifthly their ſelecting the thighs and fat for their Gods as the beſt of the ſacrifice, and the diſpoſing about them pieces cut from every part for a repreſentation of the whole; (hence the thighs, or μηρία, are frequently uſed in *Homer* and the *Greek* Poets for the whole victim:) Sixthly the libation of wine: Seventhly the conſuming the thighs in the fire of the altar: Eighthly the ſacrificers dreſſing and feaſting on the reſt, with joy and hymns to the Gods. Thus punctually have the ancient poets, and in particular *Homer*, written with a care and reſpect to religion. One may queſtion whether any country, as much a ſtranger to chriſtianity as we are to heatheniſm, might be ſo well informed by our Poets in the worſhip belonging to any profeſſion of religion at preſent.

I am obliged to take notice how entirely Mr *Dryden* has miſtaken the ſenſe of this paſſage, and the cuſtom of antiquity; for in his tranſlation, the cakes are thrown into the fire inſtead of being caſt on the victim; the ſacrificers are made to eat the thighs and whatever belonged to the Gods; and no part of the victim is conſumed for a burnt-offering, ſo that in effect there is no ſacrifice at all. Some of the miſtakes (particularly that of *turning the roaſt meat on the ſpits*, which was not known in *Homer*'s days) he was led into by *Chapman*'s tranſlation.

The Prieſt himſelf before his altar ſtands,
And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and ſees the flame aſpire;
The youth with inſtruments ſurround the fire:
The thighs thus ſacrific'd, and intrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, transfix, and roaſt the reſt;
Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
With pure libations they conclude the feaſt;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And pleas'd, diſpenſe the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The *Pæans* lengthen'd, 'till the ſun deſcends:
The *Greeks* reſtor'd, the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo liſtens, and approves the ſong.
'Twas night; the Chiefs beſide their veſſel lie,
'Till roſy morn had purpled o'er the ſky:
Then launch and hoiſe the maſt; indulgent gales,
Supply'd by *Phœbus*, fill the ſwelling ſails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows ſwift they flew,
'Till now the *Grecian* camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow ſand)
Then part, where ſtretch'd along the winding bay
The ſhips and tents in mingled proſpect lay.
But raging ſtill amidſt his navy ſate
The ſtern *Achilles*, ſtedfaſt in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But waſting cares lay heavy on his mind:

In

In his black thoughts revenge and ſlaughter roll,
And ſcenes of blood riſe dreadful in his ſoul.
Twelve days were paſt, and now the dawning light
The Gods had ſummon'd to th' *Olympian* height:
Jove firſt aſcending from the wat'ry bow'rs,
Leads the long order of th' aethereal pow'rs.
When like a morning miſt, in early day,
Roſe from the flood the daughter of the ſea;
And to the ſeats divine her flight addreſt.
There, far apart, and high above the reſt,
The Thund'rer ſate; where old *Olympus* ſhrouds
His hundred heads in Heav'n, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the Goddeſs ſtood: One hand ſhe plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.
If e'er, O father of the Gods! ſhe ſaid,
My words cou'd pleaſe thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honour on my ſon beſtow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at leaſt by heav'nly promiſe due
To life ſo ſhort, and now diſhonour'd too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever juſt and wiſe!
Let *Greece* be humbled, and the *Trojans* riſe;
Till the proud King, and all th' *Achaian* race
Shall heap with honours him they now diſgrace.
Thus *Thetis* ſpoke, but *Jove* in ſilence held
The ſacred councils of his breaſt conceal'd.
Not ſo repuls'd, the Goddeſs cloſer preſt,
Still graſp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear requeſt.
O Sire of Gods and Men! thy ſuppliant hear,
Refuſe, or grant; for what has *Jove* to fear?
Or oh! declare of all the pow'rs above
Is wretched *Thetis* leaſt the care of *Jove*?

She

She ſaid, and ſighing thus the God replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies.
What haſt thou aſk'd? Ah why ſhould *Jove* engage
In foreign conteſts, and domeſtic rage,
The Gods complaints, and *Juno's* fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the *Trojan* arms?
Go, leſt the haughty partner of my ſway,
With jealous eyes thy cloſe acceſs ſurvey;
But part in peace, ſecure thy pray'r is ſped:
Witneſs the ſacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable ſign;
This ſeals thy ſuit, and this fulfils thy vows—
He ſpoke, and awful bends his ſable brows;
Shakes his ambroſial curls, and gives the nod;
The ſtamp of fate, and ſanction of the God:

High

V. 681. *The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable ſign.*] There are among men three things by which the efficacy of a promiſe may be made void; the deſign not to perform it, the want of power to bring it to paſs, and the inſtability of our tempers; from all which *Homer* ſaw that the divinity muſt be exempted, and therefore he deſcribes the *nod*, or ratification of *Jupiter's* word, as *faithful*, in oppoſition to *fraud*; *ſure* of being performed, in oppoſition to *weakneſs*; and *irrevocable*, in oppoſition to our *repenting* of a promiſe. *Euſtathius.*

V. 683. *He ſpoke, and awful bends.*] This deſcription of the Majeſty of *Jupiter* has ſomething exceedingly grand and venerable. *Macrobius* reports, that *Phidias* having made his *Olympian Jupiter*, which paſt for one of the greateſt miracles of art, was aſked from what pattern he fram'd ſo divine a figure, and anſwered, it was from that archetype which he found in theſe lines of *Homer*. The ſame author has alſo taken notice of *Virgil's* imitating it, *l.* 1.

Dixerat, idque ratum Stygii per flumina fratris,
Per pice torrentes atrâque voragine ripas;
Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

Here

High Heav'n with trembling the dread ſignal took,
And all *Olympus* to the centre ſhook.
Swift to the ſeas profound the Goddeſs flies,
Jove to his ſtarry manſion in the ſkies.
The ſhining ſynod of th' immortals wait
The coming God, and from their thrones of ſtate
Ariſing ſilent, wrapt in holy fear,
Before the Majeſty of Heav'n appear.
Trembling they ſtand, while *Jove* aſſumes the throne,
All, but the God's imperious Queen alone.
Late had ſhe view'd the ſilver-footed dame,
And all her paſſions kindled into flame.
Say, artful manager of heav'n (ſhe cries)
Who now partakes the ſecrets of the ſkies?

Thy

Here indeed he has preſerv'd the *nod* with its ſtupendous effect, the making the heavens tremble. But he has neglected the deſcription of the eye-brows and the hair, thoſe chief pieces of imagery, from whence the artiſt took the idea of a countenance proper for the King of Gods and Men.

Thus far *Macrobius*, whom *Scaliger* anſwers in this manner; *Aut ludunt Phidiam, aut non ludit Phidias: Etiam ſine* Homero *puto illum ſciſſe, Jovem non carere ſuperciliis & cæſarie.*

V. 694. Jove *aſſumes the throne.*] As *Homer* makes the firſt council of his men to be one continued ſcene of anger, whereby the *Grecian* chiefs became divided, ſo he makes the firſt meeting of the Gods to be ſpent in the ſame paſſion; whereby *Jupiter* is more fixed to aſſiſt the *Trojans*, and *Juno* more incens'd againſt them. Thus the deſign of the Poem goes on: The anger which began the book overſpreads all exiſtent beings by the latter end of it: Heaven and earth become engaged in the ſubject, by which it riſes to a great importance in the reader's eyes, and is haſtened forward into the briſkeſt ſcenes of action that can be framed upon that violent paſſion.

V. 698. *Say, artful manager.*] The Gods and Goddeſſes being deſcribed with all the deſires and pleaſures, the paſſions and humours of mankind, the commentators have taken a licence from thence to draw not only moral obſervations, but

alſo

Thy *Juno* knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial ſtate.
What fav'rite Goddeſs then thoſe cares divides,
Which *Jove* in prudence from his conſort hides?
To this the Thund'rer: Seek not thou to find:
The ſacred counſels of almighty mind;
Involv'd in darkneſs lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.

What

alſo ſatyrical reflections out of this part of the Poet. Theſe I am ſorry to ſee fall ſo hard upon womankind, and all by *Juno's* means. Sometimes ſhe procures them a leſſon for their curioſity and unquietneſs, and at other times for their loud and vexatious tempers: *Juno* deſerves them on the one hand, *Jupiter* thunders them out on the other, and the learned gentlemen are very particular in enlarging with remarks on both ſides. In her firſt ſpeech they make the Poet deſcribe the inquiſitive temper of womankind in general, and their reſtleſſneſs if they are not admitted into every ſecret. In his anſwer to this, they trace thoſe methods of grave remonſtrance by which it is proper for huſbands to calm them. In her reply, they find it is the nature of women to be more obſtinate for being yielded to: And in his ſecond return to her, they ſee the laſt method to be uſed with them upon failure of the firſt, which is the exerciſe of ſovereign authority.

Mr. *Dryden* has tranſlated all this with the utmoſt ſeverity upon the Ladies, and ſpirited the whole with ſatyrical additions of his own. But Madam *Dacier* (who has elſewhere animadverted upon the good Biſhop of *Theſſalonica* for his ſage admonitions againſt the fair ſex) has not taken the leaſt notice of this general defection from complaiſance in all the commentators. She ſeems willing to give the whole paſſage a more important turn, and incline us to think that *Homer* deſigned to repreſent the folly and danger of prying into the ſecrets of Providence. 'Tis thrown into that air in this tranſlation, not only as it is more noble and inſtructive in general, but as it is more reſpectful to the Ladies in particular; nor ſhould we (any more than Madam *Dacier*) have mentioned what thoſe old fellows have ſaid, but to deſire their protection againſt ſome modern critichs their diſciples, who may arraign this proceeding.

V. 713.

What fits thy knowledge, thou the firſt ſhalt know:
The firſt of Gods above, and Men below:
But thou, nor they, ſhall ſearch the thoughts that roll
Deep in the cloſe receſſes of my ſoul.
Full on the Sire the Goddeſs of the ſkies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majeſtic eyes,
And thus return'd. Auſtere *Saturnius*, ſay,
From whence this wrath, or who controuls thy ſway?
Thy boundleſs will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counſels take the deſtin'd courſe.
But 'tis for *Greece* I fear: For late was ſeen
In cloſe conſult the ſilver-footed Queen.
Jove to his *Thetis* nothing could deny,
Nor was the ſignal vain that ſhook the ſky.
What fatal favour has the Goddeſs won,
To grace her fierce inexorable ſon?
Perhaps in *Grecian* blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people ſlain.
Then thus the God: Oh reſtleſs fate of pride,
That ſtrives to learn what heav'n reſolves to hide;
Vain is the ſearch, preſumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy Lord.

Let

V. 713. *Roll'd the large orbs.*] The *Greek* is Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη, which is commonly tranſlated *the venerable ox-ey'd* Juno. Madam *Dacier* very well obſerves that βοῶ is only an augmentative particle, and ſignifies no more than *valde*. It may be added, that the imagination that oxen have larger eyes than ordinary is ill-grounded, and has no foundation in truth; their eyes are no larger in proportion than thoſe of men, or of moſt other animals. But be it as it will, the deſign of the Poet, which is only to expreſs the largeneſs of her eyes, is anſwered in the paraphraſe.

V. 741.

Let this ſuffice; th' immutable decree
No force can ſhake: What *is*, that *ought* to be.
Goddeſs, ſubmit, nor dare our will withſtand,
But dread the pow'r of this avenging hand;
Th' united ſtrength of all the Gods above
In vain reſiſts th' omnipotence of *Jove*.

The Thund'rer ſpoke, nor durſt the Queen reply,
A rev'rend horror ſilenc'd all the ſky.
The feaſt diſturb'd, with ſorrow *Vulcan* ſaw,
His mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleaſure his deſign,
Thus interpos'd the architect divine.

The wretched quarrels of the mortal ſtate
Are far unworthy, Gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in ſenſeleſs ſtrife employ,
We, in eternal peace, and conſtant joy.
Thou, Goddeſs-mother, with our ſire comply.
Nor break the ſacred union of the ſky:

Leſt,

V. 741. *Thus interpos'd the Architect divine.*] This quarrel of the Gods being come to its height, the Poet makes *Vulcan* interpoſe, who freely puts them in mind of pleaſure, inoffenſively adviſes *Juno*, illuſtrates his advice by an example of his own misfortune, turning the jeſt on himſelf, to enliven the banquet; and concludes the part he is to ſupport with ſerving *Nectar* about. *Homer* had here his *Minerva* or *Wiſdom* to interpoſe again, and every other quality of the mind reſided in Heaven under the appearance of ſome Deity: So that his introducing *Vulcan*, proceeded not from a want of choice, but an inſight into nature. He knew that a friend to mirth often diverts or ſtops quarrels, eſpecially when he contrives to ſubmit himſelf to the laugh, and prevails on the angry to part in good humour, or in a diſpoſition to friendſhip; when grave repreſentations are ſometimes reproaches, ſometimes lengthen the debate by occaſioning defences, and ſometimes introduce new parties into the conſequences of it.

Leſt, rouz'd to rage, he ſhake the bleſt abodes,
Launch the red lightning and dethrone the Gods.
If you ſubmit, the Thund'rer ſtands appeas'd;
The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd.
Thus *Vulcan* ſpoke; and riſing with a bound,
The double bowl with ſparkling *Nectar* crown'd,
Which held to *Juno* in a chearful way,
Goddeſs (he cry'd) be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if *Jove* his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What God ſo daring in your aid to move,
Or liſt his hand againſt the force of *Jove*?
Once in your cauſe I felt his matchleſs might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal height;
Toſt all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor 'till the Sun deſcended, touch'd the ground:
Breathleſs I fell, in giddy motion loſt;
The *Sinthians* rais'd me on the *Lemnian* coaſt.
He ſaid, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a ſmile, the white-arm'd Queen receiv'd.
Then

V. 760. *Once in his cauſe I felt his matchleſs might.*] They who ſearch another vein of allegory for hidden knowledge in natural Philoſophy, have conſidered *Jupiter* and *Juno* as *Heaven* and the *Air*, whoſe alliance is interrupted when the air is troubled above, but reſtored again when it is cleared by heat, or *Vulcan* the God of Heat. Him they called a divine artificer, from the activity or general uſe of fire in working. They ſuppoſe him to be born in Heaven, where Philoſophers ſay that element has its proper place; and is thence derived to the earth, which is ſignified by the fall of *Vulcan*; that he fell in *Lemnos*, becauſe that iſland abounds with ſubterranean fires; and that he contracted a lameneſs or imperfection by the fall; the fire not being ſo pure and active below, but mixed and terreſtrial. *Euſtathius.*

V. 767. *Which, with a ſmile, the white-arm'd Queen receiv'd.*] The epithet λευκώλενος, or *white-arm'd*, is uſed by *Homer* ſeveral

Then to the reſt he fill'd; and, in his turn,
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with aukward grace his office plies,
And unextinguiſh'd laughter ſhakes the ſkies.
Thus the bleſt Gods the genial day prolong,
In feaſts ambroſial, and celeſtial ſong.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the Muſes round
With voice alternate aid the ſilver ſound.
Mean time the radiant Sun, to mortal ſight
Deſcending ſwift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their ſtarry domes the Gods depart,
The ſhining monuments of *Vulcan's* art:

Jove

ſeveral times before, in this book. This was the firſt paſſage where it could be introduced with any eaſe or grace; becauſe the action ſhe is here deſcribed in, of extending her arm to the cup, gives it an occaſion of diſplaying its beauties, and in a manner demands the epithet.

V. 771. *Laughter ſhakes the ſkies.*] *Vulcan* deſigned to move laughter by taking upon him the office of *Hebe* and *Ganymede*, with his aukward limping carriage. But though he prevailed, and *Homer* tells you the Gods did laugh, yet he takes care not to mention a word of his lameneſs. It would have been cruel in him, and wit out of ſeaſon, to have enlarged with deriſion upon an imperfection which is out of one's power to remedy. According to this good-natured opinion of *Euſtathius*, Mr. *Dryden* has treated *Vulcan* a little barbarouſly. He makes his character perfectly comical, he is the jeſt of the board, and the Gods are very merry upon the imperfections of his figure. *Chapman* led him into this error in general, as well as into ſome indecencies of expreſſion in particular, which will be ſeen upon comparing them.

For what concerns the laughter attributed here to the Gods, ſee the Notes on *lib.* 5. v. 517.

V. 778. *Then to their ſtarry domes.*] The aſtrologers aſſign twelve houſes to the Planets, wherein they are ſaid to have dominion. Now becauſe *Homer* tells us *Vulcan* built a manſion for every God, the ancients write that he firſt gave occaſion for this doctrine.

V. 780.

Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head, 780
And *Juno* slumber'd on the golden bed.

V. 780 Jove *on his couch'd reclin'd his awful head.*] *Eustathius* makes a distinction between κατευδειν and ὑπνῶν; the words which are used at the end of this book and the beginning of the next, with regard to *Jupiter*'s sleeping. He says κατευδειν only means lying down in a disposition to sleep; which solves the contradiction that else would follow in the next book, where it is said *Jupiter* did not sleep. I only mention this to vindicate the translation which differs from Mr. *Dryden*'s.

It has been remarked by the scholiasts, that this is the only book of the twenty-four without any *simile*, a figure in which *Homer* abounds every where else. The like remark is made by Madam *Dacier* upon the first of the *Odyssey*; and because the Poet has observed the same conduct in both works, it is concluded he thought a simplicity of style, without the great figures, was proper during the first information of the reader. This observation may be true, and admits of refined reasonings; but for my part I cannot think the book had been the worse, tho' he had thrown in as many *similes* as *Virgil* has in the first *Æneid*.

THE

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The trial of the army and catalogue of the forces.

JUPITER, *in pursuance of the request of* Thetis, *sends a deceitful vision to* Agamemnon, *persuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the* Greeks *sensible of the want of* Achilles. *The General, who is deluded with the hopes of taking* Troy *without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the Princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to* Greece, *they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of* Ulysses, *who chastises the insolence of* Thersites. *The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of* Nestor *followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the Poet to enumerate all the forces of the* Greeks *and* Trojans, *in a large catalogue.*

The time *employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The* scene *lies in the* Grecian *camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to* Troy.

THE

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

NOW pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the *Grecian* leaders lie,
Th' immortals slumber'd on their thrones above;
All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of *Jove*.
To honour *Thetis'* son he bends his care,
And plunge the *Greeks* in all the woes of war:

Then

V. 1. *Now pleasing sleep*, &c.] *Aristotle* tells us, in the twenty-sixth chapter of his art of poetry, that this place had been objected to by some critics in those times. They thought it gave a very ill idea of the military discipline of the *Greeks*, to represent a whole army unguarded, and all the Leaders asleep: They also pretended it was ridiculous to describe all the Gods sleeping besides *Jupiter*. To both these *Aristotle* answers, that nothing is more usual or allowable than that figure which puts *all* for the *greater part*. One may add with respect to the latter Criticism, that nothing could give a better image of the superiority of *Jupiter* to the other Gods (or of the supreme Being to all second causes) than the vigilancy here ascribed to him, over all things divine and human.

V. 9.

Then bids an empty Phantom rise to sight:
And thus commands the vision of the night.
Fly hence, deluding *Dream!* and light as air,
To *Agamemnon*'s ample tent repair.
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattel'd train,
Lead all his *Grecians* to the dusty plain.
Declare, ev'n now 'tis giv'n him to destroy
The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended *Troy*.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At *Juno's* suit the heav'nly factions end.

Destruction

V. 9. *Fly hence, deluding Dream.*] It appears from *Aristotle, Poet. cap.* 26. that *Homer* was accused of impiety, for making *Jupiter* the author of a lye in this passage. It seems there were anciently these words in his speech to the dream; Διδομεν δὲ οἱ ἔυχος ἀρέσθαι, *Let us give him great glory.* Instead of which we have in the present copies, (Γρώεσσι δὲ κήδε ἐφῆπται); but *Hippias* found a way to bring off *Homer*, only by placing the accent on the last syllable but one, Διδόμεν, for Διδόμεναι, the infinitive for the imperative; which amounts to no more than he bade the dream to promise him great glory. But *Macrobius de Somnio Scip. l.* 1. *c.* 7. takes off this imputation entirely, and will not allow there was any lye in the case. "*Agamemnon* (says he) was ordered "by the dream to lead out all the forces of the *Greeks*, "(Πανσυδίη is the word) and promised the victory on that "condition: Now *Achilles* and his forces not being sum-"moned to the assembly with the rest, that neglect absolved "*Jupiter* from his promise." This remark Madam *Dacier* has inserted without mentioning its author. Mr. *Dacier* takes notice of a passage in scripture exactly parallel to this, where God is represented making use of the malignity of his creatures to accomplish his judgments. 'Tis in 2 *Chron.* ch. 18. v. 19, 20, 21. *And the Lord said, Who will persuade* Ahab, *that he may go up and fall at* Ramoth Gilead? *And there came forth a spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his Prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: Go forth and do so.* Vide *Dacier* upon *Aristotle*, cap. 26.

V. 20.

Deſtruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
And nodding *Ilion* waits th' impending fall.
Swift as the word the vain illuſion fled,
Deſcends, and hovers o'er *Atrides'* head;
Cloath'd in the figure of the *Pylian* Sage,
Renown'd for wiſdom, and rever'd for age;
Around his temples ſpreads his golden wing,
And thus the flatt'ring dream deceives the King.
Canſt thou, with all a Monarch's cares oppreſt,
Oh *Atreus'* ſon! canſt thou indulge thy reſt?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war preſides,
To whom its ſafety a whole people owes,
To waſte long nights in indolent repoſe.
Monarch, awake! 'tis *Jove's* command I bear,
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heav'nly care.
In juſt array draw forth th' embattel'd train,
Lead all thy *Grecians* to the duſty plain;

V. 20. *Deſcends, and hovers o'er* Atrides' *head.*] The whole action of the *dream* is beautifully natural, and agreeable to philoſophy. It perches on his head, to intimate that part to be the ſeat of the ſoul: It is circumfuſed about him, to expreſs that total poſſeſſion of the ſenſes which fancy has during our ſleep. It takes the figure of the perſon who was deareſt to *Agamemnon*; as whatever we think of moſt, when awake, is the common object of our dreams. And juſt at the inſtant of its vaniſhing, it leaves ſuch an impreſſion, that the voice ſeems ſtill to ſound in his ear. No deſcription can be more exact or lively. *Euſtathius, Dacier.*

V. 33. *Draw forth th' embattel'd train,* &c.] The dream here repeats the meſſage of *Jupiter* in the ſame terms that he received it. It is no leſs than the Father of Gods and Men who gives the order, and to alter a word were preſumption. *Homer* conſtantly makes his envoys obſerve this practice as a mark of decency and reſpect. Madam *Dacier* and others have applauded this in general, and aſked by what authority an

Ev'n now, O King, 'tis giv'n thee to deſtroy
The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended *Troy*.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At *Juno's* ſuit the heav'nly factions end.
Deſtruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
And nodding *Ilion* waits th' impending fall.
Awake, but waking this advice approve,
And truſt the viſion that deſcends from *Jove*.

The Phantom ſaid; then vaniſh'd from his ſight,
Reſolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thouſand ſchemes the Monarch's mind employ;
Elate in thought, he ſacks untaken *Troy*:
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
Now ſaw what *Jove* and ſecret fate deſign'd,
What mighty toils to either hoſt remain,
What ſcenes of grief, and numbers of the ſlain!

Eager

an ambaſſador could alter the terms of his commiſſion, ſince he is not greater or wiſer than the perſon who gave the charge? But this is not always the caſe in our author, who not only makes uſe of this conduct with reſpect to the orders of a higher power, but in regard to equals alſo; as when one Goddeſs deſires another to repreſent ſuch an affair, and ſhe immediately takes the words from her mouth and repeats them, of which we have an inſtance in this book. Some objection too may be raiſed to this manner, when commiſſions are given in the utmoſt haſte (in a battle or the like) upon ſudden emergencies, where it ſeems not very natural to ſuppoſe a man has time to get ſo many words by heart as he is made to repeat exactly. In the preſent inſtance, the repetition is certainly graceful, tho' *Zenodotus* thought it not ſo the third time, when *Agamemnon* tells his dream to the council. I do not pretend to decide upon the point: For tho' the reverence of the repetition ſeemed leſs needful in that place, than when it was delivered immediately from *Jupiter*; yet (as *Euſtathius* obſerves) it was neceſſary for the aſſembly to know the circumſtances of this dream, that the truth of the relation might be unſuſpected.

Eager he riſes, and in fancy hears
The voice celeſtial murm'ring in his ears.
Firſt on his limbs a ſlender veſt he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw,
Th' embroider'd ſandals on his feet were ty'd;
The ſtarry ſaulchion glitter'd at his ſide;
And laſt his arm the maſſy ſceptre loads,
Unſtain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.
Now roſy morn aſcends the court of *Jove*,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The King diſpatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp, and ſummon all the bands:
The gath'ring hoſts the monarch's word obey:
While to the fleet *Atrides* bends his way.
In his black ſhip the *Pylian* Prince he found;
There calls a Senate of the Peers around:
Th' aſſembly plac'd, the King of men expreſt
The counſels lab'ring in his artful breaſt.
Friends and Confed'rates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.
Late as I ſlumber'd in the ſhades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my ſight;
Whoſe viſionary form like *Neſtor* came,
The ſame in habit, and in mein the ſame.
The heav'nly Phantom hover'd o'er my head,
And, doſt thou ſleep, Oh *Atreus'* ſon? (he ſaid)
Ill fits a Chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war preſides,
To whom its ſafety a whole people owes;
To waſte long nights in indolent repoſe.
Monarch, awake! 'tis *Jove*'s command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heav'nly care;

In juſt array draw forth th' embattel'd train,
And lead the *Grecians* to the duſty plain;
Ev'n now, O King! 'tis giv'n thee to deſtroy
The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended *Troy*.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At *Juno*'s ſuit the heav'nly factions end.
Deſtruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
And nodding *Ilion* waits th' impending fall.
This hear obſervant, and the Gods obey!
The viſion ſpoke, and paſt in air away.
Now, valiant chiefs! ſince heav'n itſelf alarms,
Unite, and rouze the ſons of *Greece* to arms.

But

V. 93. *Now, valiant chiefs,* &c.] The beſt commentary extant upon the firſt part of this book is in *Dionyſius* of *Halycarnaſſus*, who has given us an admirable explication of this whole conduct of *Agamemnon* in his ſecond treatiſe Περὶ ἐγκωμιαστικῶν. He ſays, "This Prince had nothing ſo "much at heart as to draw the *Greeks* to a battle, yet knew "not how to proceed without *Achilles*, who had juſt retired "from the army; and was apprehenſive that the *Greeks*, "who were diſpleaſed at the departure of *Achilles*, might re"fuſe obedience to his orders, ſhould he abſolutely command "it. In this circumſtance he propoſes to the Princes in "countil to make a trial of arming the *Grecians*, and offers "an expedient himſelf; which was, that he ſhould ſound "their diſpoſitions by exhorting them to ſet ſail for *Greece*, "but that then the other Princes ſhould be ready to diſſuade "and detain them. If any object to this ſtratagem, that "*Agamemnon*'s whole ſcheme would be ruined if the army "ſhould take him at his word which was very probable) it "is to be anſwered, that his deſign lay deeper than they "imagine, nor did he depend upon his ſpeech only for de"taining them. He had ſome cauſe to fear the *Greeks* had "a pique againſt him which they had concealed, and what"ever it was, he judged it abſolutely neceſſary to know it "before he proceeded to a battle. He therefore furniſhes "them with an occaſion to manifeſt it, and at the ſame time "provides againſt any ill effects it might have by his ſecret "orders to the Princes. It ſucceeds accordingly, and when "the

But firſt, with caution, try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unſucceſsful war?
To move the troops to meaſure back the main,
Be mine; and yours the province to detain.
He ſpoke, and ſate; when *Neſtor* riſing ſaid,
(*Neſtor*, whom *Pylos'* ſandy realms obey'd)
Princes of *Greece*, your faithful ears incline,
Nor doubt the viſion of the pow'rs divine;
Sent by great *Jove* to him who rules the hoſt,
Forbid it, heav'n! this warning ſhould be loſt!
Then let us haſte, obey the God's alarms,
And join to rouze the ſons of *Greece* to arms.
Thus ſpoke the ſage: The Kings without delay,
Diſſolve the council, and their chief obey:
The ſceptred rulers lead; the following hoſt,
Pour'd forth by thouſands, darkens all the coaſt.
As from ſome rocky cleft the ſhepherd ſees
Cluſt'ring in heaps on heaps the driving bees,

" the troops are running to embark, they are ſtopped by " *Ulyſſes* and *Neſtor*."—One may farther obſerve, that this whole ſtratagem is concerted in *Neſtor*'s ſhip, as one whoſe wiſdom and ſecrecy was moſt confided in. The ſtory of the viſion's appearing in his ſhape, could not but engage him in ſome degree: It look'd as if *Jupiter* himſelf added weight to his counſels by making uſe of that venerable appearance, and knew this to be the moſt powerful method of recommending them to *Agamemnon*. It was therefore but natural for *Neſtor* to ſecond the motion of the King, and by the help of his authority it prevailed on the other Princes.

V. 111. *As from ſome rocky cleft*] This is the firſt ſimile in *Homer*, and we may obſerve in general that he excels all mankind in the number, variety, and beauty of his compariſons. There are ſcarce any in *Virgil* which are not tranſlated from him, and therefore when he ſucceeds beſt in them, he is to be commended but as an improver. *Scaliger* ſeems not to have thought of this, when he compares the ſimiles of theſe two

Rolling, and black'ning, ſwarms ſucceeding ſwarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarſe alarms;
Duſky they ſpread, a cloſe-embody'd croud,
And o'er the vale deſcends the living cloud.
So, from the tents and ſhips, a length'ning train
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'erſhades the plain:
Along the region runs a deaf'ning ſound;
Beneath their footſteps groans the trembling ground.

Fame

two authors (as indeed they are the places moſt obvious to compariſon). The preſent paſſage is an inſtance of it, to which he oppoſes the following verſes in the firſt *Æneid*, v. 434.

Qualis apes æſtate novâ per florea rura
Exercet ſub ſole labor, cum gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus, aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant, & dulci diſtendunt nectare cellas;
Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
Ignavum fucos pecus à præſepibus arcent.
Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.

This he very much prefers to *Homer*'s, and in particular extols the harmony and ſweetneſs of the verſification above that of our author; againſt which cenſure we need only appeal to the ears of the reader.

Ἤϋτε ἔθνεα εἴσι μελισσάων ἀδινάων,
Πέτρης ἐκ γλαφυρῆς αἰεὶ νέον ἐρχομενάων,
Βοτρυδὸν δὲ πέτονται ἐπ' ἄνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖσιν,
Αἱ μὲν τ' ἔνθα ἅλις πεποτήαται, αἱ δέ τε ἔνθα, &c.

But *Scaliger* was unlucky in his choice of this particular compariſon: There is a very fine one in the ſixth *Æneid*, v. 707. that better agrees with *Homer*'s: And nothing is more evident than that the deſign of theſe two is very different: *Homer* intended to deſcribe the *multitude* of *Greeks* pouring out of the ſhips, *Virgil* the *diligence* and labour of the *builders* at *Carthage*. And *Macrobius*, who obſerves this difference

Fame flies before, the meſſenger of *Jove*,
And ſhining ſoars, and claps her wings above.
Nine ſacred heralds now proclaiming loud
The monarch's will, ſuſpend the liſt'ning crowd.
Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear,
And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
The King of Kings his awful figure rais'd;
High in his hand the golden ſceptre blaz'd:
The golden ſceptre, of celeſtial frame,
By *Vulcan* form'd, from *Jove* to *Hermes* came:
To *Pelops* he th' immortal gift reſign'd;
Th' immortal gift great *Pelops* left behind,

difference *Sat. l.* 5. *c.* 11. ſhould alſo have found, that therefore the ſimiles ought not to be compared together. The beauty of *Homer*'s is not inferior to *Virgil*'s, if we conſider with what exactneſs it anſwers to its end. It conſiſts of three particulars; the vaſt number of the troops is expreſt in the ſwarms, their tumultuous manner of iſſuing out of the ſhips, and the perpetual egreſſion which ſeemed without end, are imaged in the bees pouring out of the rock: and laſtly, their diſperſion over all the ſhore in their deſcending on the flowers in the vales. *Spondanus* was therefore miſtaken when he thought the whole application of this compariſon lay in the ſingle word ἰλαδὸν, *catervatim*, as *Chapman* has juſtly obſerved.

V. 121. Fame *flies before.*] This aſſembling of the army is full of beauties: The lively deſcription of their overſpreading the field, the noble boldneſs of the figure when *Fame* is repreſented in perſon ſhining at their head, the univerſal tumult ſucceeded by a ſolemn ſilence; and laſtly, the graceful riſing of *Agamemnon*, all contribute to caſt a majeſty on this part. In the paſſage of the *ſceptre*, *Homer* has found an artful and poetical manner of acquainting us with the high deſcent of *Agamemnon*, and celebrating the hereditary right of his family; as well as finely hinted the original of his power to be derived from heaven, in ſaying the ſceptre was firſt the gift of *Jupiter*. It is with reference to this, that in the line where he firſt mentions it, he calls it Ἄφθιτον αἰεί, and accordingly it is tranſlated in that place.

V. 138.

In *Atreus'* hand, which not with *Atreus* ends,
To rich *Thyeſtes* next the prize deſcends:
And now the mark of *Agamemnon's* reign,
Subjects all *Argos*, and controuls the main.
On this bright ſceptre now the King reclin'd,
And artful thus pronounc'd the ſpeech deſign'd;
Ye ſons of *Mars!* partake your leader's care,
Heroes of *Greece*, and brothers of the war!

Of

V. 138. *And artful thus pronounc'd the ſpeech deſign'd.*] The remarks of *Dionyſius* upon this ſpeech I ſhall give the reader altogether, tho' they lie ſcattered in his two diſcourſes περὶ ἰσχνῶς συντιθεμένων, the ſecond of which is in a great degree a repetition of the precepts and examples of the firſt. This happened, I believe, from his having compoſed them at diſtinct times and upon different occaſions.

" It is an exquiſite piece of art when you ſeem to aim at " perſuading one thing, and at the ſame time inforce the " contrary. This kind of Rhetoric is of great uſe in all oc- " caſions of danger, and of this *Homer* has afforded a moſt " powerful example in the oration of *Agamemnon*. 'Tis a " method perfectly wonderful, and even carries in it an " appearance of abſurdity; for all that we generally eſteem " the faults of oratory, by this means become the virtues of " it. Nothing is looked upon as a greater error in a Rheto- " rician than to alledge ſuch arguments as either are eaſily " anſwered, or may be retorted upon himſelf; the former " is a weak part, the latter a dangerous one; and *Aga-* " *memnon* here deſignedly deals in both. For it is plain that " if a man muſt not uſe weak arguments, or ſuch as may " make againſt him, when he intends to perſuade the thing " he ſays; then on the other ſide when he does not intend " it, he muſt obſerve the contrary proceeding, and make " what are the faults of oratory in general, the excellencies " of that oration in particular, or otherwiſe he will contra- " dict his own intention, and perſuade the contrary to what " he means. *Agamemnon* begins with an argument eaſily an- " ſwered, by telling them that *Jupiter had promiſed to crown* " *his arms with victory.* For if *Jupiter* had promiſed this, it " was a reaſon for the ſtay in the camp. *But now* (ſays he) " *Jove has deceived us, and we muſt return with ignominy.* This

" is

Of partial *Jove* with juſtice I complain,
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.
A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with ſpoils,

I 5 Now

" is another of the ſame kind, for it ſhews what a diſgrace " it is to return. What follows is of the ſecond ſort, and " may be turned againſt him. *Jove will have it ſo:* for " which they have only *Agamemnon*'s word, but *Jove*'s own " promiſe to the contrary. *That God has overthrown many " cities, and will yet overturn many others.* This was a ſtrong " reaſon to ſtay, and put their confidence in him. *It is " ſhameful to have it told to poſterity, that ſo many thouſand* Greeks, " *after a war of ſo long continuance, at laſt returned home baffled " and unſucceſsful.* All this might have been ſaid by a profeſt " adverſary to the cauſe he pleads, and indeed is the ſame " thing *Ulyſſes* ſays elſewhere in reproach of their flight. " The concluſion evidently ſhews the intent of the ſpeaker. " *Haſte then, let us fly*; Φεύγωμεν, the word which of all " others was moſt likely to prevail upon them to ſtay; the " moſt open term of diſgrace he could poſſibly have uſed: " 'Tis the ſame which *Juno* makes uſe of to *Minerva*, *Minerva* " to *Ulyſſes*, and *Ulyſſes* again to the troops to diſſuade their " return; the ſame which *Agamemnon* himſelf had uſed to " inſult *Achilles*, and which *Homer* never employs but with " the mark of cowardice and infamy."

The ſame author farther obſerves, " That this whole ora- " tion has the air of being ſpoken in a paſſion. It begins " with a ſtroke of the greateſt raſhneſs and impatience. " Jupiter *has been unjuſt, Heaven has deceived us.* This renders " all he ſhall ſay of the leſs authority, at the ſame time that " it conceals his own artifice; for his anger ſeems to account " for the incongruities he utters." I could not ſuppreſs ſo fine a remark, tho' it falls out of the order of thoſe which precede it.

Before I leave this article, I muſt take notice that this ſpeech of *Agamemnon* is again put into his mouth in the ninth *Iliad*, and (according to *Dionyſius*) for the ſame purpoſe, to detain the army at the ſiege after a defeat; though it ſeems unartful to put the ſame trick twice upon the *Greeks* by the ſame perſon, and in the ſame words too. We may indeed ſuppoſe the firſt feint to have remained undiſcovered, but at beſt it is a management in the Poet not very entertaining to the readers.

V. 155.

Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt,
Our blood, our treaſure, and our glory loſt.
So *Jove* decrees, reſiſtleſs Lord of all!
At whoſe command whole empires riſe or fall:
He ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And towns and armies humbles to the duſt.
What ſhame to *Greece* a fruitleſs war to wage,
Oh laſting ſhame in ev'ry future age!
Once great in arms, the common ſcorn we grow,
Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe.
So ſmall their number, that if wars were ceas'd,
And *Greece* triumphant held a gen'ral feaſt,
All rank'd by tens; whole decads when they dine
Muſt want a *Trojan* ſlave to pour the wine.

But

V. 155. *So ſmall their number*, &c.] This part has a low air in compariſon with the reſt of the ſpeech. *Scaliger* calls it *tabernariam orationem*: But it is well obſerved by Madam *Dacier*, that the image *Agamemnon* here gives of the *Trojans* does not only render their numbers contemptible in compariſon of the *Greeks*, but their perſons too: For it makes them appear but as a few vile ſlaves fit only to ſerve them with wine. To which we may add, that it affords a proſpect to his ſoldiers of their future ſtate and triumph after the conqueſt of their enemies.

This paſſage gives me occaſion to animadvert upon a computation of the number of the *Trojans*, which the learned *Angelus Politian* has offered at in his *Preface to* Homer. He thinks they were fifty thouſand without the auxiliaries, from the concluſion of the eighth *Iliad*, where it is ſaid there were a thouſand funeral piles of *Trojans*, and fifty men attending each of them. But that the auxiliaries are to be admitted into that number, appears plainly from this place: *Agamemnon* expreſly diſtinguiſhes the native *Trojans* from the aids, and reckons but one to ten *Grecians*, at which eſtimate there could not be above ten thouſand *Trojans*. *See the Notes on the Catalogue.*

V. 163.

But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
And *Troy* prevails by armies not her own.
Now nine long years of mighty *Jove* are run,
Since firſt the labours of this war begun:
Our cordage torn, decay'd our veſſels lie,
And ſcarce enſure the wretched pow'r to fly.
Haſte then, for ever leave the *Trojan* wall!
Our weeping wives, our tender children call:
Love, duty, ſafety, ſummon us away,
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.
Our ſhatter'd barks may yet tranſport us o'er,
Safe and inglorious, to our native ſhore.
Fly, *Grecians*, fly, your ſails and oars employ,
And dream no more of heav'n-defended *Troy*.

His deep deſign unknown, the hoſts approve *Atrides'* ſpeech. The mighty numbers move.
So roll the billows to th' *Icarian* ſhore,
From Eaſt to South when winds begin to roar,
Burſt their dark manſions in the clouds, and ſweep
The whitening ſurface of the ruffled deep.

And

V. 163. —— *Decay'd our veſſels lie,*
And ſcarce enſure the wretched pow'r to fly.]

This, and ſome other paſſages, are here tranſlated correſpondent to the general air and ſenſe of this ſpeech, rather than juſt to the letter. The telling them in this place how much their ſhipping was decayed, was a hint of their danger in returning, as Madam *Dacier* has remarked.

V. 175. *So roll the billows*, &c.] One may take notice that *Homer* in theſe two ſimilitudes has judiciouſly made choice of the two moſt wavering and inconſtant things in nature, to compare with the multitude; the *waves* and *ears of corn*. The firſt alludes to the noiſe and tumult of the people, in the breaking and rolling of the billows; the ſecond to their taking the ſame courſe, like corn bending one way: and both to the eaſineſs with which they are moved by every *breath*.

And as on corn when weſtern guſts deſcend,
Before the blaſt the loſty harveſts bend:
Thus o'er the field the moving hoſt appears,
With nodding plumes and groves of waving ſpears.
The gath'ring murmur ſpreads, their trampling feet
Beat the looſe ſands, and thicken to the fleet.
With long reſounding cries they urge the train
To fit the ſhips, and launch into the main.
They toil, they ſweat, thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
The doubling clamours echo to the ſkies.
Ev'n then the *Greeks* had left the hoſtile plain,
And fate decreed the fall of *Troy* in vain;
But *Jove*'s imperial Queen their flight ſurvey'd,
And ſighing thus beſpoke the blue-ey'd maid.
Shall then the *Grecians* fly? Oh dire diſgrace!
And leave unpuniſh'd this perfidious race?
Shall *Troy*, ſhall *Priam*, and th' adult'rous ſpouſe,
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
And braveſt chiefs, in *Helen*'s quarrel ſlain,
Lie unreveng'd on yon deteſted plain?
No: let my *Greeks*, unmov'd by vain alarms,
Once more refulgent ſhine in brazen arms.
Haſte, Goddeſs, haſte! the flying hoſt detain,
Nor let one ſail be hoiſted on the main.
Pallas obeys, and from *Olympus'* height
Swift to the ſhips precipitates her flight;
Ulyſſes, firſt in public cares, ſhe found,
For prudent counſel like the Gods renown'd:
Oppreſs'd with gen'rous grief the Hero ſtood,
Nor drew his ſable veſſels to the flood.
And is it thus, divine *Laërtes'* ſon!

Thus

Thus fly the *Greeks* (the martial maid begun)
Thus to their country bear their own diſgrace,
And fame eternal leave to *Priam*'s race?
Shall beauteous *Helen* ſtill remain unfreed,
Still unreveng'd a thouſand heroes bleed?
Haſte, gen'rous *Ithacus!* prevent the ſhame,
Recal your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.
Your own reſiſtleſs eloquence employ,
And to th' Immortals truſt the fall of *Troy*.
The voice divine confeſs'd the warlike maid,
Ulyſſes heard, nor uninſpir'd obey'd:
Then meeting firſt *Atrides*, from his hand
Receiv'd th' imperial ſceptre of command.
Thus grac'd, attention and reſpect to gain,
He runs, he flies thro' all the *Grecian* train,
Each Prince in name, or chief in arms approv'd,
He fir'd with praiſe, or with perſuaſion mov'd.
Warriors like you, with ſtrength and wiſdom bleſt,
By brave examples ſhould confirm the reſt.
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
He tries our courage, but reſents our fears,
Th' unwary *Greeks* his fury may provoke;
Not thus the King in ſecret council ſpoke.
Jove loves our chief, from *Jove* his honour ſprings,
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of Kings.
But if a clam'rous vile Plebeian roſe,
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
Be ſtill, thou ſlave, and to thy betters yield;
Unknown alike in council and in field;
Ye Gods, what daſtards would our hoſt command?
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land.

Be ſilent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
The worſt of tyrants, an uſurping crowd.
To one ſole monarch *Jove* commits the ſway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.

With words like theſe the troops *Ulyſſes* rul'd,
The loudeſt filenc'd, and the fierceſt cool'd.
Back to th' aſſembly roll the thronging train,
Deſert the ſhips, and pour upon the plain.
Murm'ring they move, as when old *Ocean* roars,
And heaves huge ſurges to the trembling ſhores:
The groaning banks are burſt with bellowing ſound,
The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult ſinks, the noiſes ceaſe,
And a ſtill ſilence lulls the camp to peace.

Therſites

V. 243. *To one ſole monarch.*] Thoſe perſons are under a miſtake who would make this ſentence a praiſe of abſolute monarchy. *Homer* ſpeaks it only with regard to a general of an army during the time of his commiſſion. Nor is *Agamemnon* ſtyl'd *King of Kings* in any other ſenſe, than as the reſt of the Princes had given him the ſupreme authority over them in the ſiege. *Ariſtotle* defines a King Στρατηγὸς γὰρ ἦν δὴ δικαστὴς ὁ βασιλεὺς, καὶ τῶν πρὸς Θεοὺς Κύριος; *Leader of the war, Judge of controverſies, and Preſident of the ceremonies of the Gods.* That he had the principal care of religious rites appears from many places in *Homer*; and that his power was no where abſolute but in war: for we find *Agamemnon* inſulted in the council, but in the army threatening deſerters with death. He was under an obligation to preſerve the privileges of his country, purſuant to which Kings are called by our Author Διοτρεφεῖς, and Θεμιστοπόλους, the diſpenſers or managers of Juſtice. And *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* acquaints us, that the old *Grecian* Kings, whether hereditary or elective, had a council of their chief men, as *Homer* and the moſt ancient Poets teſtify; nor was it (he adds) in thoſe times as in ours, when Kings have a full liberty to do whatever they pleaſe. *Dion. Hal. lib. 2. Hiſt.*

V. 255.

Therſites only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no ſhame, by no reſpect controul'd,
In ſcandal buſy, in reproaches bold;
With witty malice ſtudious to defame;
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
But chief he glory'd with licentious ſtile
To laſh the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure ſuch as might his ſoul proclaim;
One eye was blinking and one leg was lame:

His

V. 255. Therſites *only.*] The ancients have aſcribed to *Homer* the firſt ſketch of *Satyric* or *Comic* poetry, of which ſort was his poem called *Margites*, as *Ariſtotle* reports. Tho' that piece be loſt, this character of *Therſites* may give us a taſte of, his vein in that kind. But whether ludicrous deſcriptions ought to have place in the *Epic* poem, has been juſtly queſtioned: Neither *Virgil* nor any of the moſt approved Ancients have thought fit to admit them into their compoſitions of that nature; nor any of the beſt moderns, except *Milton*, whoſe fondneſs for *Homer* might be the reaſon for it. However, this is in its kind a very maſterly part, and our Author has ſhewn great judgment in the particulars he has choſen to compoſe the picture of a pernicious creature of wit; the chief of which are a deſire of promoting laughter at any rate, and a contempt of his ſuperiors. And he ſums up the whole very ſtrongly, by ſaying that *Therſites* hated *Achilles* and *Ulyſſes*; in which, as *Plutarch* has remarked in his treatiſe of envy and hatred, he makes it the utmoſt completion of an ill character to bear malevolence to the beſt men. What is farther obſervable is, that *Therſites* is never heard of after this his firſt appearance: Such a ſcandalous character is to be taken no more notice of, than juſt to ſhew that 'tis deſpiſed. *Homer* has obſerved the ſame conduct with regard to the moſt *deformed* and moſt *beautiful* perſon of his poem: For *Nireus* is thus mentioned once and no more throughout the *Iliad*. He places a worthleſs *beauty* and an ill-natured *wit* upon the ſame foot, and ſhews that the gifts of the body without thoſe of the mind are not more deſpicable, than thoſe of the mind itſelf without virtue.

V. 275.

His mountain-ſhoulders half his breaſt o'erſpread,
Thin hairs beſtrew'd his long miſ-ſhapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart poſſeſt,
And much he hated all, but moſt the beſt.
Ulyſſes or *Achilles* ſtill his theme;
But royal ſcandal his delight ſupreme.
Long had he liv'd the ſcorn of ev'ry *Greek*,
Vext when he ſpoke, yet ſtill they heard him ſpeak.
Sharp was his voice; which in the ſhrilleſt tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.
Amidſt the glories of ſo bright a reign,
What moves the great *Atrides* to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breaſt inflames,
The golden ſpoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our wars and blood beſtow,
Thy tents are crouded, and thy cheſts o'erflow.
Thus at full eaſe in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirſt of gold?
Say,

V. 275. *Amidſt the glories.*] 'Tis remarked by *Dionyſius Halicar.* in his treatiſe of the *Examination of Writers*, that there could not be a better artifice thought on to recal the army to their obedience, than this of our Author. When they were offended at their general in favour of *Achilles*, nothing could more weaken *Achilles*'s intereſt than to make ſuch a fellow as *Therſites* appear of his party, whoſe impertinence would give them a diſguſt of thinking or acting like him. There is no ſurer method to reduce generous ſpirits, than to make them ſee they are purſuing the ſame vices with people of no merit, and ſuch whom they cannot forbear deſpiſing themſelves. Otherwiſe there is nothing in this ſpeech but what might become the mouth of *Neſtor* himſelf, if you except a word or two. And had *Neſtor* ſpoken it, the army had certainly ſet ſail for *Greece*; but becauſe it was uttered by a ridiculous fellow whom they are aſhamed to follow, they are reduced, and ſatisfied to continue the ſiege.

V. 284.

Say, ſhall we march with our unconquer'd pow'rs,
(The *Greeks* and I) to *Ilion*'s hoſtile tow'rs,
And bring the race of royal baſtards here,
For *Troy* to ranſom at a price too dear?
But ſafer plunder thy own hoſt ſupplies;
Say, would'ſt thou ſeize ſome valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to gen'rous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bleſs thy Kingly bed?
Whate'er our maſter craves, ſubmit we muſt,
Plagu'd with his pride, or puniſh'd for his luſt.
Oh women of *Achaia!* men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waſte his ſtore
In loves and pleaſures on the *Phrygian* ſhore.
We may be wanted on ſome buſy day,
When *Hector* comes: So great *Achilles* may:
From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearleſs, and the brave:
And durſt he, as he ought, reſent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.
Fierce from his ſeat, at this, *Ulyſſes* ſprings,
In gen'rous vengeance of the King of Kings.
With indignation ſparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and ſternly thus replies.
Peace,

V. 284. *The* Greeks *and I.*] Theſe boaſts of himſelf are the few words which *Dionyſius* objects to in the foregoing paſſage. I cannot but think the grave Commentators here very much miſtaken, who imagine *Therſites* in earneſt in theſe vaunts, and ſeriouſly reprove his inſolence. They ſeem to me manifeſt ſtrokes of Irony, which had rendered them ſo much the more improper in the mouth of *Neſtor*, who was otherwiſe none of the leaſt boaſters himſelf. And conſidered as ſuch, they are equal to the reſt of the ſpeech, which has an infinite deal of ſpirit, humour, and ſatyr.

Peace, factious monſter, born to vex the ſtate,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor raſhly vain,
And ſingly mad, aſperſe the ſov'reign reign.
Have we not known thee, ſlave! of all our hoſt,
The man who acts the leaſt, upbraids the moſt?
Think not the *Greeks* to ſhameful flight to bring,
Nor let thoſe lips profane the name of King.
For our return we truſt the heav'nly pow'rs;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the hoſt with wealth the gen'ral load,
Except detraction, what haſt thou beſtow'd?
Suppoſe ſome Hero ſhould his ſpoils reſign,
Art thou that Hero, could thoſe ſpoils be thine?
Gods! let me periſh on this hateful ſhore,
And let theſe eyes behold my ſon no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To ſtrip thoſe arms thou ill deſerv'ſt to wear,
Expel the council where our Princes meet,
And ſend thee ſcourg'd, and howling thro' the fleet.
He ſaid, and cow'ring as the daſtard bends,
The weighty ſceptre on his back deſcends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumors riſe;
The tears ſpring ſtarting from his haggard eyes:
Trembling

V. 326. *He ſaid, and cow'ring.*] The vile figure *Therſites* makes here is a good piece of *groteſque*; the pleaſure expreſſed by the ſoldiers at this action of *Ulyſſes* (notwithſtanding they are diſappointed by him of their hopes of returning) is agreeable to that generous temper, at once honeſt and thoughtleſs, which is commonly found in military men; to whom nothing is ſo odious as a daſtard, and who have not naturally the greateſt kindneſs for a wit.

Trembling he ſate, and ſhrunk in abject fears,
From his vile viſage wip'd the ſcalding tears.
While to his neighbour each expreſs'd his thought;
Ye Gods! what wonders has *Ulyſſes* wrought?
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield?
Great in the council, glorious in the field.
Gen'rous he riſes in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of inſolence.
Such juſt examples on offenders ſhown,
Sedition ſilence, and aſſert the throne.
'Twas thus the gen'ral voice the Hero prais'd,
Who riſing, high th' imperial ſceptre rais'd:
The blue-ey'd *Pallas*, his celeſtial friend,
(In form a herald) bade the crouds attend.
Th' expecting crouds in ſtill attention hung,
To hear the wiſdom of his heav'nly tongue.
Then deeply thoughtful, pauſing ere he ſpoke,
His ſilence thus the prudent Hero broke.
Unhappy monarch! whom the *Grecian* race
With ſhame deſerting, heap with vile diſgrace.

Not

V. 348. *Unhappy monarch!* &c.] *Quintilian* ſpeaking of the various kinds of oratory which may be learned from *Homer*, mentions among the greateſt inſtances the ſpeeches in this book. *Nonne vel unus liber, quo miſſa ad Achillem legatio continetur, vel in primo inter duces illa contentio, vel dictæ in ſecundo ſententiæ, omnes litium ac conſiliorum explicat artes? Affectus quidem vel illos mites, vel hos concitatos, nemo erit tam indoctus, qui non ſuâ in poteſtate hunc autorem habuiſſe fateatur.* It is indeed hardly poſſible to find any where more refined turns of policy, or more artful touches of oratory. We have no ſooner ſeen *Agamemnon* excel in one ſort, but *Ulyſſes* is to ſhine in another no leſs oppoſite to it. When the ſtratagem, of pretending to ſet ſail, had met with too ready a conſent from the people, his eloquence appears in all the forms of art. In his firſt ſpeech he had perſuaded the captains with mildneſs,

Not ſuch at *Argos* was their gen'rous vow,
Once all their voice, but ah! forgotten now:
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
'Till *Troy*'s proud ſtructures ſhould in aſhes lie.
Behold them weeping for their native ſhore!
What could their wives or helpleſs children more?
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And one ſhort month, endure the wintry main?
Few leagues remov'd, we wiſh our peaceful ſeat,
When the ſhip toſſes, and the tempeſts beat:

Then

mildneſs, telling them the people's glory depended upon them, and readily giving a turn to the firſt deſign, which had like to have been ſo dangerous, by repreſenting it only as a project of *Agamemnon* to diſcover the cowardly. In his ſecond, he had commanded the ſoldiers with bravery, and made them know what part they ſuſtained in the war. In his third, he had rebuked the ſeditious in the perſon of *Therſites*, by reproofs, threats, and actual chaſtiſement. And now in this fourth, when all are gathered together, he applies to them in topics which equally affect them all: He raiſes their hearts by putting them in mind of the promiſes of heaven, and thoſe prophecies, of which as they had ſeen the truth in the nine years delay, they might now expect the accompliſhment in the tenth year's ſucceſs: which is a full anſwer to what *Agamemnon* had ſaid of *Jupiter*'s deceiving them.

Dionyſius obſerves one ſingular piece of art, in *Uyſſes*'s manner of applying himſelf to the people when he would inſinuate any thing to the princes, and addreſſing to the princes when he would blame the people. He tells the ſoldiers, that they muſt not all pretend to be rulers there, let there be one King, one Lord; which is manifeſtly a precept deſigned for the leaders to take to themſelves. In the ſame manner *Tiberius Rhetor* remarks the beginning of his laſt oration to be a fine *Ethopœpeia* or oblique repreſentation of the people, upon whom the ſeverity of the reproach is made to fall, while he ſeems to render the King an object of their pity.

" Unhappy monarch! whom the *Grecian* race
" With ſhame deſerting, *&c.*

Then well may this long ſtay provoke their tears,
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the *Grecian* hoſt I blame;
But vanquiſh'd! baffled! oh eternal ſhame!
Expect the time to *Troy*'s deſtruction giv'n,
And try the faith of *Calchas* and of heav'n.
What paſt at *Aulis*, *Greece* can witneſs bear,
And all who live to breathe this *Phrygian* air.
Beſide a fountain's ſacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd;
('Twas there the plane-tree ſpread its ſhades around)
The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon ſhot, of dire portent;
From *Jove* himſelf the dreadful ſign was ſent.
Strait to the tree his ſanguine ſpires he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.
The topmoſt branch a mother-bird poſſeſt;
Eight callow infants fill'd the moſſy neſt;
Herſelf the ninth; the ſerpent as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and craſh'd the crying young;
While hov'ring near, with miſerable moan,
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
The mother laſt, as round the neſt ſhe flew,
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monſter ſlew:
Not long ſurviv'd; to marble turn'd he ſtands
A laſting prodigy on *Aulis*' ſands.
Such was the will of *Jove*; and hence we dare
Truſt in his omen, and ſupport the war.
For while around we gaze with wond'ring eyes,
And trembling ſought the pow'rs with ſacrifice,
Full of his God, the rev'rend *Calchas* cry'd,
Ye *Grecian* warriors! lay your fears aſide:

This

This wondrous ſignal *Jove* himſelf diſplays,
Of long, long labours, but eternal praiſe.
As many birds as by the ſnake were ſlain,
So many years the toils of *Greece* remain;
But wait the tenth, for *Ilion*'s all decreed:
Thus ſpoke the Prophet, thus the fates ſucceed.
Obey, ye *Grecians*, with ſubmiſſion wait,
Nor let your flight avert the *Trojan* fate.
He ſaid: the ſhores with loud applauſes ſound,
The hollow ſhips each deaf'ning ſhout rebound.
Then *Neſtor* thus——Theſe vain debates forbear,
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.

Where

V. 402. *Then* Neſtor *thus.*] Nothing is more obſervable than *Homer*'s conduct of this whole incident; by what judicious and well-imagined degrees the army is reſtrained, and wrought up to the deſires of the General. We have given the detail of all the methods *Ulyſſes* proceeded in: The activity of his character is now to be contraſted with the gravity of *Neſtor*'s, who covers and ſtrengthens the other's arguments, and conſtantly appears through the poem a weighty Cloſer of debates. The *Greeks* had already ſeen their General give way to his authority, in the diſpute with *Achilles* in the former book, and could expect no leſs than that their ſtay ſhould be concluded on by *Agamemnon* as ſoon as *Neſtor* undertook that cauſe. For this was all they imagined his diſcourſe aimed at; but we ſhall find it had a farther deſign from *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*. "There are two things (ſays "that excellent critic) worthy of admiration in the ſpeeches "of *Ulyſſes* and *Neſtor*, which are the different deſigns they "ſpeak with, and the different applauſes they receive. "*Ulyſſes* had the acclamations of the army, and *Neſtor* the "praiſe of *Agamemnon*. One may enquire the reaſon, why "he extols the latter preferably to the former, when all "that *Neſtor* alledges ſeems only a repetition of the ſame ar"guments which *Ulyſſes* had given before him? It might be "done in encouragement to the old man, in whom it might "raiſe a concern to find his ſpeech not followed with ſo ge"neral an applauſe as the other's. But we are to refer the "ſpeech of *Neſtor* to that part of oratory which ſeems only

"to

Where now are all your high reſolves at laſt?
Your leagues concluded, your engagements paſt? 405
Vow'd with libations and with victims then,
Now vaniſh'd like their ſmoke: the faith of men!

While

" to confirm what another has ſaid, and yet ſuperinduces " and carries a farther point. *Ulyſſes* and *Neſtor* both com- " pare the *Greeks* to children, for their unmanly deſire to " return home; they both reproach them with the engage- " ments and vows they had paſt, and were now about to " break; they both alledge the proſperous ſigns and omens " received from heaven. Notwithſtanding this, the end of " their orations is very different. *Ulyſſes*'s buſineſs was to " detain the *Grecians* when they were upon the point of " flying; *Neſtor*, finding that work done to his hands, de- " ſigned to draw them inſtantly to battle. This was the " utmoſt *Agamemnon* had aimed at, which *Neſtor*'s artifice " brings to paſs; for while they imagine by all he ſays that " he is only perſuading them to ſtay, they find themſelves " unawares put into order of battle, and led under their " Princes to fight." *Dion. Hal.* περὶ ἰσηγορίας, *Part* 1 *and* 2.

We may next take notice of ſome particulars of this ſpeech: where he ſays they loſe their time in *empty words*, he hints at the diſpute between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*: where he ſpeaks of thoſe who *deſerted the* Grecian *cauſe*, he glances at *Achilles* in particular. When he repreſents *Helen* in affliction and tears, he removes the odium from the perſon in whoſe cauſe they were to fight; and when he moves *Agamemnon* to adviſe with his council, artfully prepares for a reception of his own advice by that modeſt way of propoſing it. As for the advice itſelf, to divide the army into bodies, each of which ſhould be compoſed entirely of men of the ſame country; nothing could be better judged both in regard to the preſent circumſtance, and with an eye to the future carrying on of the war. For the firſt, its immediate effect was to take the whole army out of its tumult, break whatever cabals they might have formed together, by ſeparating them into a new diviſion, and cauſe every ſingle mutineer to come inſtantly under the view of his own proper officer for correction. For the ſecond, it was to be thought the army would be much ſtrengthened by this union: Thoſe of different nations who had different aims, intereſts

While uſeleſs words conſume th' unactive hours,
No wonder *Troy* ſo long reſiſts our pow'rs.
Riſe, great *Atrides!* and with courage ſway;
We march to war, if thou direct the way.
But leave the few that dare reſiſt thy laws,
The mean deſerters of the *Grecian* cauſe,
To grudge the conqueſts mighty *Jove* prepares,
And view, with envy, our ſucceſsful wars.
On that great day when firſt the martial train,
Big with the fate of *Ilion*, plow'd the main;
Jove, on the right, a proſp'rous ſignal ſent,
And thunder rolling, ſhook the firmament.
Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious ſtriſe,
'Till ev'ry ſoldier graſp a *Phrygian* wife,
'Till *Helen*'s woes at full reveng'd appear,
And *Troy*'s proud matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day, if any *Greek* invite
His country's troops to baſe, inglorious flight,
Stand forth that *Greek!* and hoiſt his ſails to fly;
And die the daſtard firſt, who dreads to die.
But now, O Monarch! all thy Chiefs adviſe:
Nor what they offer, thou thyſelf deſpiſe.
Among thoſe counſels, let not mine be vain;
In tribes and nations to divide thy train:
His ſep'rate troops let every leader call,
Each ſtrengthen each, and all encourage all.

What

intereſts and friendſhips, could not aſſiſt each other with ſo much zeal, or ſo well concur to the ſame end, as when friends aided friends, kinſmen their kinſmen, &c. when each commander had the glory of his own nation in view, and a greater emulation was excited between body and body; as not only warring for the honour of *Greece* in general, but for that of every diſtinct *State* in particular.

V. 440.

What chief, or ſoldier, of the num'rous band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
When thus diſtinct they war, ſhall ſoon be known,
And what the cauſe of *Ilion* not o'erthrown;
If fate reſiſts, or if our arms are ſlow,
If Gods above prevent, or men below.
To him the King: How much thy years excel
In arts of council, and in ſpeaking well!
Oh would the Gods, in love to *Greece*, decree
But ten ſuch ſages as they grant in thee;

442. *How much thy years excel.*] Every one has obſerved how glorious an elogium of wiſdom *Homer* has here given, where *Agamemnon* ſo far prefers it to valour, as to wiſh not for ten *Ajax*'s or *Achilles*'s, but only for ten *Neſtors*. For the reſt of his ſpeech, *Dionyſius* has ſumm'd it up as follows. "*Agamemnon* being now convinced the *Greeks* were offended "at him, on account of the departure of *Achilles*, pacifies "them by a generous confeſſion of his fault; but then "aſſerts the character of a ſupreme Ruler, and with the air "of command threatens the diſobedient." I cannot conclude this part of the ſpeeches without remarking how beautifully they riſe above one another, and how they more and more awaken the ſpirit of war in the *Grecians*. In this laſt there is a wonderful fire and vivacity, when he prepares them for the glorious toils they were to undergo by a warm and lively deſcription of them. The repetition of the words in that part has a beauty, which (as well as many others of the ſame kind) has been loſt by moſt tranſlators.

Εὖ μέν τις δόρυ θυξάσθω, εὖ δ' ἀσπίδα θέσθω,
Εὖ δέ τις ἵπποισιν δεῖπνον δότω ὠκυπόδεσσιν,
Εὖ δέ τις ἅρματος ἀμφὶς ὀδὼν.——

I cannot but believe *Milton* had this paſſage in his eye in that of his ſixth book.

——— Let each
His adamantine coat gird well; and each
Fit well his helm, gripe faſt his orbed ſhield, &c.

Such wiſdom ſoon ſhould *Priam*'s force deſtroy,
And ſoon ſhould fall the haughty tow'rs of *Troy*!
But *Jove* forbids, who plunges thoſe he hates
In fierce contention, and in vain debates.
Now great *Achilles* from our aid withdraws,
By me provok'd; a captive maid the cauſe:
If e'er as friends we join, the *Trojan* wall
Muſt ſhake, and heavy will the vengeance fall!
But now, ye warriors, take a ſhort repaſt;
And well-refreſh'd, to bloody conflict haſte.
His ſharpen'd ſpear let ev'ry *Grecian* wield,
And ev'ry *Grecian* fix his brazen ſhield;
Let all excite the fiery ſteeds of war,
And all for combat fit the rattling car.
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;
No reſt, no reſpite, 'till the ſhades deſcend;
'Till darkneſs, or till death ſhall cover all:
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall!
'Till bath'd in ſweat be ev'ry manly breaſt,
With the huge ſhield each brawny arm depreſt,
Each aking nerve refuſe the lance to throw,
And each ſpent courſer at the chariot blow.
Who dares, inglorious, in his ſhips to ſtay,
Who dares to tremble on this ſignal day,
That wretch, too mean to fall by martial pow'r,
The birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
The Monarch ſpoke: and ſtreight a murmur roſe,
Loud as the ſurges when the tempeſt blows,
That daſh'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the ſtony ſhore.
Strait to the tents the troops diſperſing bend,
The fires are kindled, and the ſmoaks aſcend;

With

With haſty feaſts they ſacrifice, and pray
T'avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
A ſteer of five years age, large limb'd, and fed,
To *Jove*'s high altars *Agamemnon* led:
There bade the nobleſt of the *Grecian* Peers;
And *Neſtor* firſt, as moſt advanc'd in years.
Next came *Idomeneus* and *Tydeus*' ſon,
Ajax the leſs, and *Ajax Telamon*;
Then wiſe *Ulyſſes* in his rank was plac'd;
And *Menelaus* came unbid, the laſt.
The Chiefs ſurround the deſtin'd beaſt, and take
The ſacred off'ring of the ſalted cake:
When thus the King preſers his ſolemn pray'r,
Oh thou! whoſe thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the heav'n of heav'ns haſt fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone!
Hear! and before the burning ſun deſcends,
Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
Low in the duſt be laid yon' hoſtile ſpires,
Be *Priam*'s palace ſunk in *Grecian* fires,
In *Hector*'s breaſt be plung'd this ſhining ſword,
And ſlaughter'd heroes groan around their Lord?

V. 485. *And* Menelaus *came unbid.*] The criticks have entered into a warm diſpute, whether *Menelaus* was in the right or in the wrong, in coming uninvited: Some maintaining it the part of an impertinent or a fool to intrude upon another man's table; and others inſiſting upon the privilege a brother or a kinſman may claim in this caſe. The *Engliſh* reader had not been troubled with the tranſlation of this word Αυτοκαλος, but that *Plato* and *Plutarch* have taken notice of the paſſage. The verſe following this, in moſt editions, Ἥδετ γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν, &c. being rejected as ſpurious by *Demetrius Phalereus*, is omitted here upon his authority.

Thus pray'd the Chief: his unavailing pray'r
Great *Jove* refus'd, and toſt in empty air:
The God averſe, while yet the fumes aroſe,
Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
Their pray'rs perform'd, the Chiefs the rite purſue,
The barley ſprinkled, and the victim ſlew.
The limbs they ſever from th' incloſing hide,
The thighs, ſelected to the Gods, divide.
On theſe, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lie from ev'ry part.
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aſpire,
While the fat victim feeds the ſacred fire.
The thighs thus ſacrific'd and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part transfix, and roaſt the reſt;
Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
Soon as the rage of hunger was ſuppreſt,
The gen'rous *Neſtor* thus the Prince addreſt.
Now bid thy Heralds ſound the loud alarms,
And call the ſquadrons ſheath'd in brazen arms:
Now ſeize th' occaſion, now the troops ſurvey,
And lead to war when Heav'n directs the way.
He ſaid; the Monarch iſſu'd his commands;
Strait the loud heralds call the gath'ring bands.
The chiefs incloſe their King; the hoſts divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either ſide.
High in the midſt the blue-ey'd Virgin flies;
From rank to rank ſhe darts her ardent eyes:
The dreadful *Ægis*, *Jove*'s immortal ſhield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:

Round

V. 526. *The dreadful* Ægis, Jove's *immortal ſhield.*] *Homer* does not expreſsly call it a ſhield in this place, but it is plain from

Round the vaſt orb an hundred ſerpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and ſeem'd to burn in gold.
With this each *Grecian*'s manly breaſt ſhe warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and ſtrings their nervous arms;
No more they ſigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
As on ſome mountain, thro' the lofty grove,
The crackling flames aſcend and blaze above,

from ſeveral other paſſages that it was ſo. In the fifth *Iliad*, this *Ægis* is deſcribed with a ſublimity that is inexpreſſible. The figure of the *Gorgon*'s head upon it is there ſpecified, which will juſtify the mention of the ſerpents in the tranſlation here: The verſes are remarkably ſonorous in the original. The image of the Goddeſs of battles blazing with her immortal ſhield before the army, inſpiring every Hero, and aſſiſting to range the troops, is agreeable to the bold painting of our author. And the encouragement of a divine power ſeemed no more than was requiſite, to change ſo totally the diſpoſitions of the *Grecians*, as to make them now more ardent for the combat, than they were before deſirous of a return. This finiſhes the conqueſt of their inclinations, in a manner at once wonderfully poetical, and correſpondent to the moral which is every where ſpread through *Homer*, that nothing is entirely brought about but by the divine aſſiſtance.

V. 534. *As on ſome mountain*, &c.] The imagination of *Homer* was ſo vaſt and ſo lively, that whatſoever objects preſented themſelves before him, impreſſed their images ſo forcibly, that he poured them forth in compariſons equally ſimple and noble; without forgetting any circumſtance which could inſtruct the reader, and make him ſee thoſe objects in the ſame ſtrong light wherein he ſaw them himſelf. And in this one of the principal beauties of poetry conſiſts. *Homer*, on the ſight of the march of this numerous army, gives us five ſimilies in a breath, but all entirely different. The firſt regards the ſplendor of their armour, as a fire, &c. The ſecond the various movements of ſo many thouſands, before they can range themſelves in battle-array, like the ſwans, &c. The third reſpects their number, as the leaves or flowers, &c. The fourth the ardour with which they run to the combat, like the legions of inſects, &c. And the

The fires, expanding as the winds ariſe,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the ſkies:
So from the poliſh'd arms, and brazen ſhields,
A gleamy ſplendor flaſh'd along the fields.
Not leſs their number than th' embody'd cranes,
Or milk-white ſwans in *Aſius'* wat'ry plains,

That

fifth the obedience and exact diſcipline of the troops, ranged without confuſion under their leaders, as flocks under their ſhepherds. This fecundity and variety can never be enough admired. *Dacier.*

V. 541. *Or milk-white ſwans in* Aſius' *wat'ry plains.*] *Scaliger* who is ſeldom juſt to our author, yet confeſſes theſe verſes to be *pleniſſima Nectaris.* But he is greatly miſtaken when he accuſes this ſimile of impropriety, on the ſuppoſition that a number of birds flying without order are here compared to an army ranged in array of battle. On the contrary, *Homer* in this expreſſes the ſtir and tumult the troops were in, before they got into order, running together from the ſhips and tents: Νεῶν ἄπο, καὶ κλισιάων. But when they are placed in their ranks, he compares them to the flocks under their ſhepherds. This diſtinction will plainly appear from the detail of the five ſimilies in the foregoing note.

Virgil has imitated this with great happineſs in his ſeventh *Æneid.*

Ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cycni
Cùm ſeſe è paſtu referunt, & longa canorus
Dant per colla modos, ſonat amnis & Aſia longè
Pulſa palus——

Like a long team of ſnowy ſwans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid ſky,
When homeward from their watry paſtures borne,
They ſing, and *Aſia*'s lakes their notes return.

Mr. *Dryden* in this place has miſtaken *Aſius* for *Aſia*, which *Virgil* took care to diſtinguiſh by making the firſt ſyllable of *Aſius* long, as of *Aſia* ſhort. Though (if we believe Madam *Dacier*)

That o'er the windings of *Cayſter*'s ſprings,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their ruſtling wings,
Now tow'r aloft, and courſe in airy rounds;
Now light with noiſe; with noiſe the field reſounds.
Thus num'rous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions croud *Scamander*'s flow'ry ſide;
With ruſhing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thund'ring footſteps ſhake the ſounding ſhore:
Along the river's level meads they ſtand,
Thick as in ſpring the flow'rs adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees, or thick as inſects play,
The wand'ring nation of a ſummer's day,

Dacier) he was himſelf in an error, both here and in the firſt *Georgick*:

——*Quæ Aſia circum*
Dulcibus in ſtagnis rimantur prata Cayſtri.

For ſhe will not allow that Ἀσίῳ can be a Patronymic Adjective, but the Genitive of a proper Name, Ἄσιος, which being turned into *Ionic* is Ἀσίου, and by a *Syncope* makes Ἀσίω. This puts me in mind of another criticiſm upon the 290*th* verſe of this book: 'tis obſerved that *Virgil* uſes *Inarime* for *Arime*, as if he had read Εἰναρίμοις, inſtead of Εἰν Ἀρίμοις. *Scaliger* ridicules this trivial remark, and aſks if it can be imagined that *Virgil* was ignorant of the name of a place ſo near him as *Baiæ*? It is indeed unlucky for good writers, that men who have learning, ſhould lay a ſtreſs upon ſuch trifles; and that thoſe who have none, ſhould think it learning to do ſo.

V. 552. *Or thick as inſects play.*] This ſimile tranſlated literally runs thus; *As the numerous troops of flies about a ſhepherd's cottage in the ſpring, when the milk moiſtens the pails; ſuch numbers of* Greeks *ſtood in the field againſt the* Trojans, *deſiring their deſtruction.* The lowneſs of this image, in compariſon with thoſe which precede it, will naturally ſhock a modern critick, and would ſcarce be forgiven in a Poet of theſe times.

That drawn by milky ſteams, at ev'ning hours,
In gather'd ſwarms ſurround the rural bow'rs;
From pail to pail with buſy murmur run
The gilded legions glitt'ring in the ſun.
So throng'd, ſo cloſe, the *Grecian* ſquadrons ſtood
In radiant arms, and thirſt for *Trojan* blood.
Each leader now his ſcatter'd force conjoins
In cloſe array, and forms the deep'ning lines.
Not with more eaſe, the ſkilful ſhepherd ſwain
Collects his flock from thouſands on the plain.
The King of Kings, majeſtically tall,
Tow'rs o'er his armies, and outſhines them all:
Like ſome proud Bull that round the paſtures leads
His ſubject-herds, the monarch of the meads.

Great

times. The utmoſt a tranſlator can do is to heighten the expreſſion, ſo as to render the diſparity leſs obſervable: which is endeavoured here, and in other places. If this be done ſucceſsfully, the reader is ſo far from being offended at a low idea, that it raiſes his ſurprize to find it grown great in the Poet's hands, of which we have frequent inſtances in *Virgil's Georgicks*. Here follows another of the ſame kind, in the ſimile of *Agamemnon* to a *Bull*, juſt after he has been compared to *Jove*, *Mars*, and *Neptune*. This, *Euſtathius* tells us, was blamed by ſome criticks, and Mr. *Hobbes* has left it out in his tranſlation. The liberty has been taken here to place the humbler ſimile firſt, reſerving the noble one as a more magnificent cloſe of the deſcription: The bare turning the ſentence removes the objection. *Milton*, who was a cloſe imitator of our author, has often copied him in theſe humble comparisons. He has not ſcrupled to inſert one in the midſt of that pompous deſcription of the rout of the rebel-angels in the ſixth book, where the Son of God in all his dreadful Majeſty is repreſented pouring his vengeance upon them:

——As a herd
Of goats, or tim'rous flocks together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-ſtruck——

V. 568.

Great as the Gods th' exalted Chief was ſeen,
His ſtrength like *Neptune*, and like *Mars* his mien,
Jove o'er his eyes celeſtial glories ſpread,
And dawning conqueſt play'd around his head.

Say, Virgins, ſeated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddeſſes! immortal Nine!
Since earth's wide regions, heav'n's unmeaſur'd height,
And hell's abyſs, hide nothing from your ſight,
(We, wretched mortals! loſt in doubts below,
But gueſs by rumour, and but boaſt we know)
Oh ſay what Heroes, fir'd by thirſt of fame,
Or urg'd by wrongs, to *Troy*'s deſtruction came?

V. 568. *Great as the Gods.*] *Homer* here deſcribes the figure and port of *Agamemnon* with all imaginable grandeur, in making him appear cloathed with the majeſty of the greateſt of the Gods; and when *Plutarch* (in his ſecond oration of the fortune of *Alexander*) blamed the compariſon of a man to three Deities at once, that cenſure was not paſſed upon *Homer* as a Poet, but by *Plutarch* as a Prieſt. This character of Majeſty, in which *Agamemnon* excels all the other Heroes, is preſerved in the different views of him throughout the *Iliad*. It is thus he appears on his ſhip in the catalogue; thus he ſhines in the eyes of *Priam* in the third book; thus again in the beginning of the eleventh; and ſo in the reſt.

V. 572. *Say, Virgins.*] It is hard to conceive any addreſs more ſolemn, any opening to a ſubject more noble and magnificent, than this invocation of *Homer* before his catalogue. That omnipreſence he gives to the Muſes, their poſt in the higheſt Heaven, their comprehenſive ſurvey thro' the whole extent of the creation, are circumſtances greatly imagined. Nor is any thing more perfectly fine, or exquiſitely moral, than the oppoſition of the extenſive knowledge of the divinities on the one ſide, to the blindneſs and ignorance of mankind on the other. The greatneſs and importance of his ſubject is highly raiſed by his exalted manner of declaring the difficulty of it, *Not tho' my lungs were braſs*, &c. and by the air he gives, as if what follows were immediately inſpired, and no leſs than the joint labour of all the Muſes.

To count them all demands a thouſand tongues,
A throat of braſs, and adamantine lungs.
Daughters of *Jove*, aſſiſt! inſpir'd by you
The mighty labour dauntleſs I purſue:
What crouded armies, from what climes they bring,
Their names, their numbers, and their Chiefs I ſing.

The CATALOGUE *of the* SHIPS.

THE hardy warriors whom *Bœotia* bred,
Peneleus, *Leïtus*, *Prothoënor* led:
With theſe *Arceſilaus* and *Clonius* ſtand,
Equal in arms, and equal in command.

Theſe

V. 586. *The hardy warriors.*] The catalogue begins in this place, which I forbear to treat of at preſent: only I muſt acknowledge here that the tranſlation has not been exactly punctual to the order in which *Homer* places his towns. However it has not treſpaſſed againſt Geography; the tranſpoſitions I mention being no other than ſuch minute ones, as *Strabo* confeſſes the author himſelf is not free from: Ὁ δὲ Ποιητὴς γάνια μὲν χώρας λέγει συνεχῶς, ὥσπερ καὶ κεῖται. Θ.θ' ὑρίην ἐνέμοντο, καὶ Αὐλίδα, &c. Ἄλλο τι δ' ἐκ ἂν εἴη τῇ τάξει, Σχοῖνον τὶ Σκόλον τι, Θίσβαιαν Γραῖάν τι. *lib.* 8. There is not to my remembrance any place throughout this catalogue omitted; a liberty which Mr. *Dryden* has made no difficulty to take and to confeſs, in his *Virgil*. But a more ſcrupulous care was owing to *Homer*, on account of that wonderful exactneſs and unequalled diligence, which he has particularly ſhewn in this part of his work.

Theſe head the troops that rocky *Aulis* yields,
And *Eteon*'s hills, and *Hyrie*'s watry fields,
And *Schœnos*, *Scolos*, *Græa* near the main,
And *Mycaleſſia*'s ample piny plain.
Thoſe who in *Peteon* or *Ileſion* dwell,
Or *Harma* where *Apollo*'s prophet fell;
Heleon and *Hylè*, which the ſprings o'erflow;
And *Medeon* lofty, and *Ocalea* low;
Or in the meads of *Haliartus* ſtray,
Or *Theſpia* ſacred to the God of Day.
Oncheſtus, *Neptune*'s celebrated groves;
Copæ, and *Thiſbè*, fam'd for ſilver doves,
For flocks *Erythræ*, *Gliſſa* for the vine;
Plutæa green, and *Niſa* the divine.
And they whom *Thebè*'s well-built walls incloſe,
Where *Mydè*, *Eutreſis*, *Coronè* roſe;
And *Aruè* rich, with purple harveſts crown'd;
And *Anthedon*, *Bœotia*'s utmoſt bound.
Full fifty ſhips they ſend, and each conveys
Twice ſixty warriors thro' the foaming ſeas.
To theſe ſucceed *Aſpledon*'s martial train,
Who plow the ſpacious *Orchomenian* plain.
Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
Ialmen and *Aſcalaphus* the ſtrong,
Sons of *Aſtyachè*, the heav'nly fair,
Whoſe virgin charms ſubdu'd the God of war:
(In *Actor*'s court as ſhe retir'd to reſt,
The ſtrength of *Mars* the bluſhing maid compreſt)
Their troops in thirty ſable veſſels ſweep,
With equal oars, the hoarſe-reſounding deep.
The *Phocians* next in forty barks repair,
Epiſtrophus and *Schedius* head the war:

From

From thoſe rich regions where *Cephiſſus* leads
His ſilver current thro' the flow'ry meads;
From *Panopëa*, *Chryſa* the divine,
Where *Anemoria*'s ſtately turrets ſhine,
Where *Pytho*, *Daulis*, *Cypariſſus* ſtood,
And fair *Lilæa* views the riſing flood.
Theſe rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Cloſe on the left the bold *Bœotians* ſide.
Fierce *Ajax* led the *Locrian* ſquadrons on,
Ajax the leſs, *Oïleus'* valiant ſon;
Skill'd to direct the flying darts aright;
Swift in purſuit, and active in the fight.
Him, as their Chief, the choſen troops attend,
Which *Beſſa*, *Thronus*, and rich *Cynos* ſend:
Opus, *Calliarus*, and *Scarphe*'s bands;
And thoſe who dwell where pleaſing *Augia* ſtands,
And where *Boägrius* floats the lowly lands,
Or in fair *Tarphe*'s ſylvan ſeats reſide;
In forty veſſels cut the yielding tide.
Eubœa next her martial ſons prepares,
And ſends the brave *Abantes* to the wars:
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From *Chalcis'* walls, and ſtrong *Eretria*;
Th' *Iſteian* fields for gen'rous vines renown'd,
The fair *Caryſtos*, and the *Styrian* ground;
Where *Dios* from her tow'rs o'erlooks the plain,
And high *Cerinthus* views the neighb'ring main.
Down their broad ſhoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands diſmiſs not the long lance in air;
But

V. 649. *Down their broad ſhoulders*, &c.] The *Greek* has it ὄπιθεν κομόωντες, *a tergo comantes*. It was the cuſtom of theſe people

But with protended ſpears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough cors'lets and the brazen ſhields.
Twice twenty ſhips tranſport the warlike bands,
Which bold *Elphenor*, fierce in arms, commands.
Full fifty more from *Athens* ſtem the main,
Led by *Meneſtheus* thro' the liquid plain,
(*Athens* the fair, where great *Erectheus* ſway'd,
That ow'd his nurture to the blue-ey'd maid.
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offspring of the foodful earth.
Him *Pallas* plac'd amidſt her wealthy ſane,
Ador'd with ſacrifice and oxen ſlain;
Where as the years revolve her altars blaze,
And all the tribes reſound the Goddeſs' praiſe.)
No Chief like thee, *Meneſtheus! Greece* could yield,
To marſhal armies in the duſty field,
Th' extended wings of battle to diſplay,
Or cloſe th' embody'd hoſt in firm array.
Neſtor alone, improv'd by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praiſe.
With theſe appear the *Salaminian* bands,
Whom the gigantic *Telamon* commands;

In

people to ſhave the fore-part of their heads, which they did that their enemies might not take the advantage of ſeizing them by the hair: the hinder part they let grow, as a valiant race that would never turn their backs. Their manner of fighting was hand to hand, without quitting their javelins (in the way of our pike-men.) *Plutarch* tells us this in the life of *Theſeus*, and cites, to ſtrengthen the authority of *Homer*, ſome verſes of *Archilochus* to the ſame effect. *Eobanus Heſſus*, who tranſlated *Homer* into *Latin* verſe, was therefore miſtaken in his verſion of this paſſage:

Præcipui jaculatores, haſtamque periti
Vibrare, & longis cuntingere pectora telis.

In twelve black ſhips to *Troy* they ſteer their courſe,
And with the great *Athenians* join their force.
Next move to war the gen'rous *Argive* train,
From high *Trœzenè* and *Maſeta*'s plain,
And fair *Ægina* circled by the main:
Whom ſtrong *Tirynthè*'s lofty walls ſurround,
And *Epidaure* with viny harveſts crown'd:
And where fair *Aſinen* and *Hermion* ſhow
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
Theſe by the brave *Euryalus* were led,
Great *Sthenelus*, and greater *Diomed*,
But chief *Tydides* bore the ſov'reign ſway;
In fourſcore barks they plow the watry way.
The proud *Mycenè* arms her martial pow'rs,
Cleonè, *Corinth*, with imperial tow'rs,
Fair *Arœthyrea*, *Ornia*'s fruitful plain,
And *Ægion*, and *Adraſtus*' ancient reign:
And thoſe who dwell along the ſandy ſhore,
And where *Pellenè* yields her fleecy ſtore,
Where *Helicè* and *Hypereſia* lie,
And *Goneëſſa*'s ſpires ſalute the ſky.
Great *Agamemnon* rules the num'rous band,
A hundred veſſels in long order ſtand,
And crouded nations wait his dread command.
High on the deck the King of Men appears,
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;
Proud of his hoſt, unrival'd in his reign,
In ſilent pomp he moves along the main.
His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
The hardy *Spartans*, exercis'd in arms:
Phares and *Bryſia*'s valiant troops, and thoſe
Whom *Lacedæmon*'s lofty hills incloſe:

Or

Or *Meſſe*'s tow'rs for ſilver doves renown'd,
Amyclæ, *Laäs*, *Augia*'s happy ground,
And thoſe whom *Oetylos*' low walls contain,
And *Helos*, on the margin of the main:
Theſe, o'er the bending Ocean, *Helen*'s cauſe
In ſixty ſhips with *Menelaus* draws:
Eager and loud, from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
The fair one's grief, and ſees her falling tears.
In ninety ſail, from *Pylos*' ſandy coaſt,
Neſtor the ſage conducts his choſen hoſt:
From *Amphigenia*'s ever-fruitful land;
Where *Æpy* high, and little *Ptelcon* ſtand;

Where

V. 711. *Eager and loud, from man to man he flies.*] The figure *Menelaus* makes in this place is remarkably diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, and ſufficient to ſhew his concern in the war was perſonal, while the others acted only for intereſt or glory in general. No leader in all the liſt is repreſented thus eager and paſſionate; he is louder than them all in his exhortations; more active in running among the troops; and inſpirited with the thoughts of revenge, which he ſtill encreaſes with the ſecret imagination of *Helen*'s repentance. This behaviour is finely imagined.

The epithet Βοὴν ἀγαθὸς, which is applied in this and other places to *Menelaus*, and which literally ſignifies *loud-voiced*, is made by the Commentators to mean *valiant*, and tranſlated *bello ſtrenuus*. The reaſon given by *Euſtathius* is, that a loud voice is a mark of ſtrength, the uſual effect of fear being to cut ſhort the reſpiration. I own this ſeems to be forced, and rather believe it was one of thoſe kind of ſurnames given from ſome diſtinguiſhing quality of the perſon (as that of a loud voice might belong to *Menelaus*) which Monſ. *Boileau* mentions in his ninth reflection upon *Longinus*, in the ſame manner as ſome of our Kings were called *Edward Longſhanks*, *William Rufus*, &c. But however it be, the epithet taken in the literal ſenſe has a beauty in this verſe from the circumſtance *Menelaus* is deſcribed in, which determined the tranſlator to uſe it.

V. 746.

Where beauteous *Arenè* her ſtructures ſhows,
And *Thryon*'s walls *Alphëus'* ſtreams incloſe:
And *Dorion*, fam'd for *Thamyris* diſgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
'Till vain of mortals empty praiſe, he ſtrove,
To match the ſeed of cloud-compelling *Jove!*
Too daring bard! whoſe unſucceſsful pride
Th' immortal *Muſes* in their art defy'd.
Th' avenging *Muſes* of the light of day
Depriv'd his eyes, and ſnatch'd his voice away;
No more his heav'nly voice was heard to ſing;
His hand no more awak'd the ſilver ſtring.
Where under high *Cyllenè*, crown'd with wood,
The ſhaded tomb of old *Æpytus* ſtood;
From *Ripè*, *Stratie*, *Tegea*'s bord'ring towns,
The *Phenean* fields, and *Orchomenian* downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous paſture rove;
And *Stymphelus* with her ſurrounding grove,
Parrhaſia, on her ſnowy cliffs reclin'd,
And high *Eniſpè* ſhook with wintry wind,
And fair *Mantinea*'s ever-pleaſing ſite;
In ſixty ſail th' *Arcadian* bands unite.
Bold *Agapenor*, glorious at their head,
(*Ancæus'* ſon) the mighty ſquadron led.
Their ſhips, ſupply'd by *Agamemnon*'s care,
Thro' roaring ſeas the wond'ring warriors bear;
The firſt to battle on th' appointed plain,
But new to all the dangers of the main.

Thoſe,

V. 746. *New to all the dangers of the main.*] The *Arcadians* being an inland people were unſkill'd in navigation, for which reaſon *Agamemnon* furniſhed them with ſhipping. From hence, and from the laſt line of the deſcription of the ſceptre,

Thoſe, where fair *Elis* and *Buprafium* join;
Whom *Hyrmin*, here, and *Myrſinus* confine,
And bounded there, where o'er the vallies roſe
Th' *Olenian* rock; and where *Aliſium* flows;
Beneath four chiefs (a num'rous army) came:
The ſtrength and glory of th' *Epean* name.
In ſep'rate ſquadrons theſe their train divide,
Each leads ten veſſels thro' the yielding tide.
One was *Amphimachus*, and *Thalpius* one;
(*Eurytus*' this, and that *Teätus*' ſon)
Diores ſprung from *Amarynceus*' line;
And great *Polyxenus*, of force divine.
But thoſe who view fair *Elis* o'er the ſeas
From the bleſt iſlands of th' *Echinades*,
In forty veſſels under *Meges* move,
Begot by *Phyleus*, the belov'd of *Jove*,
To ſtrong *Dulichium* from his ſire he fled,
And thence to *Troy* his hardy warriors led.
Ulyſſes follow'd thro' the watry road,
A chief, in wiſdom equal to a God.
With thoſe whom *Cephalenia*'s iſle inclos'd,
Or till their fields along the coaſt oppos'd;
Or where fair *Ithaca* o'erlooks the floods,
Where high *Neritos* ſhakes his waving woods,
Where *Ægilipa*'s rugged ſides are ſeen,
Crocylia rocky, and *Zacynthus* green.
Theſe in twelve gallies with vermilion prores,
Beneath his conduct ſought the *Phrygian* ſhores.

Thoas

ſceptre, where he is ſaid to preſide over *many iſlands*; *Thucydides* takes occaſion to obſerve that the power of *Agamemnon* was ſuperior to the reſt of the Princes of *Greece*, on account of his naval forces, which had rendered him maſter of the ſea. *Thucyd. lib.* 1.

Thoas came next, *Andræmon's* valiant ſon,
From *Pleuron's* walls and chalky *Calydon*,
And rough *Pylenè*, and th' *Olenian* ſteep,
And *Chalcis*, beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriors from th' *Ætolian* ſhore,
For now the ſons of *Oeneus* were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Oeneus himſelf, and *Meleager* dead!
To *Thoas'* care now truſt the martial train,
His forty veſſels follow thro' the main.
Next eighty barks the *Cretan* King commands,
Of *Gnoſſus*, *Lyctus*, and *Gortyna's* bands,
And thoſe who dwell where *Rhytion's* domes ariſe,
Or white *Lycaſtus* glitters to the ſkies,
Or where by *Phæſtus* ſilver *Jordan* runs;
Crete's hundred cities pours forth all her ſons.
Theſe march'd, *Idomeneus*, beneath thy care,
And *Merion*, dreadful as the God of war.
Tlepolemeus, the ſon of *Hercules*,
Led nine ſwift veſſels thro' the foamy ſeas;
From *Rhodes* with everlaſting ſunſhine bright,
Jalyſſus, *Lyndus*, and *Camirus* white.
His captive mother fierce *Alcides* bore
From *Ephyr's* walls, and *Selle's* winding ſhore,
Where mighty towns in ruins ſpread the plain,
And ſaw their blooming warriors early ſlain.
The Hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old *Lycymnius*, ſlew;
For this conſtrain'd to quit his native place,
And ſhun the vengeance of th' *Herculean* race,
A fleet he built, and with a num'rous train
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;

Where

Where many ſeas and many ſuff'rings paſt,
On happy *Rhodes* the chief arriv'd at laſt:
There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;
Encreas'd and proſper'd in their new abodes,
By mighty *Jove*, the ſire of men and Gods;
With joy they ſaw the growing empire riſe,
And ſhow'rs of wealth deſcending from the ſkies.

Three ſhips with *Nireus* fought the *Trojan* ſhore,
Nireus, whom *Aglëe* to *Charopus* bore,
Nireus, in faultleſs ſhape, and blooming grace,
The lovelieſt youth of all the *Grecian* race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and ſmall his ſtrength in arms.

Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
Of thoſe, *Calydnæ*'s ſea-girt iſles contain;
With them the youth of *Niſyrus* repair
Caſus the ſtrong, and *Crapathus* the fair;

Cos,

V. 815. *Three ſhips with* Nireus.] This leader is no where mentioned but in theſe lines, and is an exception to the obſervation of *Macrobius*, that all the perſons of the catalogue make their appearance afterwards in the poem. *Homer* himſelf gives us the reaſon, becauſe *Nireus* had but a ſmall ſhare of worth and valour; his Quality only giving him a privilege to be named among men. The Poet has cauſed him to be remembered no leſs than *Achilles* or *Ulyſſes*, but yet in no better manner than he deſerved, whoſe only qualification was his beauty: 'Tis by a bare repetition of his name three times, which juſt leaves ſome impreſſion of him on the mind of the reader. Many others of as trivial memory as *Nireus*, have been preſerved by Poets from oblivion; but few Poets have ever done this favour to want of merit, with ſo much judgment. *Demetrius Phalereus* περὶ Ἑρμηνείας, *ſect.* 61. takes notice of this beautiful repetition, which in a juſt deference to ſo delicate a Critick is here preſerved in the tranſlation.

Cos, where *Eurypylus* poſſeſt the ſway,
'Till great *Alcides* made the realms obey:
Theſe *Antiphus* and bold *Phidippus* bring,
Sprung from the God, by *Theſſalus* the King.
Now, Muſe, recount *Pelaſgic Argus'* pow'rs,
From *Alos*, *Aloè*, and *Trechin's* tow'rs;
From *Phthia's* ſpacious vales; and *Hella*, bleſt
With female beauty far beyond the reſt.
Full fifty ſhips beneath *Achilles'* care
Th' *Achanians*, *Myrmidons*, *Hellenians* bear;
Theſſalians all, tho' various in their name,
The ſame their nation, and their chief the ſame.
But now inglorious, ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
No more the foe they face in dire array;
Cloſe in his fleet their angry leader lay;
Since fair *Briſeis* from his arms was torn,
The nobleſt ſpoil from ſack'd *Lyrneſſus* borne,
Then, when the chief the *Theban* walls o'erthrew,
And the bold ſons of great *Evenus* ſlew.
There mourn'd *Achilles*, plung'd in depth of care,
But ſoon to riſe in ſlaughter, blood, and war.
To theſe the youth of *Phylacè* ſucceed,
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
And graſſy *Ptèleon* deck'd with chearful greens,
The bow'rs of *Ceres*, and the ſylvan ſcenes,
Sweet *Pyrrhaſus*, with blooming flourets crown'd,
And *Antron's* wat'ry dens, and cavern'd ground.
Theſe own'd as chief *Proteſilas* the brave:
Who now lay ſilent in the gloomy grave:
The firſt who boldly touch'd the *Trojan* ſhore,
And dy'd a *Phrygian* lance with *Grecian* gore;

There

There lies, far diſtant from his native plain;
Unfiniſh'd, his proud palaces remain,
And his ſad conſort beats her breaſt in vain.
His troops in forty ſhips *Podarces* led,
Iphiclus' ſon, and brother to the dead:
Nor he unworthy to command the hoſt;
Yet ſtill they mourn'd their ancient leader loſt.
The men who *Glaphyra's* fair ſoil partake,
Where hills encircle *Bœbe's* lowly lake,
Where *Pheræ* hears the neighb'ring waters fall,
Or proud *Iolcus* lifts her airy wall.
In ten black ſhips embark'd for *Ilion's* ſhore,
With bold *Eumelus*, whom *Alceſtè* bore:
All *Pelias'* race *Alceſtè* far outſhin'd,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.
The troops *Methonè*, or *Thaumacia* yields,
Olizon's rocks, or *Melibœa's* fields,
With *Philoctetes* ſail'd, whoſe matchleſs art
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.
Sev'n were his ſhips; each veſſel fifty row,
Skill'd in his ſcience of the dart and bow.
But he lay raging on the *Lemnian* ground,
A pois'nous *Hydra* gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,
Whom *Greece* at length ſhall wiſh, nor wiſh in vain.
His

V. 871. *The grace and glory of the beauteous kind*] He gives *Alceſtis* this elogy of the glory of her ſex, for her conjugal piety, who died to preſerve the life of her huſband *Admetus*. *Euripides* has a tragedy on this ſubject, which abounds in the moſt maſterly ſtrokes of tenderneſs: In particular the firſt act, which contains the deſcription of her preparation for death, and of her behaviour in it, can never be enough admired.

His forces *Medon* led from *Lemnos'* ſhore,
Oïleus' ſon whom beauteous *Rhena* bore.
Th' *Oechalian* race, in thoſe high tow'rs contain'd,
Where once *Eurytus* in proud triumph reign'd,
Or where her humble turrets *Tricca* rears,
Or where *Ithomè*, rough with rocks, appears;
In thirty ſail the ſparkling waves divide,
Which *Podalirius* and *Machaon* guide.
To theſe his ſkill their * Parent-God imparts,
Divine profeſſors of the healing arts.
The bold *Ormenian* and *Aſterian* bands
In forty barks *Eurypylus* commands,
Where *Titan* hides his hoary head in ſnow,
And where *Hyperia's* ſilver fountains flow.
Thy troops, *Argiſſa*, *Polypœtes* leads,
And *Eleon*, ſhelter'd by *Olympus'* ſhades,
Gyrtonè's warriors; and where *Orthè* lies,
And *Olcōſſon's* chalky cliffs ariſe.
Sprung from *Pirithoüs* of immortal race,
The fruit of fair *Hippodamè's* embrace.
(That day, when hurl'd from *Pelion's* cloudy head,
To diſtant dens the ſhaggy *Centaurs* fled)
With *Polypœtes* join'd in equal ſway
Leonteus leads, and forty ſhips obey.
In twenty ſail the bold *Perrhæbians* came
From *Cyphus*, *Guneus* was their leader's name.

With

* *Æſculapius.*

V. 906. *In twenty ſhips the bold* Perrhæbians *came.*] I cannot tell whether it be worth obſerving that, except *Ogilby*, I have not met one tranſlator who has exactly preſerved the number of the ſhips. *Chapman* puts eighteen under *Eumelus* inſtead

With theſe the *Enians* join'd, and thoſe who freeze
Where old *Dodona* lifts her holy trees:
Or where the pleaſing *Titareſius* glides,
And in *Peneus* rolls his eaſy tides;
Yet o'er the ſilver ſurface pure they flow,
The ſacred ſtream unmix'd with ſtreams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods!
Laſt under *Prothous* the *Magneſians* ſtood,
Prothous the ſwift, of old *Tenthredon*'s blood;
Who dwell where *Pelion*, crown'd with piny boughs,
Obſcures the glade, and nods his ſhaggy brows:
Or where thro' flow'ry *Tempè Peneus* ſtray'd,
(The region ſtretch'd beneath his mighty ſhade.)
In ſorty ſable barks they ſtem'd the main;
Such were the chiefs, and ſuch the *Grecian* train.
Say next, O Muſe! of all *Achaïa* breeds,
Who braveſt fought, or rein'd the nobleſt ſteeds?

Eumelus'

inſtead of eleven: *Hibbes* but twenty under *Aſcalaphus* and *Ialmen* inſtead of thirty, and but thirty under *Menelaus* inſtead of ſixty. *Valterie* (the former *French* tranſlator) has given *Agapenor* ſorty for ſixty, and *Neſtor* forty for ninety: Madam *Dacier* gives *Neſtor* but eighty. I muſt confeſs this tranſlation not to have been quite ſo exact as *Ogilby*'s, having cut off one from the number of *Eumelus*'s ſhips, and two from thoſe of *Guneus: Eleven* and *two and twenty* would ſound but oddly in *Engliſh* verſe, and a poem contracts a littleneſs by inſiſting on ſuch trivial niceties.

V. 925. *Or rein'd the nobleſt ſteeds.*] This coupling together the men and horſes ſeems odd enough, but *Homer* every where treats theſe noble animals with remarkable regard. We need not wonder at this enquiry, *which were the beſt horſes?* from him who makes his horſes of heavenly extraction as well as his heroes; who makes his warriors addreſs them with ſpeeches, and excite them by all thoſe motives which affect a human breaſt; who deſcribes them ſhedding tears

Eumelus' mares were foremoſt in the chace,
As eagles fleet, and of *Pheretian* race;
Bred where *Pieria's* fruitful mountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the ſilver bow.
Fierce in the fight, their noſtrils breath'd a flame,
Their height, their colour, and their age the ſame;
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
And break the ranks, and thunder thro' the war.
Ajax in arms the firſt renown acquir'd,
While ſtern *Achilles* in his wrath retir'd:
(His was the ſtrength that mortal might exceeds,
And his, th' unrival'd race of heav'nly ſteeds)
But *Thetis'* ſon now ſhines in arms no more;
His troops neglected on the ſandy ſhore,

In

tears of ſorrow, and even capable of voice and prophecy: In moſt of which points *Virgil* has not ſcrupled to imitate him.

V. 939. *His troops*, &c.] The image in theſe lines of the amuſements of the *Myrmidons*, while *Achilles* detained them from the fight, has an exquiſite propriety in it. Tho' they are not in action, their very diverſions are military, and a kind of exerciſe of arms. The covered chariots and feeding horſes, make a natural part of the picture; and nothing is finer than the manly concern of the captains, who as they are ſuppoſed more ſenſible of glory than the ſoldiers, take no ſhare in their diverſions, but wander ſorrowfully round the camp, and lament their being kept from the battle. This difference betwixt the ſoldiers and the leaders (as *Dacier* obſerves) is a decorum of the higheſt beauty. *Milton* has admirably imitated this in the deſcription he gives in his ſecond book of the diverſions of the angels during the abſence of *Lucifer*.

Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime,
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend;
Part curb their fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.

But

In empty air their ſportive jav'lins throw,
Or whirl the diſk, or bend an idle bow:
Unſtain'd with blood his cover'd chariots ſtand;
Th' immortal courſers graze along the ſtrand;
But the brave Chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
And wand'ring o'er the camp, requir'd their Lord.
Now, like a deluge, cov'ring all around,
The ſhining armies ſwept along the ground;
Swift as a flood of fire, when ſtorms ariſe,
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the ſkies.
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry *Jove*
Hurls down the forky lightning from above,

But how nobly and judiciouſly has he raiſed the image, in proportion to the nature of thoſe more exalted beings, in that which follows?

Others with vaſt Typhœan *rage more fell*
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.

950. *As when angry* Jove.] The compariſon preceding this, of a fire which runs through the corn and blazes to heaven, had expreſt at once the dazzling of their arms and the ſwiftneſs of their march. After which, *Homer* having mentioned the ſound of their feet, ſuperadds another ſimile, which comprehends both the ideas of the brightneſs and the noiſe: for here (ſays *Euſtathius*) the earth appears to *burn* and *groan* at the ſame time. Indeed the firſt of theſe ſimiles is ſo full and ſo noble, that it ſcarce ſeemed poſſible to be exceeded by any image drawn from nature. But *Homer*, to raiſe it yet higher, has gone into the *marvellous*, given a prodigious and ſupernatural proſpect, and brought down *Jupiter* himſelf, arrayed in all his terrors, to diſcharge his lightnings and thunders on *Typhœus*. The Poet breaks out into this deſcription with an air of enthuſiaſm, which greatly heightens the image in general, while it ſeems to tranſport him beyond the limits of an exact compariſon. And this daring manner is particular to our author above all the ancients, and to *Milton* above all the moderns.

On *Arimè* when he the thunder throws,
And fires *Typhœus* with redoubled blows,
Where *Typhon*, preſt beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of th' avenging God.
But various *Iris*, *Jove*'s commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds thro' liquid air;
In *Priam*'s porch the *Trojan* chiefs ſhe found,
The old conſulting, and the youths around.
Polites' ſhape, the monarch's ſon, ſhe choſe,
Who from *Æſetes'* tomb obſerv'd the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in proſpect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy and the bay.
In this diſſembled form, ſhe haſtes to bring
Th' unwelcome meſſage to the *Phrygian* King.
Ceaſe to conſult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
Aſſembled armies oft' have I beheld;
But ne'er till now ſuch numbers charg'd a field.
Thick as autumnal leaves, or driving ſand,
The moving ſquadrons blacken all the ſtrand.
Thou, God-like *Hector!* all thy force employ,
Aſſemble all th' united bands of *Troy;*
In juſt array let ev'ry leader call
The foreign troops: This day demands them all.
The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;
The council breaks, the warriors ruſh to arms,
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on nations fill the duſky plain.
Men, ſteeds, and chariots ſhake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
Amidſt the plain in ſight of *Ilion* ſtands
A riſing mount, the work of human hands;

(This

(This for *Myrinnè*'s tomb th' immortals know,
Tho' call'd *Bateïa* in the world below)
Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
Th' auxiliary troops and *Trojan* hosts appear.
The god-like *Hector*, high above the rest,
Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumy crest:
In throngs around his native bands repair,
And groves of lances glitter in the air.
Divine *Æneas* brings the *Dardan* race,
Anchises' son, by *Venus*' stolen embrace,
Born in the shades of *Ida*'s secret grove,
(A mortal mixing with the Queen of Love)
Archilochus and *Acamas* divide
The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.
Who fair *Zeleia*'s wealthy valiies till,
Fast by the foot of *Ida*'s sacred hill;
Or drink, *Æsepus*, of thy sable flood;
Were led by *Pandarus*, of royal blood.
To whom his art *Apollo* deign'd to show,
Grac'd with the present of his shafts and bow.
From rich *Apæsus* and *Adrastia*'s tow'rs,
High *Teree*'s summits, and *Pityea*'s bow'rs;
From these the congregated troops obey
Young *Amphius* and *Adrastus*' equal sway;
Old *Merops*' sons; whom, skill'd in fates to come,
The Sire forewarn'd, and propheſy'd their doom:
Fate urg'd them on! the fire forewarn'd in vain,
They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.
From *Practius*' stream, *Percotè*'s pasture lands,
And *Sestos* and *Abydos*' neighb'ring strands,

V. 1012. *From* Practius' *stream*, Percotè's *pasture lands.*] *Homer* does not expressly mention *Practius* as a river, but *Strabo*,

From great *Ariſbas'* walls and *Selle's* coaſt,
Aſius Hyrtacides conducts his hoſt:
High on his car he ſhakes the flowing reins,
His fiery courſers thunder o'er the plains.
The fierce *Pelaſgi* next, in war renown'd,
March from *Lariſſa's* ever-fertile ground:
In equal arms their brother leaders ſhine,
Hippothous bold, and *Pyleus* the divine.
Next *Acamas* and *Pyrous* lead their hoſts
In dread array, from *Thracia's* wintry coaſts;
Round the bleak realms where *Helleſpontus* roars,
And *Boreas* beats the hoarſe-reſounding ſhores.
With great *Euphemus* the *Ciconians* move,
Sprung from *Trœzenian Ceüs*, lov'd by *Jove*.
Pyrœchmes the *Pæonian* troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight their crooked bows to bend;
From *Axius'* ample bed he leads them on,
Axius, that laves the diſtant *Amydon*,
Axius, that ſwells with all his neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills.
The *Paphlagonians Pylœmenes* rules,
Where rich *Henetia* breeds her ſavage mules,
Where *Erytibnus'* riſing cliffs are ſeen,
Thy groves of box, *Cytorus!* ever green;
And where *Ægialus* and *Cromna* lie,
And loſty *Seſamus* invades the ſky;
And where *Parthenius*, roll'd thro' banks of flow'rs,
Reflects her bord'ring palaces and bow'rs.

Here

be, *lib.* 13. tells us it is to be underſtood ſo in this paſſage. The appellative of paſture lands to *Percote* is juſtified in the 15th *Iliad.* v. 646 where *Melanippus* the ſon of *Hicetaon* is ſaid to feed his oxen in that place.

Here march'd in arms, the *Halizonian* band,
Whom *Odius* and *Epiſtrophus* command,
From thoſe far regions where the ſun refines
The ripening ſilver in *Alybean* mines.
There mighty *Chromis* led the *Myſian* train,
And Augur *Eunomus*, inſpir'd in vain,
For ſtern *Achilles* lopt his ſacred head,
Roll'd down *Scamander* with the vulgar dead.
Phorcys and brave *Aſcanius* here unite
Th' *Aſcanian Phrygians*, eager for the fight.
Of thoſe who round *Mæonia*'s realms reſide,
Or whom the vales in ſhade of *Tmolus* hide,
Meſtles and *Antiphus* the charge partake;
Born on the banks of *Gyges'* ſilent lake.
There, from the fields where wild *Mæander* flows,
High *Mycale*, and *Latmos'* ſhady brows,
And proud *Miletus*, came the *Carian* throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barb'rous tongues,
Amphimachus and *Nauſtus* guide the train,
Nauſtus the bold, *Amphimachus* the vain,
Who trick'd with gold, and glitt'ring on his car,
Rode like a Woman to the field of war.
Fool that he was! by fierce *Achilles* ſlain,
The river ſwept him to the briny main:
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies;
The valiant victor ſeiz'd the golden prize.
The forces laſt in fair array ſucceed,
Which blameleſs *Glaucus* and *Sarpedon* led;
The warlike bands that diſtant *Lycia* yields,
Where gulphy *Xanthus* foams along the fields.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* CATALOGUE.

IF we look upon this piece with an eye to ancient learning, it may be obſerved, that however fabulous the other parts of *Homer*'s poem may be, according to the nature of Epic poetry; this account of the people, princes, and countries, is purely hiſtorical, founded on the real tranſactions of thoſe times, and by far the moſt valuable piece of hiſtory and geography left us concerning the ſtate of *Greece* in that early period. *Greece* was then divided into ſeveral Dynaſties, which our Author has enumerated under their reſpective princes; and his diviſion was looked upon ſo exact, that we are told of many controverſies concerning the boundaries of *Grecian* cities, which have been decided upon the authority of this piece. *Euſtathius* has collected together the following inſtances. The city of *Calydon* was adjudged to the *Ætolians*, notwithſtanding the pretenſions of *Æolia*, becauſe *Homer* had ranked it among the towns belonging to the former. *Seſtos* was given to thoſe of *Abydos*, upon the plea that he had ſaid the *Abydonians* were poſſeſſors of *Seſtos*, *Abydos*, and *Ariſbe*. When the *Mileſians* and people of *Ariene* diſputed their claim to *Myeale*, a verſe of *Homer* carried it in favour of the *Mileſians*. And the *Athenians* were put in poſſeſſion of *Salamis* by another which was cited by *Solon*, (or as ſome think) interpolated by him for that purpoſe.

purpoſe. Nay, in ſo high eſtimation has this catalogue been held, that (as *Porphyry* has written) there have been laws in ſome nations for the youth to learn it by heart, and particularly *Cerdias* (whom *Cuperus de Apophth. Homeri* takes to be *Cercydas*, a Law giver of the *Megalopolitans)* made it one to his countrymen.

But if we conſider the catalogue purely as poetical, it will not want its beauties in that light. *Rapin*, who was none of the moſt ſuperſtitious admirers of our Author, reckons it among thoſe parts, which had particularly charmed him. We may obſerve firſt, what an air of probability is ſpread over the whole poem, by the particularizing of every nation and people concerned in this war. Secondly, what an entertaining ſcene he preſents to us, of ſo many countries drawn in their livelieſt and moſt natural colours, while we wander along with him amidſt a beautiful variety of towns, havens, foreſts, vineyards, groves, mountains, and rivers; and are perpetually amuſed with his obſervations on the different ſoils, products, ſituations, or proſpects. Thirdly, what a noble review he paſſes before us of ſo mighty an army, drawn out in order troop by troop; which, had the number only been told in the groſs, had never filled the reader with ſo great a notion of the importance of the action. Fourthly, the deſcription of the differing arms and manner of fighting of the ſoldiers, and the various attitudes he has given to the commanders: Of theſe leaders, the greateſt part are either the immediate ſons of Gods, or the deſcendants of Gods; and how great an idea muſt we have of a war, to the

waging of which ſo many Demi-gods and heroes are aſſembled? Fifthly, the ſeveral artful compliments he paid by this means to his own country in general, and many of his contemporaries in particular, by a celebration of the genealogies, ancient ſeats, and dominions of the great men of his time. Sixthly, the agreeable mixture of narrations from paſſages of hiſtory or fables, with which he amuſes and relieves us at proper intervals. And laſtly, the admirable judgment wherewith he introduces this whole catalogue, juſt at a time when the poſture of affairs in the army rendered ſuch a review of abſolute neceſſity to the *Greeks*; and in a pauſe of action, while each was refreſhing himſelf to prepare for the enſuing battles.

Macrobius in his *Saturnalia*, *lib.* 5. *cap.* 15 has given us a judicious piece of criticiſm, in the compariſon betwixt the catalogues of *Homer* and *Virgil*, in which he juſtly allows the preference to our author, for the following reaſons. *Homer* (ſays he) has begun his deſcription from the moſt noted promontory of *Greece*, (he means that of *Aulis*, where was the narroweſt paſſage to *Eubœa*). From thence with a regular progreſs he deſcribes either the maritime or mediterranean towns, as their ſituations are contiguous: He never paſſes with ſudden leaps from place to place, omitting thoſe which lie between; but proceeding like a traveller in the way he has begun, conſtantly returns to the place from whence he digreſſed, till he finiſhes the whole circle he deſigned. *Virgil*, on the contrary, has obſerved no order in the regions deſcribed in his catalogue, *l.* 10. but is perpetually breaking from the courſe of the country in a looſe and

and deſultory manner. You have *Cluſium* and *Coſæ* at the beginning, next, *Populonia* and *Ilva*, then *Piſæ*, which lie at a vaſt diſtance in *Etruria*; and immediately after *Cerete*, *Pyrgi*, and *Graviſcæ*, places adjacent to *Rome*: From hence he is ſnatched to *Liguria*, then to *Mantua*. The ſame negligence is obſervable in his enumeration of the aids that followed *Turnus*, in *l.* 7. *Macrobius* next remarks, that all the perſons that are named by *Homer* in his catalogue, are afterwards introduced in his battles, and whenever any others are killed, he mentions only a multitude in general. Whereas *Virgil* (he continues) has ſpared himſelf the labour of that exactneſs; for not only ſeveral whom he mentions in the liſt, are never heard of in the war, but others make a figure in the war, of whom we had no notice in the liſt. For example, he ſpecifies a thouſand men under *Maſſicus* who came from *Cluſium*, *l.* 10. v. 167. *Turnus* ſoon afterwards is in the ſhip which had carried King *Oſinius* from the ſame place, *l.* 10. v. 653. This *Oſinius* was never named before, nor is it probable a King ſhould ſerve under *Maſſicus*. Nor indeed does either *Maſſicus* or *Oſinius* ever make their appearance in the battles.—He proceeds to inſtance ſeveral others, who, tho' celebrated for heroes in the catalogue, have no farther notice taken of them throughout the poem. In the third place he animadverts upon the confuſion of the ſame names in *Virgil*: As where *Corinæus* in the ninth book is killed by *Aſylas*, v. 571. and *Corinæus* in the twelfth book kills *Ebuſus*, v. 298. *Numa* is ſlain by *Niſus*, *l.* 9. v. 554. and *Æneas* is afterwards in purſuit of *Numa*, *l.* 10.

v. 562. *Æneas* kills *Camertes* in the tenth book, v. 562. and *Juturna* assumes his shape in the twelfth, v. 224. He observes the same obscurity in his *Patronymics*. There is *Palinurus Iasides*, and *Iapix Iasides*, *Hippocoon Hyrtacides*, and *Asylas Hyrtacides*. On the contrary, the caution of *Homer* is remarkable, who having two of the name of *Ajax*, is constantly careful to distinguish them by *Oïleus* or *Telamonius*, the *lesser* or the *greater Ajax*.

I know nothing to be alledged in defence of *Virgil*, in answer to this author, but the common excuse that his *Æneis* was left unfinished. And upon the whole, these are such trivial slips, as great Wits may pass over, and little Criticks may rejoice at.

But *Macrobius* has another remark, which one may accuse of evident partiality on the side of *Homer*. He blames *Virgil* for having varied the expression in his catalogue, to avoid the repetition of the same words, and prefers the bare and unadorned reiterations of *Homer*; who begins almost every article the same way, and ends perpetually, Μίλητον τε, &c. Perhaps the best reason to be given for this, had been the artless manner of the first times, when such repetitions were not thought ungraceful. This may appear from several of the like nature in the scripture; as in the twenty-sixth chapter of *Numbers*, where the tribes of *Israel* are enumerated in the plains of *Moab*, and each division recounted in the same words. So in the seventh chapter of the *Revelations*: *Of the tribe of* Gad *were sealed twelve thousand*, &c. But the words of *Macrobius* are, *Has copias fortasse putat aliquis divinæ illi simplicitati præferendas. Sed nescio*

veſcio quo modo Homerum repetitio illa unicè decet, & eſt genio antiqui Poetæ digna. This is exactly in the ſpirit, and almoſt in the cant, of a true modern critick. The *ſimplicitas*, the *Veſcio quo modo*, the *Genio antiqui Poetæ digna*, are excellent general phraſes for thoſe who have no reaſons. *Simplicity* is our word of diſguiſe for a ſhameful unpoetical neglect of expreſſion: The term of the *Je ne ſcay quoy* is the very ſupport of all ignorant pretenders to delicacy; and to liſt up our eyes and talk of the *Genius of an ancient*, is at once the cheapeſt way of ſhewing our own taſte, and the ſhorteſt way of criticizing the wit of others our contemporaries.

One may add to the foregoing compariſon of theſe two authors, ſome reaſons for the length of *Homer*'s, and the ſhortneſs of *Virgil*'s catalogue. As, that *Homer* might have a deſign to ſettle the geography of his country, there being no deſcription of *Greece* before his days, which was not the caſe with *Virgil*. *Homer*'s concern was to compliment *Greece* at a time when it was divided into many diſtinct ſtates, each of which might expect a place in his catalogue: But when all *Italy* was ſwallowed up in the ſole dominion of *Rome*, *Virgil* had only *Rome* to celebrate. *Homer* had a numerous army, and was to deſcribe an important war with great and various events, whereas *Virgil*'s ſphere was much more confined. The ſhips of the *Greeks* were computed at about one thouſand two hundred, thoſe of *Æneas* and his aids but at two and forty; and as the time of the action of both poems is the ſame, we may ſuppoſe the built of their ſhips, and the number of men they contained, to be much alike.

alike. So that if the army of *Homer* amounts to about a hundred thouſand men, that of *Virgil* cannot be above four thouſand. If any one be farther curious to know upon what this computation is founded, he may ſee it in the following paſſage of *Thucydides*, *lib.* 1. "*Homer*'s fleet (ſays he) conſiſted of "one thouſand two hundred veſſels: thoſe of the "*Bœotians* carried one hundred and twenty men in "each, and thoſe of *Philoctetes* fifty. By theſe I "ſuppoſe *Homer* expreſt the largeſt and the ſmalleſt "ſize of ſhips, and therefore mentions no other ſort. "But he tells us of thoſe who ſailed with *Philoctetes*, "that they ſerved both as mariners and ſoldiers, in "ſaying the rowers were all of them archers. From "hence the whole number will be ſeen, if we eſti-"mate the ſhips at a medium between the greateſt "and the leaſt." That is to ſay, at eighty five men to each veſſel (which is the mean between fifty and a hundred and twenty) the total comes to a hundred and two thouſand men. *Plutarch* was therefore in a miſtake, when he computed the men at a hundred and twenty thouſand, which proceeded from his ſuppoſing a hundred and twenty in every ſhip; the contrary to which appears from the above-mentioned ſhips of *Philoctetes*, as well as from thoſe of *Achilles*, which are ſaid to carry but fifty men a piece, in the ſixteenth *Iliad*, v. 207.

Beſides *Virgil*'s imitation of this catalogue, there has ſcarce been any Epic writer but has copied after it; which is at leaſt a proof how beautiful this part has been ever eſteemed by the fineſt genius's in all ages. The catalogues in the ancient Poets are gene-

rally

rally known, only I muſt take notice that the *Phocian* and *Bœotian* towns in the fourth *Thebaïd* of *Statius* are tranſlated from hence. Of the moderns, thoſe who moſt excel, owe their beauty to the imitation of ſome ſingle particular only of *Homer*. Thus the chief grace of *Taſſo*'s catalogue conſiſts in the deſcription of the heroes, without any thing remarkable on the ſide of the countries: Of the pieces of ſtory he has interwoven, that of *Tancred*'s amour to *Clarinda* is ill-placed, and evidently too long for the reſt. *Spencer*'s enumeration of the *Britiſh* and *Iriſh rivers* in the eleventh canto of his fourth book, is one of the nobleſt in the world; if we conſider his ſubject was more confined, and can excuſe his not obſerving the order or courſe of the country; but his variety of deſcription, and fruitfulneſs of imagination, are no where more admirable than in that part. *Milton*'s liſt of the fallen angels in his firſt book is an exact imitation of *Homer*, as far as regards the digreſſions of hiſtory, and antiquities, and his manner of inſerting them: In all elſe I believe it muſt be allowed inferior. And indeed what *Macrobius* has ſaid to caſt *Virgil* below *Homer*, will fall much more ſtrongly upon all the reſt.

I had ſome cauſe to fear that this catalogue, which contributed ſo much to the ſucceſs of the Author, ſhould ruin that of the Tranſlator. A mere heap of proper names, tho' but for a few lines together, could afford little entertainment to an *Engliſh* reader, who probably could not be apprized either of the neceſſity or beauty of this part of the Poem. There were but two things to be done to give it a chance to pleaſe him;

him; to render the verſification very flowing and mu ſical, and to make the whole appear as much a *landſcape* or *piece of painting* as poſſible. For both of theſe I had the example of *Homer* in general; and *Virgil*, who found the neceſſity in another age to give more into deſcription, ſeemed to authorize the latter in particular. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, in his diſcourſe of the *Structure and diſpoſition of words*, profeſſes to admire nothing more than that harmonious exactneſs with which *Homer* has placed theſe words, and ſoftened the ſyllables into each other, ſo as to derive muſick from a croud of names, which have in themſelves no beauty or dignity. I would flatter myſelf that I have practiſed this not unſucceſsfully in our language, which is more ſuſceptible of all the variety and power of numbers than any of the modern, and ſecond to none but the *Greek* and *Roman*. For the latter point, I have ventured to open the proſpect a little, by the addition of a few epithets or ſhort hints of deſcription to ſome of the places mentioned; though ſeldom exceeding the compaſs of half a verſe, (the ſpace to which my Author himſelf generally confines theſe pictures in miniature.) But this has never been done without the beſt authorities from the ancients, which may be ſeen under the reſpective names in the Geographical Table following.

The table itſelf I thought but neceſſary to annex to the map, as my warrant for the ſituations aſſigned in it to ſeveral of the towns. For in whatever maps I have ſeen to this purpoſe, many of the places are omitted, or elſe ſet down at random. *Sophianus* and *Gerbelius* have laboured to ſettle the geography of old

Greece,

Greece, many of whose mistakes were rectified by *Laurenbergius*. These however deserved a greater commendation than those who succeeded them; and particularly *Sanson*'s map, prefixed to *Du Pin's Bibliotheque Historique*, is miserably defective both in omissions and false placings; which I am obliged to mention, as it pretends to be designed expresly for this catalogue of *Homer*. I am persuaded the greater part of my readers will have no curiosity this way, however they may allow me the endeavour of gratifying those few who have: The rest are at liberty to pass the two or three following leaves unread.

A GEOGRAPHICAL

A GEOGRAPHICAL TABLE *of the Towns, &c. in* HOMER's *Catalogue of* GREECE, *with the Authorities for their ſituation, as placed in this Map.*

BOEOTIA, *under five Captains,* Peneleus, *&c. containing,*

AULIS, a haven on the *Eubœan* ſea oppoſite to *Chalcis*, where the paſſage to *Eubœa* is narroweſt. *Strabo, lib.* 9.

Eteon, *Homer* deſcribes it a hilly country, and *Statius* after him — *denſamque jugis Eteonen iniquis. Theb.* 7.

Hyrie, a town and lake of the ſame name, belonging to the territory of *Tanagra* or *Græa. Strab. l.* 9.

Sclœnus, it lay in the road between *Thebes* and *Anthedon*, 50 ſtadia from *Thebes. Strab. Ibid.*

Scholos, a town under mount *Cytheron. Ibid.*

Theſpia, near *Haliartus* under mount *Helicon. Pauſ. Bœot.* Near the *Corinthian* bay. *Strab. l.* 9.

Græa, the ſame with *Tanagra*, 30 ſtadia from *Aulis*, on the *Eubœan* ſea; by this place the river *Aſopus* falls into that ſea. *Ibid.*

Mycaleſſus, between *Thebes* and *Chalcis. Pauſ. Bœot.* Near *Tanagra* or *Græa. Strab. l.* 9. Famous for its pine-trees.— *Pinigeris Mycaleſſus in agris. Statius, l.* 7.

Harma, cloſe by *Mycaleſſus. Strab. l.* 9. This town as well as the former lay near the road from *Thebes* to *Chalcis. Pauſ. Bœot.* It was here that *Amphiaraus* was ſwallowed by the earth in his chariot,

GRÆCIA HOMERICA

PHRYGIA cum Oris Maritimis

chariot, from whence it received its name. *Strab. Ibid.*

Ileſion, it was ſituate in the fens near *Heleon* and *Hyle*, not far from *Tanagra*. Theſe three places took their names from being ſo ſeated (Ἕλος, *Palus.*) *Strabo, l.* 9.

Erythræ, in the confines of *Attica* near *Plataea*. *Thucyd. l.* 3.—*dites pecorum comitantur Erythræ. Stat. Theb.* 7.

Peteon, in the way from *Thebes* to *Anthedon. Strab. l.* 9.

Ocalea, in the mid-way betwixt *Haliartus* and *Alalcomenes. Ibid.*

Medeon, near *Onchestus. Ibid.*

Copæ, a town on the lake *Copais*, by the river *Cephiſſus*, next *Orchomenus. Ibid.*

Eutreſis, a ſmall town of the *Theſpians* near *Thiſbe. Ibid.*

Thiſbe, under the mount *Helicon. Pauſ. Bœot.*

Coronea, ſeated on the *Cephiſſus*, where it falls into the lake *Copais. Strabo, l.* 9.

Haliartus, on the ſame lake, *Strab. Ibid.* Bordering on *Ceronea* and *Plataea. Pauſ. Bœot.*

Plataea, between *Citheron* and *Thebes*, divided from the latter by the river *Aſopus. Strab. l.* 9. *Virideſque Plataeas. Stat. Th.* 7.

Gliſſa, in the territory of *Thebes*, abounding with vines. *Baccho Gliſanta colentes. Stat. Th.* 7.

Thebe, ſituate between the rivers *Iſmenus* and *Aſopus. Strab. l.* 9.

Onchestus, on the lake *Copais*. The grove conſecrated to *Neptune* in this place, and celebrated by *Homer*, together with a temple and ſtatue of that God, were ſhewn in the time of *Pauſanias. Vide Bœot.*

Arne, ſeated on the ſame lake, famous for vines. *Strab Hom.*

Midea, on the ſame lake. *Ibid.*

Niſſa, or *Nyſa* (*apud Statium*) or according to *Strabo, l.* 9. *Iſa*; near *Anthedon.*

Anthedon, a city on the ſea-ſide oppoſite to *Eubœa*, the utmoſt on the ſhore towards *Locris. Stra. l.* 9. *Teque ultima tractu*

tractu Anthedon. Statius, l. 7.

Aſpledon, 20 ſtadia from *Orchomenus*, *Strab. l. 9.*

Orchomenus, and the plains about it, being the moſt ſpacious of all in *Bœotia* (*Plutarch* in vit. *Syllæ*, circa medium.)

Homer diſtinguiſhes theſe two laſt from the reſt of *Bœotia*. They were commanded by *Aſcalaphus* and *Ialmen.*

PHOCIS, *under* Schedius *and* Epiſtrophus, *containing*,

Cyparisſus, the ſame with *Anticyrrha* according to *Pauſanias*, on the bay of *Corinth.*

Pytho, adjoining to *Parnaſſus*: ſome think it the ſame with *Delphi. Pauſan. Phocic.*

Criſſa, a ſea-town on the bay of *Corinth* near *Cyrrha. Strab. l. 9.*

Daulis, upon the *Cephiſſus* at the foot of *Parnaſſus. Ibid.*

Panopea, upon the ſame river, adjoining to *Orchomenia*, juſt by *Hyampolis* or *Anemoria. Ibid.*

Hyampolis, *Anemoria*, { both the ſame according to *Strab. Ibid.* confining upon *Locris. Pauſ. Phoc.*

Lilea, at the head of the river *Cephiſſus*, juſt on the edge of *Phocis. Ibid. propellentemque Lilæam Cephiſſi glaciale caput. Stat. l. 7.*

LOCRIS, *under* Ajax Oïleus, *containing*,

Cynus, a maritime town towards *Eubœa. Strab. l. 9.*

Opus, a *Locrian* city, 15 ſtadia from the ſea, adjacent to *Panopea* in *Phocis. Ibid.*

Calliarus.

Beſſa, ſo called from being covered with ſhrubs. *Strab. l. 9.*

Scarphe, ſeated between *Thronium* and *Thermopylæ*, ten ſtadia from the ſea. *Ibid.*

Augiæ.

Tarphe.

Phronius, on the *Melian* bay. *Strab. l. 9.*

Boagrius, a river that paſſes by *Thronius*, and runs into the bay of *Oeta*, between *Cynus* and *Scarphe. Ibid.*

All theſe oppoſite to the iſle of *Eubœa.*

EUBOEA,

EUBOEA, *under* Elephenor, *containing*,

Chalcis, the city neareſt to the continent of *Greece*, juſt oppoſite to *Aulis* in *Bœotia*, *Strab. l.* 10.

Eretria, between *Chalcis* and *Gereſtus*. *Ibid.*

Hiſtiæa, a town with vine-yards over againſt *Theſſaly*. *Herod. l.* 7.

Cerinthus, on the ſea-ſhore. *Hom.* Near the river *Budorus*. *Strab. l.* 10.

Dios, ſeated high. *Hom.* Near *Hiſtiæa*. *Strab. Ib.*

Caryſtos, a city at the foot of the mountain *Ocha*. *Strab. Ib.* Between *Eretria* and *Gereſtus*. *Ptolem. l.* 3.

Styra, a town near *Caryſtos*. *Strab. Ib.*

ATHENS, *under* Meneſtheus.

The Iſle of SALAMIS, *under* Ajax Telamon.

PELOPONNESUS, *the Eaſt Part divided into* Argia *and* Mycenæ, *under* Agamemnon, *contains*,

Argos, 40 ſtadia from the ſea. *Pauſ. Corin.*

Tirynthe, between *Argos* and *Epidaurus*. *Ib.*

Aſine, Hermion, Trœzene, Three cities lying in this order on the bay of *Hermione*. *Strab. l.* 8. *Pauſ. Corinth.* *Trœzene* was ſeated high, and *Aſine* a rocky coaſt. *Altaque Trœzene*. *Ovid. Faſt.* 2.—*Quos Aſine cautes*. *Lucan. l.* 8.

Eionæ was on the ſea-ſide, for *Strabo* tells us the people of *Mycenæ* made it a ſtation for their ſhips. *lib.* 8.

Epidaurus, a town and little iſland adjoining, in the inner part of the *Saronic* bay. *Strab. l.* 8. It was fruitful in vines in *Homer*'s time.

The iſle of *Ægina*, over againſt *Epidaurus*.

Maſeta belongs to the *Argolic* ſhore according to *Strabo*, who obſerves that *Homer* names it not in the

the exact order, placing it with *Ægina*. *Strab. l.* 8.

Mycenæ, between *Cleone* and *Argos*. *Str. Pauſan.*

Corinth, near the *Iſthmus*.

Cleone, between *Argos* and *Corinth*. *Pauſ. Corinth.*

Ornia, on the borders of *Sicyonia*. *Ibid.*

Arethyria, the ſame with *Phliaſia*, at the ſource of the *Achaian Aſopus*. *Strab. l.* 8.

Sicyon, (anciently the kingdom of *Adraſtus*) betwixt *Corinth* and *Achaia*. *Pauſ. Corinth.*

Hypereſia, the ſame with *Ægira*, ſays *Pauſan. Achaic.* ſeated betwixt *Pellene* and *Helice*. *Strab. l.* 8. Oppoſite to *Parnaſſus*. *Polyb. l.* 4.

Gonoeſſa, *Homer* deſcribes it ſituate very high, and *Seneca Troas*. *Cares nunquam Gonoeſſa vento.*

Pellene, bordering on *Sicyon* and *Pl[illegible]us*, 60 ſtadia from the ſea. *Pauſ. Arcad.* Celebrated anciently for its wool. *Strab. l.* 8. *Jul. Poll.*

Ægium, *Helice*, } Next *Sicyon* lies *Pellene*, &c. then *Helice*, and next to *Helice Ægium*. *Strab. l.* 8. *Helice* lies on the ſea-ſide, 40 ſtadia from *Ægium*. *Pauſ. Ach.*

The Weſt part of PELOPONNESUS, *divided into* Laconia, Meſſenia, Arcadia, *and* Elis.

LACONIA, *under* Menelaus, *containing*,

Sparta, the capital city, on the river *Eurotas*.

Phares, on the bay of *Meſſenia*, *Strab. l.* 8.

Meſſa, *Strabo* thinks this a contraction of *Meſſena*, and *Statius* in his imitation of this catalogue, *lib.* 4. calls it ſo.

Bryſſia, under mount *Taygetus*. *Pauſ. Lacon.*

Augiæ, the ſame with *Ægiæ* in the opinion of *Pauſanias* (*Laconicis*) 30 ſtadia from *Gythium*.

Amyclæ, 20 ſtadia from *Sparta* toward the ſea. *Ptol. l.* 4. under the mountain

mountain *Taygetus*. *Strabo*, *l.* 8.

Helos, on the ſea-ſide. *Hom.* Upon the river *Eurotas*. *Strab. Ibid.*

Laas.

Oetylos, near the promontory of *Tænarus*. *Pauſ. Lac.*

MESSENIA, *under* Neſtor, *containing*,

Pylos, the city of *Neſtor* on the ſea-ſhore.

Arene, ſeated near the river *Minyeius*. *Hom.* Il. 11. *Strab. l.* 8.

Thryon, on the river *Alpheus*, the ſame which *Homer* elſewhere calls *Thryoëſſa*. *Strab. Ibid.*

Æpy, the ancient Geographers differ about the ſituation of this town, but agree to place it near the ſea. *Vide Strab. l.* 8.—*Summis ingeſtum montibus Æpy*. *Stat. l.* 4.

Cyparisſie, on the borders of *Meſſenia*, and upon the bay called from it *Cyparisſæus*. *Pauſ. Meſſen.*

Amphigenia, — *Fertilis Amphigenia*. *Stat. Th.* 4. near the former. So alſo, *Pteleon*, which was built by a colony from *Pteleon* in *Theſſaly*. *Strab. l.* 8.

Helos, near the river *Alpheus*. *Ibid.*

Dorion, a field or mountain near the ſea.

ARCADIA, *under* Agapenor, *containing*,

The mountain *Cyllene*, the higheſt of *Peloponneſus*, on the borders of *Achaia* and *Arcadia*, near *Pheneus*. *Pauſ. Arcad.* Under this ſtood the tomb of *Æpytus*. That monument (the ſame author tells us) was remaining in his time; it was only a heap of earth incloſed with a wall of rough ſtone.

Pheneus, confining on *Pellene* and *Stymphelus*. *Ib.*

Orchomenus, confining on *Pheneus* and *Mantinea*. *Ibid.*

Ripe, *Stratie*, *Enispe*, { Theſe three *Strabo* tells us, are not to be found, nor their ſituation aſſigned. *l.* 8. *prope fin.* *Enispe* ſtood high, as appears from *Homer* and *Statius*, *l.* 4. *Ventoſque donat Enispe.*

Tegea, between *Argos* and *Sparta*. *Polib. l.* 4.

Mantinea,

Mantinea, bordering upon *Tegea*, *Argia*, and *Orchomenus*. *Pauſ. Arcad.*

Stymphelus, confining on *Phlyaſia* or *Arethyria*. *Strab. l.* 8.

Parrhaſia, adjoining to *Laconia*. *Th. l.* 5.—*Parrhaſiæque nives*. *Ov. Faſt.* 2.

ELIS, *under four Leaders*, Amphimachus, *&c. containing*,

The city *Elis*, 120 ſtadia from the ſea. *Pauſ. Eliacis* 2.

Bupraſium near *Elis*. *Strab. l.* 8.

The places bounded by the fields of *Hyrmine*, in the territories of *Elis*, between mount *Cyllene* and the ſea.

Myſinus, on the ſea-ſide, 70 ſtadia from *Elis*. *Strab. l.* 8.

The *Olenian Rocks*, which ſtood near the city *Olenos*, at the mouth of the river *Pierus*. *Pauſ. Achaic.*

And *Alyſium*, the name of a town or river in the way from *Elis* to *Piſa*. *Strab. l.* 8.

The ISLES *over againſt the Continent of* Elis, Achaia, *or* Acarnania.

Echinades and *Dulichium*, under *Meges*.

The *Cephalenians* under *Ulyſſes*, being thoſe from *Samos*, (the ſame with *Cephalenia*) from *Zacynthus*, *Grocylia*, *Ægylipa*, *Neritus*, and *Ithaca*. This laſt is generally ſuppoſed to be the largeſt of theſe iſlands on the eaſt ſide of *Cephalenia*, and next to it; but that, is according to *Wheeler*, 20 *Italian* miles in circumference, whereas *Strabo* gives *Ithaca* but 80 ſtadia about. It was rather one of the leſſer iſlands toward the mouth of the *Achelous*.

Homer adds to theſe places under the dominion of *Ulyſſes*, *Epirus* and the oppoſite continent, by which (as M. *Dacier* obſerves) cannot be meant *Epirus* properly ſo called, which was never ſubject to *Ulyſſes*, but only the ſea-coaſt of *Acarnania*, oppoſite to the iſlands.

The

The Continent of ACARNANIA *and* ÆTOLIA, *under* Thoas.

Pleuron, ſeated between *Chalcis* and *Calydon*, by the ſea-ſhore upon the river *Evenus*, weſt of *Chalcis*. *Strab. l.* 10.

Olenos, lying above *Calydon* with the *Evenus* on the eaſt of it. *Ibid.*

Plene, the ſame with *Proſchion*, not far from *Pleuron*, but more in the land. *Strab. l.* 10.

Chalcis, a ſea-town. *Hom.* Situate on the eaſt ſide of the *Evenus*. *Strab. Ibid.* There was another *Chalcis* at the head of the *Evenus*, called by *Strabo Hypo-Chalcis*.

Calydon, on the *Evenus* alſo.

The Iſle of CRETE, *under* Idomeneus, *containing*,

Gnoſſus, ſeated in the plain between *Lyctus* and *Gortyna*, 120 ſtadia from *Lyctus*. *Strab. l.* 10.

Gortyna, 90 ſtadia from the *African* ſea. *Ibid.*

Lyctus, 80 ſtadia from the ſame ſea. *Ibid.*

Miletus.

Phæſtus, 62 ſtadia from *Gortyna*, 20 from the ſea, under *Gortyna*. *Strabo*. *Ibid.* It lay on the river *Jardan*, as appears by *Homer's* deſcription of it in the third book of the *Odyſſey*.

Lycaſtus.

Rhytium, under *Gortyna*. *Strab.*

The iſle of RHODES, *under* Tlepolemus, *containing*,

Lindus, on the right hand to thoſe who ſail from the city of *Rhodes*, ſouthward, *Strab. l.* 4.

Jalyſſus, between *Camirus* and *Rhodes*. *Ibid.*

Camirus.

The

The Iſlands, Syma *(under* Nireus,) Niſyrus, Carpathus, Caſus, Cos, Calydnæ, *under* Antiphus *and* Phidippus.

The Continent of THESSALY *toward the* Ægean *ſea, under* Achilles.

Argos Pelaſgicum, (the ſame which was ſince called *Phthiotis*.) *Strab. l.* 9. ſays that ſome thought this the name of a town, others that *Homer* meant by it this part of *Theſſaly* in general, (which laſt ſeems moſt probable.) *Steph. Byzant.* obſerves there was a city *Argos* in *Theſſaly*, as well as in *Peloponneſus*; the former was called *Pelaſgic* in contradiſtinction to the *Achaian*: for though the *Pelaſgi* poſſeſt ſeveral parts of *Epirus*, *Crete*, *Peloponneſus*, &c. yet they retained their principal ſeat in *Theſſaly*. *Steph. Byz. in* v. *Panel.*

Phthia, *Hellas*, { Some ſuppoſed theſe two to be names of the ſame place, as *Strabo* ſays; though it is plain *Homer* diſtinguiſhes them. Whether they were cities or regions, *Strabo* is not determined. *lib.* 9.

Alos, *Alope*, { Both on the ſhore of *Theſſaly* towards *Locris*. *Strab. l.* 9. *Alos* lies in the paſſage of mount *Othrys*. *Ibid.*

Trechine, under the mountain *Oeta*. *Euſtath. in* Il. 2.

The *Hellenes*. This denomination, afterwards common to all the *Greeks*, is here to be underſtood only of thoſe who inhabited *Phthiotis*. It was not long after *Homer*'s time that the people of other cities of *Greece* deſiring aſſiſtance from theſe, began to have the ſame name from their communication with them, as *Thucydides* remarks in the beginning of his firſt book.

The

The following under Proteſilaus.

Phylace, on the coaſt of *Phthiotis* toward the *Melian* bay. *Strab. l.* 9.

Pyrrhaſus, beyond the mountain *Othrys*, had the grove of *Ceres* within two ſtadia of it. *Ibid.*

Itona, 60 ſtadia from *Alos*, it lay higher in the land than *Pyrrhaſus*, above mount *Othrys*. *Ib.*

Antron, on the ſea-ſide, *Hom.* In the paſſage to *Eubœa*. *Ibid.*

Ptelon, the ſituation of this town in *Strabo* ſeems to be between *Antron* and *Pyrrhaſus*: But *Pliny* deſcribes it with great exactneſs to lie on the ſhore towards *Bœotia*, on the confines of *Phthiotis*, upon the river *Sperchius*: according to which particulars, it muſt have been ſeated as I have placed it. *Livy* alſo ſeats it on the *Sperchius*.

All thoſe towns which were under *Proteſilaus* (ſays *Strabo*, *lib.* 9.) being the five laſt mentioned, lay on the eaſtern ſide of the mountain *Othrys*.

Theſe under Eumelus.

Pheræ, in the ſartheſt part of *Magneſia*, confining on mount *Pelion*. *Strab. l.* 9. Near the lake of *Bæbe*. *Ptol.* and plentifully watered with the fountains of *Hyperia*. *Strab.*

Glaphyræ.

Iolcos, a ſea-town on the *Pegaſæan* bay. *Livy*, *l.* 4. and *Strab.*

Under Philoctetes.

Methone, a city of *Macedonia*, 40 ſtadia from *Pydna* in *Pieria*. *Strab.*

Thaumacia, *Melibœa*, } In *Phthiotis* near *Pharſalus*, according to the ſame author. *Ibid.*

Olyzon. It ſeems that this place lay near *Bæbe*, *Iolcos*, and *Ormenium*, from *Strab. l.* 9. where he ſays *Demetrius* cauſed the inhabitants of theſe towns to remove to *Demetrias*, on the ſame coaſt.

The Upper THESSALY.

The following under Podalirius *and* Machaon.

Trice, or *Tricce*, not far from the mountain *Pindus*, on the left hand of the *Peneus*, as it runs from *Pindus*. *Strab. l.* 9.

Ithome, near *Tricca*. *Ib.*

Oechalia, the situation not certain, somewhat near the forementioned towns. *Strab. Ib.*

Under Eurypylus.

Ormenium, under *Pelion*, on the *Pegaſæan* bay, near *Bœbe*. *Ibid.*

Aſterium, hard by *Pheræ* and *Titanus*. *Ib.*

Under Polypoetes.

Argiſſa, lying upon the river *Peneus*. *Strab. l.* 9.

Gyrtone, a city of *Perrhæbia*, at the foot of *Olympus*. *Ibid.*

Orthe, near *Peneus* and *Tempe*. *Ibid.*

Elope, *Olooſſon*, } Both lying under *Olympus*, near the river *Titareſius*. *Ib.*

Under Guneus *and* Protheus.

Cyphus, ſeated in the mountainous country, towards *Olympus*. *Ibid.*

Dodona, among the mountains towards *Olympus*. *Ibid.*

Titareſius, a river riſing in the mountain *Titarus* near *Olympus*, and running into *Peneus*. *Ib.* 'Tis alſo called *Eurotas*.

The river *Peneus* riſes from mount *Pindus*, and flows thro' *Tempe* into the ſea. *Strab. l.* 7. and 9.

Pelion, near *Oſſa* in *Magneſia*. *Herodot. l.* 7.

A Table

A Table of TROY, *and the Auxiliar* COUNTRIES.

THE kingdom of *Priam* divided into eight dynasties.

1. *Troas*, under *Hector*, whose capital was *Ilion*.

2. *Dardania*, under *Æneas*, the capital *Dardanus*.

3. *Zeleia*, at the foot of *Ida*, by the *Æsepus*, under *Pandarus*.

4. *Adrestia*, *Apæsus*, *Pityea*, mount *Teree*, under *Adrastus* and *Amphius*.

5. *Sestos*, *Abydos*, *Arisbe*, on the river *Selle*, *Percote*, and *Practius*, under *Asius*.

These places lay between *Troy* and the *Propontis*.

The other three dynasties were under *Mynes*, *Eetion*, and *Alteus*; the capital of the first was *Lyrnessus*, of the second *Thebe* of *Cilicia*, of the third *Pedasus* in *Lelegia*. *Homer* does not mention these in the catalogue, having been before destroyed and depopulated by the *Greeks*.

The Auxiliar Nations.

The *Pelasgi*, under *Hippothous* and *Pyleus*, whose capital was *Larissa*, near the place where *Cuma* was afterwards built. *Strab. l.* 13.

The *Thracians*, by the side of the *Hellespont* opposite to *Troy*, under *Acamus* and *Pyrous*, and those of *Ciconia*, under *Euphemus*.

The *Pæonians* from *Macedonia* and the river *Axius*, under *Pyrachmes*.

The *Paphlagonians* under *Pylæmeneus*. The *Halizonians*, under *Odius* and *Epistrophus*. The *Mysians*, under *Cromis* and *Eunomus*. The *Phrygians* of *Ascania*, under *Phorcys* and *Ascanius*.

The *Mæonians*, under *Meſtles* and *Antiphus*, who inhabited under the mountain *Tmolus*.

The *Carians*, under *Nauſtes* and *Amphimachus*, from *Miletus*, the farthermoſt city of *Caria* toward the South. *Herodot. l.* 1.

Mycale, a mountain and promontory oppoſite to *Samos*. *Ibid.*

Phthiron, the ſame mountain as *Latmos*, according to *Hecatæus*.

The *Lycians*, under *Sarpedon* and *Glaucus*, from the banks of the river *Xanthus*, which runs into the ſea betwixt *Rhodes* and *Cyprus*. *Homer* mentions it to diſtinguiſh this *Lycia* from that which lies on the *Propontis*.

THE

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Duel of *Menelaus* and *Paris*.

THE Armies being ready to engage, a ſingle combat is agreed upon between Menelaus *and* Paris (*by the intervention of* Hector) *for the determination of the war.* Iris *is ſent to call* Helena *to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of* Troy, *where* Priam *ſate with his counſellors obſerving the* Grecian *leaders on the plain below, to whom* Helen *gives an account of the chief of them. The Kings on either part take the ſolemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel enſues, wherein* Paris *being overcome, is ſnatched away in a cloud by* Venus, *and tranſported to his apartment. She then calls* Helen *from the walls, and brings the lovers together.* Agamemnon, *on the part of the* Grecians, *demands the reſtoration of* Helen, *and the performance of the articles.*

The three and twentieth day ſtill continues throughout this book. The ſcene *is ſometimes in the* fields *before* Troy, *and ſometimes in* Troy *itſelf.*

THE

THE

*THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and ſtretches o'er the land.

*Of all the books of the *Iliad*, there is ſcarce any more pleaſing than the third. It may be divided into five parts, each of which has a beauty different from the other. The firſt contains what paſſed before the two armies, and the propoſal of the combat between *Paris* and *Menelaus*: The attention and ſuſpence of theſe mighty hoſts, which were juſt upon the point of joining battle, and the lofty manner of offering and accepting this important and unexpected challenge, have ſomething in them wonderfully pompous, and of an amuſing ſolemnity. The ſecond part, which deſcribes the behaviour of *Helena* in this juncture, her conference with the old King and his counſellors, with the review of the heroes from the battlements, is an epiſode entirely of another ſort, which excels in the natural and pathetic. The third conſiſts of the ceremonies of the oath on both ſides, and the preliminaries to the combat; with the beautiful retreat of *Priam*, who in the tenderneſs of a parent withdraws from the ſight of the duel: Theſe particulars detain the reader in expectation, and heighten his impatience for the fight itſelf. The fourth is the deſcription of the duel, an exact piece of painting,

With ſhouts the *Trojans* ruſhing from afar,
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:
So

painting, where we ſee every attitude, motion, and action of the combatants particularly and diſtinctly, and which concludes with a ſurpriſing propriety, in the reſcue of *Paris* by *Venus*. The machine of that Goddeſs, which makes the fifth part, and whoſe end is to reconcile *Paris* and *Helena*, is admirable in every circumſtance; the remonſtrance ſhe holds with the Goddeſs, the reluctance with which ſhe obeys her, the reproaches ſhe caſts upon *Paris*, and the flattery and courtſhip with which ſhe ſo ſoon wins her over to him. *Helen* (the main cauſe of this war) was not to be made an odious character; ſhe is drawn by this great maſter with the fineſt ſtrokes, as a frail, but not as an abandoned, creature. She has perpetual ſtruggles of virtue on the one ſide, and ſoftneſſes which overcome them, on the other. Our Author has been remarkably careful to tell us this; whenever he but ſlightly names her in the foregoing part of this work, ſhe is repreſented at the ſame time as repentant; and it is thus we ſee her at large at her firſt appearance in the preſent book; which is one of the ſhorteſt of the whole *Iliad*, but in recompence has beauties almoſt in every line of them ſo obvious that to acknowledge them we need only read them.

V. 3. *With ſhouts the* Trojans.] The book begins with a fine oppoſition of the noiſe of the *Trojan* army to the ſilence of the *Grecians*. It was but natural to imagine this, ſince the former was compoſed of many different nations, of various languages and ſtrangers to each other; the latter were more united in their neighbourhood, and under leaders of the ſame country. But as this obſervation ſeems particularly inſiſted upon by our Author (for he uſes it again in the fourth book, V. 486.) ſo he had a farther reaſon for it. *Plutarch*, in his treatiſe of reading the Poets, remarks upon this diſtinction, as a particular credit to the military diſcipline of the *Greeks*, and ſeveral ancient authors tell us, it was the manner of the *Barbarians* to encounter with ſhouts and outcries; as it continues to this day the cuſtom of the Eaſtern nations. Perhaps theſe clamours were only to encourage their men, inſtead of martial inſtruments. I think Sir *Walter Raleigh* ſays, there never was a people but made uſe of ſome ſort of muſick in battle: *Homer* never mentions any in the *Greek* or *Trojan* armies, and it is ſcarce to be imagined he would omit a circumſtance ſo poetical without ſome particular

So when inclement winters vex the plain
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly,
With noise, and order, thro' the mid-way sky;
To pigmy-nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing.
But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the *Greeks*: the rapid dust around
Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when *Notus* sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
While scarce the swain their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day:
So wrapt in gath'ring dust, the *Grecian* train
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.

lar reason. The verb Σαλπίζω, which the modern *Greeks* have since appropriated to the sound of a trumpet, is used indifferently in our author for other sounds, as for thunder in the 21st *Iliad*, V. 388. Ἀμφὶ δὲ σάλπιγξιν μέγας ὠρυμός.— He once names the trumpet Σαλπιγξ in a *simile*, upon which *Eustathius* and *Didymus* observe, that the use of it was known in the Poet's time, but not in that of the *Trojan* war. And hence we may infer that *Homer* was particularly careful not to confound the manners of the times he wrote of, with those of the times he lived in.

V. 7. *The cranes embody'd fly.*] If wit has been truly described to be a similitude in ideas, and is more excellent as that similitude is more surprizing; there cannot be a truer kind of wit than what is shewn in apt comparisons, especially when composed of such subjects as having the least relation to each other in general, have yet some particular that agrees exactly. Of this nature is the simile of the *cranes* to the

Now front to front the hoſtile armies ſtand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command:
When, to the van, before the ſons of fame
Whom *Troy* ſent forth, the beauteous *Paris* came:
In form a God! the panther's ſpeckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an eaſy pride,
His bended bow acroſs his ſhoulders flung,
His ſword beſide him negligently hung.
Two pointed ſpears he ſhook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the braveſt of the *Grecian* race.

As

the *Trojan* army, where the fancy of *Homer* flew to the remoteſt part of the world for an image which no reader could have expected. But it is no leſs exact than ſurprizing. The likeneſs conſiſts in two points, the *noiſe* and the *order*; the latter is ſo obſervable, as to have given ſome of the ancients occaſion to imagine, the embatteling of an army was firſt learned from the cloſe manner of flight of theſe birds. But this part of the ſimile, not being directly expreſſed by the author, has been overlooked by ſome of the commentators. It may be remarked, that *Homer* has generally a wonderful cloſeneſs in all the particulars of his compariſons, notwithſtanding he takes a liberty in his expreſſion of them. He ſeems ſo ſecure of the main likeneſs, that he makes no ſcruple to play with the circumſtances; ſometimes by tranſpoſing the order of them, ſometimes by ſuper-adding them, and ſometimes (as in this place) by neglecting them in ſuch a manner, as to leave the reader to ſupply them himſelf. For the preſent compariſon, it has been taken by *Virgil* in the tenth book, and applied to the clamours of ſoldiers in the ſame manner:

—Qualis ſub nubibus atris
Strymoniæ dant ſigna grues, atque æthera tranant
Cum ſonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore ſecundo.

V. 26. *The beauteous* Paris *came*: *In form a God.*] This is meant by the epithet Θεοειδὴς, as has been ſaid in the notes on the firſt book, V. 169. The picture here given of *Paris*'s air and dreſs, is exactly correſpondent to his character; you

ſee

As thus with glorious air and proud diſdain,
He boldly ſtalk'd, the foremoſt on the plain,
Him *Menelaus*, lov'd of *Mars*, eſpies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;

In

ſee him endeavouring to mix the fine gentleman with the warrior; and this idea of him *Homer* takes care to keep up, by deſcribing him not without the ſame regard, when he is arming to encounter *Menelaus* afterwards in a cloſe fight, as he ſhews here where he is but preluding and flouriſhing in the gaiety of his heart. And when he tells us, in that place, that he was in danger of being ſtrangled by the ſtrap of his helmet, he takes notice that it was πολύκτυος, *embroidered*.

V. 37. *So joys a lion, if the branching deer, Or mountain goat.*] The old ſcholiaſts, refining on this ſimile, will have it, that *Paris* is compared to a goat on account of his incontinence, and to a ſtag for his cowardice: To this laſt they make an addition which is very ludicrous, that he is alſo likened to a deer for his *ſkill in muſick*, and cite *Ariſtotle* to prove that animal delights in harmony, which opinion is alluded to by Mr. *Waller* in theſe lines:

Here love takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the ear
Empties his quiver on the liſt'ning deer.

But upon the whole, it is whimſical to imagine this compariſon conſiſts in any thing more, than the joy which *Menelaus* conceived at the ſight of his rival, in the hopes of deſtroying him. It is equally an injuſtice to *Paris*, to abuſe him for underſtanding muſick, and to repreſent his retreat as purely the effect of fear, which proceeded from his ſenſe of guilt with reſpect to the particular perſon of *Menelaus*. He appeared at the head of an army to challenge the boldeſt of the enemy: Nor is his character elſewhere in the *Iliad* by any means that of a coward. *Hector* at the end of the ſixth book confeſſes, that no man could juſtly reproach him as ſuch. Nor is he repreſented ſo by *Ovid* (who copied *Homer* very cloſely) in the end of his epiſtle to *Helen*. The moral of *Homer* is much finer: A brave mind, however blinded with paſſion, is ſenſible of remorſe as ſoon as the injured

object

In vain the youths oppoſe, the maſtives bay,
The lordly ſavage rends the panting prey.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: Him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear,
Smit with a conſcious ſenſe, retires behind,
And ſhuns the fate he well deſerv'd to find.
As when ſome ſhepherd from the ruſtling trees
Shot forth to view, a ſcaly ſerpent ſees;
Trembling

object preſents itſelf; and *Paris* never behaves himſelf ill in war, but when his ſpirits are depreſſed by the conſciouſneſs of an injuſtice. This alſo will account for the ſeeming incongruity of *Homer* in this paſſage, who (as they would have us think) paints him a ſhameful coward, at the ſame time that he is perpetually calling him *the divine Paris*, and *Paris, like a God*. What he ſays immediately afterwards, in anſwer to *Hector*'s reproof, will make this yet more clear.

V. 47. *As when ſome ſhepherd.*] This compariſon of the ſerpent is finely imitated by *Virgil* in the 2d *Æneid*.

Improviſum aſpris veluti qui ſentibus anguem
Preſſit humi nitens, trepiduſque repentè refugit
Attollentem iras, & cærula colla tumentem:
Haud ſecus Androgeus viſu tremefactus abibat.

But it may be ſaid to the praiſe of *Virgil*, that he has applied it upon an occaſion where it has an additional beauty. *Paris*, upon the ſight of *Menelaus*'s approach, is compared to a traveller who ſees a ſnake ſhoot on a ſudden towards him. But the ſurprize and danger of *Androgeus* is more lively, being juſt in the reach of his enemies before he perceived it; and the circumſtance of the ſerpent's rouſing his creſt, which brightens with anger, finely images the ſhining of their arms in the night time, as they were juſt lifted up to deſtroy him. *Scaliger* critizes on the needleſs repetition in the words παλίνορσος and ἀνεχώρησεν, which is avoided in the tranſlation. But it muſt be obſerved in general, that *little exactneſſes* are what we ſhould not look for in *Homer*; the genius of his age was too incorrect, and his own too fiery, to regard them.

Trembling and pale, he ſtarts with wild affright,
And all confus'd, precipitates his flight.
So from the King the ſhining warrior flies,
And plung'd amid the thickeſt *Trojans* lies.
As God-like *Hector* ſees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.

Unhappy

V. 53. *As God-like* Hector.] This is the firſt place of the poem where *Hector* makes a figure, and here it ſeems proper to give an idea of his character, ſince if he is not the chief hero of the *Iliad*, he is at leaſt the moſt amiable. There are ſeveral reaſons which render *Hector* a favourite character with every reader, ſome of which ſhall here be offered. The chief moral of *Homer* was to expoſe the ill effects of diſcord; the *Greeks* were to be ſhewn diſunited, and to render that diſunion the more probable, he has deſignedly given them *mixt* characters. The *Trojans*, on the other hand, were to be repreſented making all advantages of the others diſagreement, which they could not do without a ſtrict union among themſelves. *Hector*, therefore, who commanded them, muſt be endued with all ſuch qualifications as tended to the preſervation of it; as *Achilles* with ſuch as promoted the contrary. The one ſtands in contraſt to the other, an accompliſhed character of valour unruffled by rage and anger, and uniting his people by his prudence and example. *Hector* has alſo a foil to ſet him off in his own family; we are perpetually oppoſing in our own minds the incontinence of *Paris*, who expoſes his country, to the temperance of *Hector* who protects it. And indeed it is this love of his country, which appears his principal paſſion, and the motive of all his actions. He has no other blemiſh than that he fights in an unjuſt cauſe, which *Homer* has yet been careful to tell us he would not do, if his opinion were followed. But ſince he cannot prevail, the affection he bears to his parents and kindred, and his deſire of defending them, incites him to do his utmoſt for their ſafety. We may add, that *Homer* having ſo many *Greeks* to celebrate, makes them ſhine in their turns, and ſingly in their ſeveral books, one ſucceeding in the abſence of another: Whereas *Hector* appears in every battle the life and ſoul of his party, and the conſtant bulwark againſt every enemy: He ſtands againſt *Agamemnon*'s magnanimity, *Diomed*'s bravery, *Ajax*'s ſtrength, and *Achilles*'s fury. There is beſides an accidental cauſe for

our

Unhappy *Paris!* but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh hadſt thou dy'd when firſt thou ſaw'ſt the light,
Or dy'd at leaſt before thy nuptial rite!
A better fate, than vainly thus to boaſt,
And fly the ſcandal of thy *Trojan* hoſt.
Gods! how the ſcornful *Greeks* exult to ſee
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!

Thy

our liking him, from reading the writers of the *Auguſtan* age (eſpecially *Virgil*) whoſe favourite he grew more particularly from the time when the *Cæſars* fancied to derive their pedigree from *Troy*.

V. 55. *Unhappy* Paris, *&c.*] It may be obſerved in honour of *Homer*'s judgment, that the words which *Hector* is made to ſpeak here, very ſtrongly mark his character. They contain a warm reproach of cowardice, and ſhew him to be touched with ſo high a ſenſe of glory, as to think life inſupportable without it. His calling to mind the gallant figure which *Paris* had made in his amours to *Helen*, and oppoſing to it the image of his flight from her huſband, is a ſarcaſm of the utmoſt bitterneſs and vivacity; after he has named that action of the rape, the cauſe of ſo many miſchiefs, his inſiſting upon it in ſo many broken periods, thoſe disjointed ſhortneſſes of ſpeech.

(Πατρί τε σῷ μέγα πῆμα, τολμή τε, παυλί τε δήμῳ,
Δυσμενέσιν μὲν χάρμα, κατηφείην δέ σοι αὐτῷ.)

That haſty manner of expreſſion without the connexion of particles, is (as *Euſtathius* remarks) extremely natural to a man in anger, who thinks he can never vent himſelf too ſoon. That contempt of outward ſhew, of the gracefulneſs of perſon, and of the accompliſhments of a courtly life, is what correſponds very well with the warlike temper of *Hector*; and theſe verſes have therefore a beauty here which they want in *Horace*, however admirably he has tranſlated them, in the ode of *Nereus*'s *prophecy*.

Necquicquam Veneris præſidio ferox,
Pectes cæſariem; grataque fœminis,
Imbelli citharâ carmina divides, &c.

Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy ſoul ſupplies a form ſo fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride,
When thy tall ſhips triumphant ſtem'd the tide,
When *Greece* beheld thy painted canvas flow,
And crouds ſtood wond'ring at the paſſing ſhow;
Say, was it thus, with ſuch a baffled mein,
You met th' approaches of the *Spartan* Queen,
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And * both her warlike lords outſhin'd in *Helen*'s eyes?
This deed, thy foes delight, thy own diſgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
Or haſt thou injur'd whom thou dar'ſt not right?
Soon to thy coſt the field would make thee know
Thou keep'ſt the conſort of a braver foe.
Thy graceful form inſtilling ſoft deſire,
Thy curling treſſes, and thy ſilver lyre,
Beauty

* *Theſeus* and *Menelaus.*

V. 72. *And both her warlike lords.*] The original is Νυὸς ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητάων. *The ſpouſe of martial men.* I wonder why Madam *Dacier* choſe to turn it *Allée à tant de braves guerriers*, ſince it ſo naturally refers to *Theſeus* and *Menelaus*, the former huſbands of *Helena*.

V. 80. *Thy curling treſſes, and thy ſilver lyre.*] It is ingeniouſly remarked by *Dacier*, that *Homer*, who celebrates the *Greeks* for their long hair [κομοωμένους Ἀχαιοὺς] and *Achilles* for his ſkill on the harp, makes *Hector* in this place object them both to *Paris*. The *Greeks* nouriſhed their hair to appear more dreadful to the enemy, and *Paris* to pleaſe the eyes of women. *Achilles* ſung to his harp the acts of Heroes, and *Paris* the amours of lovers. The ſame reaſon which makes *Hector* here diſpleaſed at them, made *Alexander* afterwards refuſe to ſee this lyre of *Paris*, when offered to be ſhewn to him, as *Plutarch* relates the ſtory in his oration of the fortune of *Alexander*.

Beauty and youth, in vain to theſe you truſt,
When youth and beauty ſhall be laid in duſt:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Cruſh the dire author of his country's woe.

His ſilence here, with bluſhes, *Paris* breaks;
'Tis juſt, my brother, what your anger ſpeaks:

But

V. 83. *One avenging blow.*] It is in the *Greek*, *You had been clad in a coat of ſtone. Gipbanius* would have it to mean ſtoned to death on the account of his adultery: But this does not appear to have been the puniſhment of that crime among the *Phrygians*. It ſeems rather to ſignify, deſtroyed by the fury of the people, for the war he had brought upon them; or perhaps may imply no more than being laid in his grave under a monument of ſtones; but the former being the ſtrongeſt ſenſe, is here followed.

V. 86. *'Tis juſt, my brother.*] This ſpeech is a farther opening of the true character of *Paris*. He is a maſter of civility, no leſs well-bred to his own ſex than courtly to the other. The reproof of *Hector* was of a ſevere nature, yet he receives it as from a brother and a friend, with candour and modeſty. This anſwer is remarkable for its fine addreſs; he gives the hero a decent and agreeable reproof for having too raſhly depreciated the gifts of nature. He allows the quality of courage its utmoſt due, but deſires the ſame juſtice to thoſe ſofter accompliſhments, which he lets him know are no leſs the favour of heaven. Then he removes from himſelf the charge of want of valour, by propoſing the ſingle combat with the very man he had juſt declined to engage; which having ſhewn him void of any malevolence to his rival on the one hand, he now proves himſelf free from the imputation of cowardice on the other. *Homer* draws him (as we have ſeen) ſoft of ſpeech, the natural quality of an amorous temper; vainly gay, in war as well as love; with a ſpirit that can be ſurprized and recollected, that can receive impreſſions of ſhame or apprehenſion on the one ſide, or of generoſity and courage on the other; the uſual diſpoſition of eaſy and courteous minds, which are moſt ſubject to the rule of fancy and paſſion. Upon the whole, this is no worſe than the picture of a *gentle Knight*, and one might fancy the heroes of the modern romance were form'd upon the model of *Paris*.

But who like thee can boaſt a ſoul ſedate,
So firmly proof to all the ſhocks of fate?
Thy force, like ſteel, a temper'd hardneſs ſhews,
Still edg'd to wound, and ſtill untir'd with blows,
Like ſteel, uplifted by ſome ſtrenuous ſwain,
With falling woods to ſtrow the waſted plain.
Thy gifts I praiſe; nor thou deſpiſe the charms
With which a lover golden *Venus* arms;
Soft moving ſpeech, and pleaſing outward ſhow,
No wiſh can gain 'em, but the Gods beſtow.
Yet, wouldſt thou have the proffer'd combat ſtand,
The *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſeat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way ſpace our hoſts divide,
And, on that ſtage of war, the cauſe be try'd:
By *Paris* there the *Spartan* King be fought,
For beauteous *Helen* and the wealth ſhe brought;
And who his rival can in arms ſubdue,
His be the fair, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league your toils may ceaſe,
And *Troy* poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the *Greeks* review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous ſteeds, for beauty more.

He

V. 108. *Much fam'd for gen'rous ſteeds, for beauty more.*] The original is, Ἄργος ἱππόβοτον, καὶ Ἀχαιΐδας καλλιγύναικας. Perhaps this line is tranſlated too cloſe to the letter, and the epithets might have been omitted. But there are ſome traits and particularities of this nature, which methinks preſerve to the reader the air of *Homer*. At leaſt the latter of theſe circumſtances, that *Greece was eminent for beautiful women*, ſeems not improper to be mentioned by him who had raiſed a war on the account of a *Grecian beauty*.

He ſaid. The challenge *Hector* heard with joy,
Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of *Troy*.
Held by the midſt, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with ſteps majeſtically ſlow.
While round his dauntleſs head the *Grecians* pour
Their ſtones and arrows in a mingled ſhow'r.
Then thus the Monarch great *Atrides* cry'd;
Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aſide:
A parley *Hector* aſks, a meſſage bears;
We know him by the various plume he wears.
Aw'd by his high command the *Greeks* attend,
The tumult ſilence, and the fight ſuſpend.
While from the centre *Hector* rolls his eyes
On either hoſt, and thus to both applies.
Hear, all ye *Trojans*, all ye *Grecian* bands!
What *Paris*, author of the war, demands.

Your

V. 109. *The challenge* Hector *heard with joy.*] *Hector* ſtays not to reply to his brother, but runs away with the challenge immediately. He looks upon all the *Trojans* as diſgraced by the late flight of *Paris*, and thinks not a moment is to be loſt to regain the honour of his country. The activity he ſhews in all this affair wonderfully agrees with the ſpirit of a ſoldier.

V. 123. *Hear, all ye* Trojan, *all ye* Grecian *bands.*] It has been aſked how the different nations could underſtand one another in theſe conferences, ſince we have no mention in *Homer* of any interpreter between them? He who was ſo very particular in the moſt minute points, can hardly be thought to have been negligent in this. Some reaſon may be offered that they both ſpoke the ſame language; for the *Trojans* (as may be ſeen in *Dion. Halic. lib.* 1.) were of *Grecian* extraction originally. *Dardanus* the firſt of their Kings was born in *Arcadia*; and even their names were generally *Greek*, as *Hector*, *Anchiſes*, *Andromache*, *Aſtyanax*, &c. Of the laſt of theſe in particular, *Homer* gives us a derivation which is purely *Greek*, in *Iliad* 6. V. 403. But however it be, this is no more (as *Dacier* ſomewhere obſerves) than the juſt privilege

Your ſhining ſwords within the ſheath reſtrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here, in the midſt, in either army's ſight,
He dares the *Spartan* King to ſingle fight;
And wills, that *Helen* and the raviſh'd ſpoil,
That caus'd the conteſt, ſhall reward the toil.
Let theſe the brave triumphant victor grace,
And diff'ring nations part in leagues of peace.
He ſpoke: in ſtill ſuſpenſe on either ſide
Each army ſtood: The *Spartan* Chief reply'd.
Me too, ye warriors, hear, whoſe fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.

To

vilege of Poetry. *Æneas* and *Turnus* underſtand each other in *Virgil*, and the language of the Poet is ſuppoſed to be univerſally intelligible, not only between different countries, but between earth and heaven itſelf.

V. 135. *Me too, ye warriors, hear*, &c.] We may obſerve what care *Homer* takes to give every one his proper character, and how this ſpeech of *Menelaus* is adapted to the *Lacuwck*; which the better to comprehend, we may remember there are in *Homer* three ſpeakers of different characters, agreeable to the three different kinds of eloquence. Theſe we may compare with each other in one inſtance, ſuppoſing them all to uſe the ſame heads, and in the ſame order.

The materials of the ſpeech are, The manifeſting his grief for the war, with the hopes that it is in his power to end it; an acceptance of the propoſed challenge; an account of the ceremonies to be uſed in the league; and a propoſal of a proper caution to ſecure it.

Now had *Neſtor* theſe materials to work upon, he would probably have begun with a relation of all the troubles of the nine years ſiege, which he hoped he might now bring to an end; he would court their benevolence and good wiſhes for his proſperity, with all the figures of amplification; while he accepted the challenge, he would have given an example to prove that the ſingle combat was a wiſe, gallant, and gentle way of ending the war, practiſed by their fathers; in the deſcription of the rites he would be exceeding particular; and when he choſe to demand the ſanction of

Priam

To me the labour of the field resign;
Me *Paris* injur'd; all the war be mine.
Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms,
And live the rest secure of future harms.

Two

Priam rather than of his sons, he would place in opposition on one side the son's action, which began the war, and on the other the impressions of concern or repentance which it must by this time have made in the father's mind, whose wisdom he would undoubtedly extol as the effect of his age. All this he would have expatiated upon with connexions of the discourses in the most evident manner, and the most easy, gliding, undisobliging transitions. The effect would be, that the people would hear him with pleasure.

Had it been *Ulysses* who was to make the speech, he would have mentioned a few of their most affecting calamities in a pathetic air; then have undertaken the fight with testifying such a chearful joy, as should have won the hearts of the soldiers to follow him to the field without being desired. He would have been exceeding cautious in wording the conditions; and solemn, rather than particular, in speaking of the rites, which he would only insist on as an opportunity to exhort both sides to a fear of the Gods, and a strict regard of justice. He would have remonstrated the use of sending for *Priam*; and (because no caution would be too much) have demanded his sons to be bound with him. For a conclusion, he would have used some noble sentiment agreeable to a hero, and (it may be) have inforced it with some spirited action. In all this you would have known that the discourse hung together, but its fire would not always suffer it to be seen in cooler transitions, which (when they are too nicely laid open) may conduct the reader, but never carry him away. The people would hear him with emotion.

These materials being given to *Menelaus*, he but just mentions their troubles, and the satisfaction in the prospect of ending them, shortens the proposal, says a sacrifice is necessary, requires *Priam*'s presence to confirm the conditions, refuses his sons with a resentment of that injury he suffered by them, and concludes with a reason for his choice from the praise of age, with a short gravity, and the air of an apophthegm. This he puts in order without any more transition than what a single conjunction affords. And the effect of the discourse is, that the people are instructed by it in what is to be done.

Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To *Earth* a ſable, to the *Sun* a white,
Prepare, ye *Trojans!* while a third we bring
Select to *Jove*, th' inviolable King.
Let rev'rend *Priam* in the truce engage,
And add the ſanction of conſid'rate age;
His ſons are faithleſs, headlong in debate,
And youth itſelf an empty wav'ring ſtate:
Cool age advances venerably wiſe,
Turns on all hands its deep-diſcerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befal,
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all.
The nations hear, with riſing hopes poſſeſt,
And peaceful proſpects dawn in ev'ry breaſt.

Within

V. 141. *Two lambs devoted.*] The *Trojans* (ſays the old ſcholiaſt) were required to ſacrifice two lambs: one male of a white colour, to the *Sun*, and one female, and black, to the *Earth*; as the *Sun* is the father of light, and the *Earth* the mother and nurſe of men. The *Greeks* were to offer a third to *Jupiter*, perhaps to *Jupiter Zenius*, becauſe the *Trojans* had broken the laws of hoſpitality: On which account we find *Menelaus* afterwards invoking him in the combat with *Paris*. That theſe were the powers to which they ſacrificed, appears by their being atteſted by name in the oath, V. 346, &c.

V. 153. *The nations hear, with riſing hopes poſſeſt.*] It ſeemed no more than what the reader would reaſonably expect, in the narration of this long war, that a period might have been put to it by the ſingle danger of the parties chiefly concerned, *Paris* and *Menelaus*. *Homer* has therefore taken care toward the beginning of his Poem to obviate that objection; and contrived ſuch a method to render this combat of no effect, as ſhould naturally make way for all the enſuing battles, without any future proſpect of a determination but by the ſword. It is farther worth obſerving, in what manner he has improved into Poetry the common hiſtory of this action, if (as one may imagine) it was the ſame with that we have in the ſecond book of *Dictys Cretenſis*. *When* Paris (ſays he) *being wounded by the ſpear of* Menelaus *fell to the ground, juſt*

as

Within the lines they drew their ſteeds around,
And from their chariots iſſu'd on the ground:
Next all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Lay'd their bright arms along the ſable ſhore.
On either ſide the meeting hoſts are ſeen,
With launces fix'd, and cloſe the ſpace between.
Two heralds now, diſpatch'd to *Troy*, invite
The *Phrygian* Monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talthybius haſtens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for *Jove*, th' inviolable King.
Mean time, to beauteous *Helen*, from the ſkies
The various Goddeſs of the rain-bow flies:

(Like

as his adverſary was ruſhing upon him with his ſword, he was ſhot by an arrow from Pandarus, *which prevented his revenge in the moment he was going to take it. Immediately on the ſight of this perfidious action, the* Greeks *ruſe in a tumult; the* Trojans *riſing at the ſame time, came on, and reſcued* Paris *from his enemy.* Homer has with great art and invention mingled all this with the Marvellous, and raiſed it in the air of fable. The *Goddeſs of Love* reſcues her favourite; *Jupiter* debates whether or no the war ſhall end by the defeat of *Paris*; *Juno* is for the continuance of it; *Minerva* incites *Pandarus* to break the truce, who thereupon ſhoots at *Menelaus*. This heightens the grandeur of the action, without deſtroying the veriſimilitude, diverſifies the poem, and exhibits a fine moral; That whatever ſeems in the world the effect of common cauſes, is really owing to the decree and diſpoſition of the Gods.

V. 165. *Mean time to beauteous* Helen, *&c.*] The following part, where we have the firſt ſight of *Helena*, is what I cannot think inferior to any in the Poem. The reader has naturally an averſion to this pernicious beauty, and is apt enough to wonder at the *Greeks* for endeavouring to recover her at ſuch an expence. But her amiable behaviour here, the ſecret wiſhes that riſe in favour of her rightful Lord, her tenderneſs for her parents and relations, the relentings of her ſoul for the miſchiefs her beauty had been the cauſe of, the confuſion ſhe appears in, the veiling her face, and dropping a tear; are particulars ſo beautifully natural, as to make every

(Like fair *Laodicè* in form and face,
The lovelieſt Nymph of *Priam*'s royal race)
Her in the palace, at her loom, ſhe found;
The golden web her own ſad ſtory crown'd,
The *Trojan* war ſhe weav'd (herſelf the prize)
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.
To whom the Goddeſs of the painted bow;
Approach and view the wond'rous ſcene below!
Each hardy *Greek*, and valiant *Trojan* Knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now reſt their ſpears, or lean upon their ſhields;
Ceas'd is the war, and ſilent all the fields.
Paris alone and *Sparta*'s King advance,
In ſingle fight to toſs the beamy lance;
Each meet in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.
This ſaid, the many-colour'd maid inſpires
Her huſband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Ruſh to her thought, and force a tender tear.

O'er

every reader, no leſs than *Menelaus* himſelf, inclined to forgive her at leaſt, if not to love her. We are afterwards confirmed in this partiality by the ſentiment of the old counſellors upon the ſight of her, which one would think *Homer* put into their mouths with that very view: we excuſe her no more than *Priam* does himſelf, and all thoſe do who felt the calamities ſhe occaſioned: and this regard for her is heightened by all ſhe ſays herſelf; in which there is ſcarce a word, that is not big with repentance and good-nature.

V. 170.] *The golden web her own ſad ſtory crown'd.*] This is a very agreeable fiction, to repreſent *Helena* weaving in a large veil, or piece of tapeſtry, the ſtory of the *Trojan* war. One would think that *Homer* inherited this veil, and that his *Iliad* is only an explication of that admirable piece of art. *Dacier.*

O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.
Her handmaids *Clymenè* and *Æthra* wait
Her silent footsteps to the *Scæan* gate.
There sate the Seniors of the *Trojan* race,
(Old *Priam's* Chiefs, and most in *Priam's* grace)
The King the first; *Thymœtes* at his side;
Lampus and *Clytius*, long in council try'd;
Panthus and *Hycetäon*, once the strong;
And next, the wisest of the rev'rend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage *Ucalegon*,
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise thro' time, and narrative with age,
In summer-days, like Grashoppers, rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
These,

V. 201. *Like Grashoppers.*] This is one of the justest and most natural images in the world, tho' there have been critics of so little taste as to object to it as a mean one. The garrulity so common to old men, their delight in associating with each other, the feeble sound of their voices, the pleasure they take in a sun-shiny day, the effects of decay in their chilness, leanness, and scarcity of blood, are all circumstances exactly paralleled in this comparison. To make it yet more proper to the old men of *Troy*, *Eustathius* has observed that *Homer* found a hint for this simile in the *Trojan* story, where *Tithon* was feigned to have been transformed into a Grashopper in his old age, perhaps on account of his being so exhausted by years as to have nothing left him but voice. *Spondanus* wonders that *Homer* should apply to grashoppers ὀπα λιγυρόσσαν, a *sweet voice*, whereas that of these animals is harsh and untuneful; and he is content to come off with a very poor evasion of *Homero fingere quidlibet fas fuit.* But *Hesychius* rightly observes that λιγυρὸς signifies ἀπαλὸς, *tener* or *gracilis*, as well as *suavis*. The sense is certainly much better, and the simile more truly preserved by this interpretation, which is here followed in translating it *feeble.* However

Theſe, when the *Spartan* Queen approach'd the tow'r,
In ſecret own'd reſiſtleſs Beauty's pow'r:

However it may be alledged in defence of the common verſions, and Madam *Dacier*'s (who has turned it *Harmonieuſe*,) that tho' *Virgil* gives the Epithet *raucæ* to *Cicadæ*, yet the *Greek* Poets frequently deſcribe the graſhopper as a muſical creature, particularly *Anacreon* and *Theocritus*, *Idyl.* 1. where a ſhepherd praiſes another's ſinging by telling him,

Τέττιξ ἐπὶ τύγα φίλτερον ἄδεις.

It is remarkable that Mr. *Hobbes* has omitted this beautiful ſimile.

V. 203. *Theſe, when the* Spartan *Queen approach'd.*] Madam *Dacier* is of opinion there was never a greater panegyrick upon beauty, than what *Homer* has found the art to give it in this place. An aſſembly of venerable old counſellors, who had ſuffered all the calamities of a tedious war, and were conſulting upon the methods to put a concluſion to it, ſeeing the only cauſe of it approaching towards them, are ſtruck with her charms, and cry out, *No wonder*, &c. Nevertheleſs they afterwards recollect themſelves, and conclude to part with her for the publick ſafety. If *Homer* had carried theſe old mens admiration any farther, he had been guilty of outraging nature and offending againſt probability. The old are capable of being touched with beauty by the eye; but age ſecures them from the tyranny of paſſion, and the effect is but tranſitory, for prudence ſoon regains its dominion over them. *Homer* always goes as far as he ſhould, but conſtantly ſtops juſt where he ought. *Dacier.*

The ſame writer compares to this the ſpeech of *Holofernes*'s ſoldiers on the ſight of *Judith*, *ch.* 10. *v.* 18. But though there be a reſemblance in the words, the beauty is no way parallel; the grace of this conſiſting in the age and character of thoſe who ſpeak it. There is ſomething very gallant upon the beauty of *Helen* in one of *Lucian*'s dialogues. *Mercury* ſhews *Menippus* the ſkulls of ſeveral fine women; and when the philoſopher is moraliſing upon that of *Helen*: *Was it for this a thouſand ſhips ſailed from* Greece, *ſo many brave men died, and ſo many cities were deſtroyed? My friend* (ſays *Mercury*) *'tis true; but what you behold is only her* ſkull; *you would have been of their opinion, and have done the very ſame thing, had you ſeen her* face.

They cry'd, No wonder ſuch celeſtial charms
For nine long years have ſet the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majeſtic mein!
She moves a Goddeſs, and ſhe looks a Queen!
Yet hence, oh heav'n! convey that fatal face,
And from deſtruction ſave the *Trojan* race.

The good old *Priam* welcom'd her, and cry'd,
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's ſide.
See on the plain thy *Grecian* ſpouſe appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our preſent ſuff'rings draws,
Not thou, but heav'n's diſpoſing will, the cauſe;
The Gods theſe armies and this force employ,
The hoſtile Gods conſpire the fate of *Troy*.
But lift thy eyes, and ſay, What *Greek* is he
(Far as from hence theſe aged orbs can ſee)

Around

V. 211. *The good old* Priam.] The character of a benevolent old man is very well preſerved in *Priam*'s behaviour to *Helena*. Upon the confuſion he obſerves her in, he encourages her by attributing the miſfortunes of the war to the Gods alone, and not to her fault. This ſentiment is alſo very agreeable to the natural piety of old age; thoſe who have had the longeſt experience of human accidents and events, being moſt inclined to aſcribe the diſpoſal of all things to the will of heaven. It is this piety that renders *Priam* a favourite of *Jupiter*, (as we find in the beginning of the fourth book) which for ſome time delays the deſtruction of *Troy*; while his ſoft nature and indulgence for his children makes him continue a war which ruins him. Theſe are the two principal points of *Priam*'s character, tho' there are ſeveral leſſer particularities, among which we may obſerve the curioſity and inquiſitive humour of old age, which gives occaſion to the following Epiſode.

V. 219. *And ſay, what* Greek *is he?*] This view of the *Grecian* leaders from the walls of *Troy*, is juſtly looked upon as an Epiſode of great beauty, as well as a maſterpiece of conduct in *Homer*; who by this means acquaints the reader with

Around whoſe brow ſuch martial graces ſhine,
So tall, ſo awful, and almoſt divine?
Tho' ſome of larger ſtature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He ſeems a Monarch, and his country's pride.
Thus ceas'd the King, and thus the Fair reply'd.
Before thy preſence, Father, I appear,
With conſcious ſhame, and reverential fear.

with the figure and qualifications of each hero in a more lively and agreeable manner. Several great poets have been engaged by the beauty of this paſſage to an imitation of it. In the ſeventh book of *Statius*, *Phorbas* ſtanding with *Antigone* on the tower of *Thebes*, ſhews her the forces as they were drawn up, and deſcribes their commanders who were neighbouring princes of *Bœotia*. It is alſo imitated by *Taſſo* in his third book, where *Erminia* from the walls of *Jeruſalem* points out the chief warriors to the King; tho' the latter part is perhaps copied too cloſely and minutely; for he deſcribes *Godfrey* to be of a port that beſpeaks him a Prince, the next of ſomewhat a lower ſtature, a third renowned for his wiſdom, and then another is diſtinguiſhed by the largeneſs of his cheſt and breadth of his ſhoulders: Which are not only the very particulars, but in the very order of *Homer*'s.

But however this manner of introduction has been admired, there have not been wanting ſome exceptions to a particular or two. *Scaliger* aſks, how it happens that *Priam*, after nine years ſiege, ſhould be yet unacquainted with the faces of the *Grecian* leaders? This was an old cavil, as appears by the *Scholia* that paſs under the name of *Didymus*, where it is very well anſwered that *Homer* had juſt before taken care to tell us the heroes had put off their armour on this occaſion of the truce, which had concealed their perſons till now. Others have objected to *Priam*'s not knowing *Ulyſſes*, who (as it appears afterwards) had been at *Troy* on an embaſſy. The anſwer is, that this might happen either from the dimneſs of *Priam*'s ſight, or defect of his memory, or from the change of *Ulyſſes*'s features ſince that time.

V. 227. *Before thy preſence.*] *Helen* is ſo overwhelmed with grief and ſhame, that ſhe is unable to give a direct anſwer to *Priam* without firſt humbling herſelf before him, acknowledging her crime, and teſtifying her repentance. And ſhe no

Ah! had I dy'd, ere to theſe walls I fled,
Falſe to my country, and my nuptial bed,
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
Falſe to them all, to *Paris* only kind!
For this I mourn, 'till grief or dire diſeaſe
Shall waſte the form whoſe crime it was to pleaſe!
The King of Kings, *Atrides*, you ſurvey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of ſway:
My brother once, before my days of ſhame;
And oh! that ſtill he bore a brother's name!
With wonder *Priam* view'd the Godlike man,
Extoll'd the happy Prince, and thus began.
O bleſt *Atrides!* born to proſp'rous fate,
Succeſsful Monarch of a mighty ſtate!
How vaſt thy empire? Of yon' matchleſs train
What numbers loſt, what numbers ſtill remain?
In *Phrygia* once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when *Atreus* fill'd the throne,

When

no ſooner anſwers by naming *Agamemnon*, but her ſorrows renew at the name; *He was once my brother, but I am now a wretch unworthy to call him ſo.*

V. 236. *Great in the war, and great in arts of ſway.*] This was the verſe which *Alexander* the Great preferred to all others in *Homer*, and which he propoſed as the pattern of his own actions, as including whatever can be deſired in a Prince. *Plut. Orat. de fort. Alex.* 1.

V. 240. *Extoll'd the happy Prince.*] It was very natural for *Priam* on this occaſion, to compare the declining condition of his kingdom with the flouriſhing ſtate of *Agamemnon*'s, and to oppoſe his own miſery (who had loſt moſt of his ſons and his braveſt warriors) to the felicity of the other, in being yet maſter of ſo gallant an army. After this the humour of old age breaks out, in the narration of what armies he had formerly ſeen, and bore a part in the command of; as well as what feats of valour he had then performed. Beſides which, this praiſe of the *Greeks* from the mouth of an enemy, was no ſmall encomium of *Homer*'s countrymen.

When Godlike *Mygdon* led their troops of horſe,
And I, to join them, rais'd the *Trojan* force:
Againſt the manlike *Amazons* we ſtood,
And *Sangar*'s ſtream ran purple with their blood.
But far inferior thoſe, in martial grace,
And ſtrength of numbers, to this *Grecian* race.

This ſaid, once more he view'd the warrior-train:
What's he, whoſe arms lie ſcatter'd on the plain?
Broad is his breaſt, his ſhoulders larger ſpread,
Tho' great *Atrides* overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct ſmall;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The ſtately Ram thus meaſures o'er the ground,
And, maſter of the flocks, ſurveys them round.

Then *Helen* thus. Whom your diſcerning eyes
Have ſingled out, is *Ithaeus* the wiſe:
A barren iſland boaſts his glorious birth;
His fame for wiſdom fills the ſpacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began:
Myſelf, O King! have ſeen that wond'rous man;
When truſting *Jove* and hoſpitable laws,
To *Troy* he came, to plead the *Grecian* cauſe;
(Great *Menelaus* urg'd the ſame requeſt)
My houſe was honour'd with each royal gueſt:

V. 258. *From rank to rank he moves.*] The vigilance and inſpection of *Ulyſſes* were very proper marks to diſtinguiſh him, and agree with his character of a wiſe man, no leſs than the grandeur and majeſty before deſcribed are conformable to *Agamemnon*, as the ſupreme ruler; whereas we find *Ajax* afterwards taken notice of only for his bulk, as a heavy Hero without parts or authority. This decorum is obſervable.

I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
Erect, the *Spartan* most engag'd our view,
Ulysses seated, greater rev'rence drew.
When *Atreus'* son harangu'd the list'ning train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,

His

V. 271. *I knew their persons*, &c.] In this view of the leaders of the army, it had been an oversight in *Homer* to have taken no notice of *Menelaus*, who was not only of the principal of them, but was immediately to engage the observation of the reader in the single combat. On the other hand, it had been a high indecorum to have made *Helena* speak of him. He has therefore put his praises into the mouth of *Antenor*; which was also a more artful way than to have presented him to the eye of *Priam* in the same manner with the rest: It appears from hence, what a regard he has had both to decency and variety, in the conduct of his poem.

This passage concerning the different eloquence of *Menelaus* and *Ulysses* is inexpressibly just and beautiful. The close *Laconick* conciseness of the one, is finely opposed to the copious, vehement, and penetrating oratory of the other; which is so exquisitely described in the simile of the *snow* falling *fast*, and sinking *deep*. For it is in this the beauty of the comparison consists, according to *Quintilian*, *l.* 12. c. 10. *In Ulysse facundiam & magnitudinem junxit, cui orationem nivibus hybernis copiâ verborum atque impetu parem tribuit.* We may set in the same light with these the character of *Nestor*'s eloquence, which consisted in softness and persuasiveness, and is therefore (in contradistinction to this of *Ulysses*) compared to honey which drops gently and slowly: a manner of speech extremely natural to a benevolent old man, such as *Nestor* is represented. *Ausonius* has elegantly distinguished these three kinds of oratory in the following verses.

Dulcem in *paucis* ut Plisthenidem,
Et *torrentem* ceu Dulichii
Ningida dicta:
Et *mellitæ* nectare vocis
Dulcia fatu verba canentem
Nestora regem.

His words ſuccinct, yet full, without a fault;
He ſpoke no more than juſt the thing he ought.

V. 278. *He ſpoke no more than juſt the thing he ought.*] *Chapman*, in his notes to this place and on the ſecond book, has deſcribed *Menelaus* as a character of ridicule and ſimplicity. He takes advantage from the word λιγέως here made uſe of, to interpret that of the *ſhrillneſs* of his voice, which was applied to the acuteneſs of his ſenſe; he obſerves, that this ſort of voice is a mark of a fool; that *Menelaus* coming to his brother's feaſt uninvited in the ſecond book, has occaſioned a proverb of folly; that the excuſe *Homer* himſelf makes for it (becauſe his brother might forget to invite him thro' much buſineſs) is purely ironical; that the epithet ἀρηΐφιλος, which is often applied to him, ſhould not be tranſlated *warlike*, but one who had *an affectation of loving war*: In ſhort, that he was a weak Prince, played upon by others, ſhort in ſpeech, and of a bad pronunciation, valiant only by fits, and ſometimes ſtumbling upon good matter in his ſpeeches, as may happen to the moſt ſlender capacity. This is one of the myſteries which that tranſlator boaſts to have found in *Homer*. But as it is no way conſiſtent with the art of the Poet, to draw the Perſon in whoſe behalf he engages the world, in ſuch a manner as no regard ſhould be conceived for him; we muſt endeavour to reſcue him from this repreſentation. Firſt then, the preſent paſſage is taken by antiquity in general to be applied not to his pronunciation, but his eloquence. So *Auſonius* in the foregoing citation, and *Cicero de oratoribus*: *Menelaum ipſum dulcem illum quidem trahit Homerus, ſed pauca loquentem.* And *Quintilian*, *l.* 12. *c.* 10. *Homerus brevem cum animi jucunditate, & propriam (id enim eſt* non errare verbis) *& carentem ſupervacuis, eloquentiam Menelao dedit*, &c. Secondly, though his coming uninvited may naturally be accounted for on the principle of *brotherly love*, which ſo viſibly characterizes both him and *Agamemnon* throughout the poem. Thirdly, ἀρηΐφιλος may import a love of war, but not an ungrounded affectation. Upon the whole, his character is by no means contemptible, tho' not of the moſt ſhining nature. He is called indeed in the 17th *Iliad*, μαλθακὸς αἰχμητὴς, *a ſoft warrior*, or one whoſe ſtrength is of the ſecond rate; and ſo his brother thought him, when he preferred nine before him to fight with *Hector* in the 7th book. But on the other hand, his courage gives him a conſiderable figure in conquering *Paris*, defending

But when *Ulyſſes* roſe, in thought profound,
His modeſt eyes he fixed upon the ground,
As one unſkill'd or dumb, he ſeem'd to ſtand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor ſtretch'd his ſcepter'd hand;
But, when he ſpeaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of deſcending ſhows,
The copious accents fall, with eaſy art;
Melting they fall, and ſink into the heart!
Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep ſurprize
Our ears refute the cenſure of our eyes.

The

ing the body of *Patroclus*, reſcuing *Ulyſſes*, wounding *Helenus*, killing *Euphorbus*, &c. He is full of reſentment for his private injuries, which brings him to the war with a ſpirit of revenge in the ſecond book, makes him blaſpheme *Jupiter* in the third, when *Paris* eſcapes him, and curſe the *Grecians* in the ſeventh, when they heſitate to accept *Hector*'s challenge. But this alſo is qualified with a compaſſion for thoſe who ſuffer in his cauſe, which he every where manifeſts upon proper occaſions; and with an induſtry to gratify others, as when he obeys *Ajax* in the 17th book, and goes upon his errand to find *Antilochus*, with ſome other condeſcenſions of the like nature. Thus his character is compoſed of qualities which give him no uneaſy ſuperiority over others while he wants their aſſiſtance, and mingled with ſuch as make him amiable enough to obtain it.

V. 280. *His modeſt eyes*, &c.] This behaviour of *Ulyſſes* is copied by *Ovid*, *Met.* 13.

Aſtitit, atque oculis paulum terræ moratis
Conſtitit.—

What follows in the *Greek* tranſlated word for word runs thus: *He ſeemed like a fool, you would have thought him in a rage, or a madman.* How oddly this would appear in our language, I appeal to thoſe who have read *Ogilby*. The whole period means no more than to deſcribe that behaviour which is commonly remarkable in a modeſt and ſenſible man, who ſpeaks in publick: His diffidence and reſpect give him at his firſt riſing a ſort of confuſion, which is not indecent, and which ſerves but the more to heighten the ſurprize and eſteem of thoſe who hear him.

The King then aſk'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
What chief is that, with giant ſtrength endu'd,
Whoſe brawny ſhoulders, and whoſe ſwelling cheſt,
And lofty ſtature far exceed the reſt?
Ajax the great (the beauteous Queen reply'd)
Himſelf a hoſt: the *Grecian* ſtrength and pride.
See! bold *Idomeneus* ſuperior tow'rs,
Amidſt yon' circle of his *Cretan* pow'rs,
Great as a God! I ſaw him once before,
With *Menelaus* on the *Spartan* ſhore.
The reſt I know, and could in order name;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanted of the num'rous train,
Whom long my eyes have ſought, but ſought in vain;
Caſtor and *Pollux*, firſt in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horſe.
My brothers theſe; the ſame our native ſhore,
One houſe contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the Chiefs, from warlike toils at eaſe,
For diſtant *Troy* refus'd to ſail the ſeas:
Perhaps their ſword ſome nobler quarrel draws,
Aſham'd to combat in their ſiſter's cauſe.
So ſpoke the fair, nor knew her brothers doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native ſhore,
Silent they ſlept, and heard of wars no more.

V. 309. *Perhaps their ſwords.*] This is another ſtroke of *Helen*'s concern: The ſenſe of her crime is perpetually aſſiſting her, and awakes upon every occaſion. The lines that follow, wherein *Homer* gives us to underſtand that *Caſtor* and *Pollux* were now dead, are finely introduced, and in the ſpirit of poetry; the muſe is ſuppoſed to know every thing paſt and to come, and to ſee things diſtant as well as preſent.

Mean time the heralds, thro' the crouded town,
Bring the rich wine and deſtin'd victim down.
Ideus' arms the golden goblets preſt,
Who thus the venerable King addreſt.
Ariſe, O father of the *Trojan* ſtate!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait,
To ſeal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris thy ſon, and *Sparta's* King advance,
In meaſur'd liſts to toſs the weighty lance;
And who his rival ſhall in arms ſubdue,
His be the dame, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league our toils may ceaſe,
And *Troy* poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
So ſhall the *Greeks* review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous ſteeds, for beauty more.
With grief he heard, and bade their chiefs prepare
To join his milk-white courſers to the car:
He mounts the ſeat, *Antenor* at his ſide;
The gentle ſteeds thro' *Scæa's* gates they guide:
Next from the car deſcending on the plain,
Amid the *Grecian* hoſt and *Trojan* train
Slow they proceed: The ſage *Ulyſſes* then
Aroſe, and with him roſe the King of Men.
On either ſide a ſacred herald ſtands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the *Grecian* Lord
His cutlace ſheath'd beſide his pond'rous ſword;

From

V. 315. *Mean time the heralds*, &c.] It may not be unpleaſing to the reader to compare the deſcription of the ceremonies of the league in the following part, with that of *Virgil* in the twelfth book. The preparations, the proceſſion of the Kings, and their congreſs, are much more ſolemn and poetical in the latter; the oath and adjurations are equally noble in both.

From the ſign'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it, and the Princes ſhare;
Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the Gods, and ſpreads his lifted hands.
O firſt and greateſt pow'r! whom all obey,
Who high on *Ida*'s holy mountain ſway,
Eternal *Jove!* and you bright orb that roll
From eaſt to weſt, and view from pole to pole!
Thou Mother *Earth!* and all ye living *Floods!*
Infernal *Furies*, and *Tartarean* Gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd Kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
Hear, and be witneſs. If, by *Paris* ſlain,
Great *Menelaus* preſs the fatal plain;
The Dame and treaſures let the *Trojan* keep,
And *Greece* returning plow the watry deep.
If by my brother's lance the *Trojan* bleed;
Be his the wealth and beauteous Dame decreed:
Th' appointed fine let *Ilion* juſtly pay,
And age to age record the ſignal day.

This

V. 342. *The curling hair.*] We have here the whole ceremonial of the ſolemn oath, as it was obſerved anciently by the nations our Author deſcribes. I muſt take this occaſion of remarking that we might ſpare ourſelves the trouble of reading moſt books of *Grecian antiquities*, only by being well verſed in *Homer*. They are generally bare tranſcriptions of him, but with this unneceſſary addition. that after having quoted any thing in verſe, they ſay the ſame over again in proſe. The *Antiquitates Homericæ* of *Feithius* may ſerve as an inſtance of this. What my Lord *Bacon* obſerves of authors in general, is particularly applicable to theſe of Antiquities, that they write for oſtentation not for inſtruction, and that their works are perpetual repetitions.

V. 361. *And age to age record the ſignal day.*] Ἥτε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ' ἀνθρώποισι πέληται. This ſeems the natural

This if the *Phrygians* ſhall refuſe to yield,
Arms muſt revenge, and *Mars* decide the field.
With that the Chief the tender victims ſlew,
And in the duſt their bleeding bodies threw:
The vital ſpirit iſſu'd at the wound,
And left the members quiv'ring on the ground.
From the ſame urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the pow'rs divine.
While thus their pray'rs united mount the ſky;
Hear mighty *Jove!* and hear ye Gods on high!
And may their blood, who firſt the league confound,
Shed like this wine, diſtain the thirſty ground;

May

tural ſenſe of the line, and not as Madam *Dacier* renders it, *The tribute ſhall be paid to the poſterity of the* Greeks *for ever.* I think ſhe is ſingle in that explication, the majority of the interpreters taking it to ſignify that the victory of the *Grecians* and this pecuniary acknowledgment *ſhould be recorded to all poſterity.* If it means any more than this, at leaſt it cannot come up to the ſenſe Madam *Dacier* gives it; for a nation put under perpetual tribute is rather enſlaved, than received to friendſhip and alliance, which are the terms of *Agamemnon*'s ſpeech. It ſeems rather to be a fine, demanded as a recompence for the expences of the war, which being made over the *Greeks*, ſhould *remain to their poſterity for ever*, that is to ſay, which they ſhould never be moleſted for, or which ſhould never be re-demanded in any age as a caſe of injury. The phraſe is the ſame we uſe at this day, when any purchaſe or grant is at once made over to a man *and his heirs for ever.* With this will agree the *Scholiaſt*'s note, which tells us the mulct was reported to have been half the goods then in the beſieged city.

V. 364. *The chief the tender victims ſlew.*] One of the grand objections which the ignorance of ſome moderns has raiſed againſt *Homer*, is what they call a defect in the manners of his heroes. They are ſhocked to find his Kings employed in ſuch offices as ſlaughtering of beaſts, *&c.* But they forget that ſacrificing was the moſt ſolemn act of religion, and that Kings of old in moſt nations were alſo chief prieſts. This, among other objections of the ſame kind, the reader may ſee anſwered in the Preface.

May all their conſorts ſerve promiſcuous luſt,
And all their race be ſcatter'd as the duſt!
Thus either hoſt their imprecations join'd,
Which *Jove* refus'd, and mingled with the wind.
The rites now finiſh'd, rev'rend *Priam* roſe,
And thus expreſs'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes.
Ye *Greeks* and *Trojans*, let the chiefs engage,
But ſpare the weakneſs of my feeble age.
In yonder walls that object let me ſhun,
Nor view the danger of ſo dear a ſon.
Whoſe arms ſhall conquer, and what Prince ſhall fall,
Heav'n only knows, for heav'n diſpoſes all.
This ſaid, the hoary King no longer ſtay'd,
But on his car the ſlaughter'd victims laid;
Then ſeiz'd the reins his gentle ſteeds to guide,
And drove to *Troy*, *Antenor* at his ſide.
Bold *Hector* and *Ulyſſes* now diſpoſe
The liſts of combat, and the ground incloſe;
Next to decide by ſacred lots prepare,
Who firſt ſhall launch his pointed ſpear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And word s like theſe are heard thro' all the bands.
Immortal *Jove!* high heav'n's ſuperior lord,
On lofty *Ida*'s holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to fate
And ſhades eternal! let diviſion ceaſe,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.
With eyes averted *Hector* haſtes to turn
The lots of fight, and ſhakes the brazen urn.
Then, *Paris*, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the firſt to whirl the mighty lance.

Both armies ſate, the combat to ſurvey,
Beſide each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the liſts the gen'rous courſers neigh.
The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright:
The purple cuiſhes claſp his thighs around,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with ſilver buckles bound:
Lycaon's cors'let his fair body dreſt,
Brac'd in, and fitted to his ſofter breaſt;
A radiant baldric, o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide,
His youthful face a poliſh'd helm o'erſpread;
The waving horſe-hair nodded on his head:
His figur'd ſhield, a ſhining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin ſhakes.
With equal ſpeed, and fir'd by equal charms,
The *Spartan* hero ſheaths his limbs in arms.
Now round the liſts th' admiring armies ſtand,
With jav'lins fix'd, the *Greek* and *Trojan* band.
Amidſt the dreadful vale, the Chiefs advance,
All pale with rage, and ſhake the threat'ning lance.
The *Trojan* firſt his ſhining jav'lin threw;
Full on *Atrides* ringing ſhield it flew,
Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his maſſy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but firſt prefers his pray'rs.
Give me, great *Jove!* to puniſh lawleſs luſt,
And lay the *Trojan* gaſping in the duſt:

Deſtroy

V. 433. *Give me great* Jove.] *Homer* puts a prayer in the mouth of *Menelaus*, but none in *Paris*'s: *Menelaus* is the perſon

Deſtroy th' aggreſſor, aid my righteous cauſe,
Avenge the breach of hoſpitable laws!
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendſhip's holy name.
He ſaid, and pois'd in air the jav'lin ſent,
Thro' *Paris'* ſhield the forceful weapon went,
His cors'let pierces, and his garment rends,
And glancing downward, near his flank deſcends.
The wary *Trojan* bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and diſappoints the foe:
But fierce *Atrides* wav'd his ſword, and ſtruck
Full on his caſque; the creſted helmet ſhook;
The brittle ſteel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke ſhort: the fragments glitter'd on the ſand.
The raging warrior to the ſpacious ſkies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes:
Then is it vain in *Jove* himſelf to truſt?
And is it thus the Gods aſſiſt the juſt?
When crimes provoke us, heav'n ſucceſs denies;
The dart falls harmleſs, and the faulchion flies.

Furious

ſon injured and innocent, and may therefore apply to God for juſtice; but *Paris*, who is the criminal remains ſilent. *Spondanus.*

V. 447. *The brittle ſteel, unfaithful to his hand, Broke ſhort*]—This verſe is cut, to expreſs the thing it deſcribes, the ſnapping ſhort of the ſword. 'Tis the obſervation of *Euſtathius* on this line of the original, that we do not only ſee the action, but imagine we hear the ſound of the breaking ſword in that of the words. Τριχθὰ τι καὶ τετραχθὰ διατρυφὶν ἄπιστος χειρός. And that *Homer* deſigned it, may appear from his having twice put in the Θῆτα (which was a letter unneceſſary) to cauſe this harſhneſs in the verſe. As this beauty could not be preſerved in our language, it is endeavoured in the tranſlation to ſupply it with ſomething parallel.

Furious he ſaid, and tow'rd the *Grecian* crew
(Seiz'd by the creſt) th' unhappy warrior drew:
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong,
That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd *Atrides'* joy,
But *Venus* trembled for the Prince of *Troy*:
Unſeen ſhe came, and burſt the golden band;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The caſque, enrag'd amidſt the *Greeks* he threw;
The *Greeks* with ſmiles the poliſh'd trophy view.
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
In thirſt of vengeance, at his rival's heart,
The Queen of Love her favour'd champion ſhrouds
(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
Rais'd from the field, the panting youth ſhe led,
And gently laid him on the bridal bed,
With pleaſing ſweets his fainting ſenſe renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.
Mean time the brighteſt of the female kind,
The matchleſs *Helen*, o'er the walls reclin'd:
To her, beſet with *Trojan* beauties, came
In borrow'd form, the * laughter-loving dame.
(She ſeemed an ancient Maid, well-ſkill'd to cull
The ſnowy fleece, and wind the twiſted wool)
The Goddeſs ſoftly ſhook her ſilken veſt
That ſhed perfumes, and whiſp'ring thus addreſt.
Haſte,

* *Venus.*

V. 479. *The Goddeſs ſoftly ſhook*, &c.] *Venus* having conveyed *Paris* in ſafety to his chamber, goes to *Helena*, who had been ſpectator of his defeat, in order to draw her to his love. The better to bring this about, ſhe firſt takes upon her the

moſt

Haſte, happy nymph! for thee thy *Paris* calls,
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,
Fair as a God! with odours round him ſpread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:
Not like a warrior parted from the foe,
But ſome gay dancer in the publick ſhow.
She ſpoke, and *Helen*'s ſecret ſoul was mov'd;
She ſcorn'd the champion, but the man ſhe lov'd.
Fair *Venus'* neck, her eyes that ſparkled fire,
And breaſt, reveal'd the Queen of ſoft deſire.
Struck with her preſence, ſtrait the lively red
Forſook her cheek; and, trembling, thus ſhe ſaid.
Then is it ſtill thy pleaſure to deceive?
And woman's frailty always to believe?
Say, to new nations muſt I croſs the main,
Or carry wars to ſome ſoft *Aſian* plain?

For

moſt proper form in the world, that of a favourite ſervant-maid, and awakens her paſſion by repreſenting to her the beautiful figure of his perſon. Next aſſuming her own ſhape, ſhe frightens her into a compliance, notwithſtanding all the ſtruggles of *ſhame*, *fear*, and *anger*, which break out in her ſpeech to the Goddeſs. This machine is allegorical, and means no more than the power of *love* triumphing over the conſiderations of *honour*, *eaſe*, and *ſafety*. It has an excellent effect as to the poem, in preſerving ſtill in ſome degree our good opinion of *Helena*, whom we look upon with compaſſion, as conſtrained by a ſuperior power, and whoſe ſpeech tends to juſtify her in the eye of the reader.

V. 487. *She ſpoke, and* Helen's *ſecret ſoul was mov'd.*] Nothing is more fine than this; the firſt thought of *Paris*'s beauty overcomes (unawares to herſelf) the contempt ſhe had that moment conceived of him upon his overthrow. This motion is but natural, and before ſhe perceives the Deity. When the affections of a woman have been thoroughly gained, though they may be alienated for a while, they ſoon return upon her. Homer *knew* (ſays Madam *Dacier*) *what a woman is capable of, who had once lov'd.*

For whom muſt *Helen* break her ſecond vow?
What other *Paris* is thy darling now?
Leſt to *Atrides*, (victor in the ſtriſe)
An odious conqueſt and a captive wife,
Hence let me ſail: And if thy *Paris* bear
My abſence ill, let *Venus* eaſe his care.
A hand-maid goddeſs at his ſide to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heav'nly ſtate,
Be fix'd for ever to the *Trojan* ſhore,
His ſpouſe, or ſlave: and mount the ſkies no more.
For me, to lawleſs love no longer led,
I ſcorn the coward, and deteſt his bed;
Elſe ſhould I merit everlaſting ſhame,
And keen reproach from ev'ry *Phrygian* dame:
Ill ſuits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguiſh, and too wild my woe.
Then thus incens'd, the *Paphian* Queen replies:
Obey the pow'r from whom thy glories riſe:
Shou'd *Venus* leave thee, ev'ry charm muſt fly,
Fade from thy cheek, and languiſh in thy eye.

Ceaſe

V. 507. *For me, to lawleſs love, no longer led, I ſcorn the coward.*] We have here another branch of the female character, which is to be ruled in their attaches by *ſucceſs*. *Helen* finding the victory belonging to *Menelaus*, accuſes herſelf ſecretly of having forſaken him for the other, and immediately entertains a high opinion of the man ſhe had once deſpiſed. One may add, that the fair ſex are generally admirers of courage, and naturally friends to great ſoldiers. *Paris* was no ſtranger to this diſpoſition in them, and had formerly endeavoured to give his miſtreſs that opinion of him; as appears from her reproach to him afterwards.

V. 515. *Shou'd* Venus *leave thee, ev'ry charm muſt fly.*] This was the moſt dreadful of all threats, loſs of beauty and reputation. *Helen*, who had been proof to the perſonal appearance

Ceaſe to provoke me, leſt I make thee more
The world's averſion, than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then, the ſad victim of the publick rage.
At this the faireſt of her ſex obey'd,
And veil'd her bluſhes in a ſilken ſhade;
Unſeen, and ſilent, from the train ſhe moves,
Led by the Goddeſs of the Smiles and Loves.
Arriv'd, and entered at the Palace-gate,
The maids officious round their miſtreſs wait;
Then all diſperſing, various taſks attend;
The Queen and Goddeſs to the Prince aſcend.
Full in her *Paris'* ſight, the Queen of Love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of *Jove;*
Where, as he view'd her charms, ſhe turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to ſay.
Is this the Chief, who loſt to ſenſe of ſhame
Late fled the field, and yet ſurvives his fame?
O hadſt thou dy'd beneath the righteous ſword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my Lord!
The

pearance of the Goddeſs, and durſt even approach her with bitterneſs juſt before, yields to this, and obeys all the dictates of love.

V. 531. *She turn'd away her glowing eyes.*] This interview of the two lovers, placed oppoſite to each other, and overlooked by *Venus*, *Paris* gazing on *Helena*, ſhe turning away her eyes, ſhining at once with anger and love, are particulars finely drawn, and painted up to all the life of nature. *Euſtathius* imagines ſhe looked aſide in conſciouſneſs of her own weakneſs, as apprehending that the beauty of *Paris* might cauſe her to relent. Her burſting out into paſſion and reproaches while ſhe is in this ſtate of mind, is no ill picture of frailty: *Venus* (as Madam *Dacier* obſerves) does not leave her, and fondneſs will immediately ſucceed to theſe reproaches.

The boaſter *Paris* oft deſir'd the day
With *Sparta*'s King to meet in ſingle fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke *Atrides*, and renew the fight:
Yet *Helen* bids thee ſtay, leſt thou unſkill'd
Should'ſt fall an eaſy conqueſt on the field.
The Prince replies; Ah ceaſe, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
This day the foe prevail'd by *Pallas*' pow'r;
We yet may vanquiſh in a happier hour:
There want not Gods to favour us above;
But let the buſineſs of our life be love:
Theſe ſoftier moments let delights employ,
And kind embraces ſnatch the haſty joy.
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from *Sparta*'s ſhore
My force'd, my willing heav'nly prize I bore,

When

V. 543. *Ah ceaſe divinely fair.*] This anſwer of *Paris* is the only one he could poſſibly make with any ſucceſs in his circumſtance. There was no other method to reconcile her to him, but that which is generally moſt powerful with the ſex, and which *Homer* (who was learned every way) here makes uſe of.

V. 551. *Not thus I lov'd thee.*] However *Homer* may be admired for his conduct in this paſſage, I find a general outcry againſt *Paris* on this occaſion. *Plutarch* has led the way in his treatiſe of reading Poets, by remarking it a moſt heinous act of incontinence in him to go to bed to his Lady in the *day-time*. Among the commentators the moſt violent is the moral expoſitor *Spondanus*, who will not ſo much as allow him to ſay a civil thing to *Helen*. *Mollis, effœminatus, & ſpurcus ille adulter, nihil de libidine ſuâ imminutum dicit, ſed nunc magis eâ corripi quàm unquam alias, ne quidem cum primum ea ipſa potiit* (*Latini ita rectè exprimunt* τὸ μισγεσθαι *in re venereâ*) *in inſula* Cranaë. *Cum aliqui homines primi concubitus ſoleant eſſe ardentiores.* I could not deny the reader the diverſion of this remark, nor *Spondanus* the glory of his zeal, who was but two and

When firſt entranc'd in *Cranaë*'s iſle I lay,
Mix'd with thy ſoul, and all diſſolv'd away!

Thus

and twenty when it was written. Madam *Dacier* is alſo very ſevere upon *Paris*, but for a reaſon more natural to a Lady: She is of opinion that the paſſion of the lover would ſcarce have been ſo exceſſive as he here deſcribes it, but for fear of loſing his miſtreſs immediately, as foreſeeing the *Greeks* would demand her. One may anſwer to this lively remark, that *Paris* having nothing to ſay for himſelf, was obliged to teſtify an uncommon ardour for his Lady, at a time when compliments were to paſs inſtead of reaſons. I hope to be excuſed, if (in revenge for her remark upon our ſex) I obſerve upon the behaviour of *Helen*, throughout this book, which gives a pretty natural picture of the manners of theirs. We ſee her firſt in tears, repentant, covered with confuſion at the ſight of *Priam*, and ſecretly inclined to her former ſpouſe. The diſgrace of *Paris* increaſes her diſlike of him; ſhe rails, ſhe reproaches, ſhe wiſhes his death; and after all is prevailed upon by one kind compliment, and yields to his embraces. Methinks when this Lady's obſervation and mine are laid together, the beſt that can be made of them is to conclude, that ſince both the ſexes have their frailties, it would be well for each to forgive the other.

It is worth looking backward, to obſerve the *allegory* here carried on with reſpect to *Helen*, who lives thro' this whole book in a whirl of paſſions, and is agitated by turns with ſentiments of honour and love. The Goddeſſes made uſe of, to caſt the appearance of fable over the ſtory, are *Iris* and *Venus*. When *Helen* is called to the tower to behold her former friends, *Iris* the meſſenger of *Juno* (the Goddeſs of Honour) is ſent for her; and when invited to the bed-chamber of *Paris*, *Venus* is to beckon her out of the company. The forms they take to carry on theſe different affairs, are properly choſen: the one aſſuming the perſon of the daughter of *Antenor*, who preſſed moſt for her being reſtored to *Menelaus*: the other the ſhape of an old maid, who was privy to the intrigues of *Paris* from the beginning. And in the conſequences, as the one inſpires the love of her former empire, friends and country; ſo the other inſtills the dread of being caſt off by all if ſhe forſook her ſecond choice, and cauſes the return of her tenderneſs to *Paris*. But if ſhe has a ſtruggle for Honour, ſhe is in a bondage to Love; which

gives

Thus having ſpoke, th' enamour'd *Phrygian* boy
Ruſh'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
Him *Helen* follow'd ſlow with baſhful charms,
And claſp'd the blooming Hero in her arms.
While theſe to love's delicious rapture yield,
The ſtern *Atrides* rages round the field:
So ſome fell lion whom the woods obey,
Roars thro' the deſart, and demands his prey,
Paris he ſeeks, impatient to deſtroy,
But ſeeks in vain among the troops of *Troy*;
Ev'n thoſe had yielded to a foe ſo brave
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.

Then

gives the ſtory its turn that way, and makes *Venus* oftner appear than *Iris*. There is in one place a lover to be protected, in another a love-quarrel to be made up, in both which the Goddeſs is kindly officious. She conveys *Paris* to *Troy* when he had eſcaped the enemy; which may ſignify his love for his miſtreſs, that hurried him away to juſtify himſelf before her. She ſoftens and terrifies *Helen*, in order to make up the breach between them; and even when that affair is finiſhed, we do not find the Poet diſmiſſes her from the chamber, whatever privacies the lovers had a mind to: In which circumſtance he ſeems to draw aſide the veil of his Allegory, and let the reader at laſt into the meaning of it; That the Goddeſs of Love has been all the while nothing more than the Paſſion of it.

V. 553. *When firſt entranc'd in* Cranae's *Iſle*] It is in the original Νήσῳ δ' ἐν Κραναῇ ἐμίγην φιλότητι, καὶ εὐνῇ. The true ſenſe of which is expreſſed in the tranſlation. I cannot but take notice of a ſmall piece of Prudery in Madam *Dacier*, who is extremely careful of *Helen*'s character. She turns this paſſage as if *Paris* had only her *conſent to be her huſband* in this iſland. *Pauſanias* explains this line in another manner, and tells us it was here that *Paris* had firſt the enjoyment of her, and that in gratitude for his happineſs he built a Temple of *Venus Migonitis*, the mingler or coupler, and that the neighbouring coaſt where it was erected was called *Migonian* from μιγῆναι, *à miſcendo*. *Pauſ. Laconicis.*

Then ſpeaking thus, the King of Kings aroſe;
Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, all our gen'rous foes!
Hear and atteſt! from heav'n with conqueſt crown'd,
Our brother's arms the juſt ſucceſs have found;
Be therefore now the *Spartan* wealth reſtor'd,
Let *Argive Helen* own her lawful Lord;
Th' appointed fine let *Ilion* juſtly pay,
And age to age record the ſignal day.
He ceas'd; his army's loud applauſes riſe,
And the long ſhout runs echoing through the ſkies.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Breach of the Truce, and the first Battle.

THE Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan *war. They agree upon the continuation of it, and* Jupiter *sends down* Minerva *to break the truce. She perſuades* Pandarus *to aim an arrow at* Menelaus, *who is wounded, but cured by* Machaon. *In the mean time ſome of the* Trojan *troops attack the* Greeks. Agamemnon *is diſtinguiſhed in all the parts of a good General; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the Leaders, ſome by praiſes, and others by reproofs.* Nestor *is particularly celebrated for his military diſcipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are ſlain on both ſides.*

The ſame day continues thro' this, as thro' the laſt book, (as it does alſo thro' the two following, and almoſt to the end of the ſeventh book.) The ſcene *is wholly in the field before* Troy.

THE

THE

*FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

AND now *Olympus'* ſhining gates unfold;
The Gods, with *Jove*, aſſume their Thrones of Gold:

* It was from the beginning of this book that *Virgil* has taken that of his tenth *Æneid*, as the whole tenour of the ſtory in this and the laſt book is followed in his twelfth. The truce and the ſolemn oath, the breach of it by a dart thrown by *Tolumnius*, *Juturna*'s inciting the *Latines* to renew the war, the wound of *Æneas*, his ſpeedy cure, and the battle enſuing, all theſe are manifeſtly copied from hence. The ſolemnity, ſurprize, and variety of theſe circumſtances ſeemed to him of importance enough, to build the whole cataſtrophe of his work upon them; tho' in *Homer* they are but openings to the general action, and ſuch as in their warmth are ſtill exceeded by all that follow them. They are choſen, we grant, by *Virgil* with great judgment, and conclude his poem with a becoming majeſty: Yet the finiſhing his ſcheme with that which is but the cooleſt part of *Homer*'s action, tends in ſome degree to ſhew the diſparity of the poetical fire in theſe two Authors.

Immortal *Hebè*, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the pow'rs employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended *Troy*.
When *Jove*, dispos'd to tempt *Saturnia*'s spleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial Queen.
Two pow'rs divine the son of *Atreus* aid,
Imperial *Juno*, and the martial maid;
But high in heav'n they sit and gaze from far,
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair *Venus* helps her favour'd knight,
The Queen of Pleasures shares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and constant in her care
Saves in the moment of the last despair.
Her act has rescu'd *Paris'* forfeit life,
Tho' great *Atrides* gain'd the glorious strife.

Then

V. 3. *Immortal* Hebe.] The Goddess of youth is introduced as an attendant upon the banquets of the Gods, to shew that the divine beings enjoy an eternal youth, and that their life is a felicity without end. *Dacier*.

V. 9. *Two pow'rs divine.*] *Jupiter*'s reproaching these two Goddesses with neglecting to assist *Menelaus*, proceeds (as M. *Dacier* remarks) from the affection he bore to *Troy*: since if *Menelaus* by their help had gained a complete victory, the siege had been raised, and the city delivered. On the contrary, *Juno* and *Minerva* might suffer *Paris* to escape, as the method to continue the war to the total destruction of *Troy*. And accordingly a few lines after we find them complotting together, and contriving a new scene of miseries to the *Trojans*.

V. 18. *Tho' great* Atrides *gain'd the glorious strife.*] *Jupiter* here makes it a question, Whether the foregoing combat should determine the controversy, or the peace be broken? His putting it thus, *that* Paris *is not killed, but* Menelaus *has the victory*, gives a hint for a dispute whether the conditions of

Then ſay, ye Pow'rs! what ſignal iſſue waits
To crown this deed and finiſh all the Fates?
Shall heav'n by peace the bleeding kingdoms ſpare,
Or rouze the Furies, and awake the war?
Yet would the Gods for human good provide,
Atrides ſoon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still *Priam's* walls in peaceful honours grow;
And thro' his gates the crouding nations flow.
Thus while he ſpoke, the queen of heav'n enrag'd,
And queen of war, in cloſe conſult engag'd:
Apart they ſit, their deep deſigns employ,
And meditate the future woes of *Troy*.

of the treaty were valid or annulled; that is to ſay, whether the controverſy was to be determined by the *victory* or by the *death* of one of the combatants. Accordingly it has been diſputed whether the articles were really binding to the *Trojans*, or not? *Plutarch* has treated the queſtion in his *Sympoſiacks*, *l.* 9. *qu.* 13. The ſubſtance is this. In the firſt propoſal of the challenge *Paris* mentions only the victory, *And who his rival ſhall in arms ſubdue*: Nor does *Hector* who carries it ſay any more. However *Menelaus* underſtands it of the death by what he replies: *Fall he that muſt, beneath his rival's arm, And live the reſt*—*Iris* to *Helen* ſpeaks only of the former; and *Idæus* to *Priam* repeats the ſame words. But in the ſolemn oath *Agamemnon* ſpecifies the latter, *If by* Paris *ſlain*—and *If by my brother's arm the* Trojan *bleed*. *Priam* alſo underſtands it of both, ſaying at his leaving the field, *What Prince ſhall fall beneath my hand*—(I do not cite the *Greek*, becauſe the Engliſh has preſerved the ſame nicety.) *Paris* himſelf confeſſes he has loſt the victory, in his ſpeech to *Helen*, which he would hardly have done had the whole depended on that alone: And laſtly, *Menelaus* (after the conqueſt is clearly his by the flight of *Paris*) is ſtill ſearching round the field to kill him, as if all were of no effect without the death of his adverſary. It appears from hence, that the *Trojans* had no ill pretence to break the treaty, ſo that *Homer* ought to have been directly accuſed of making *Jupiter* the author of perjury in what follows, which is one of the chief of *Plato's* objections againſt him.

Tho' ſecret anger ſwell'd *Minerva*'s breaſt,
The prudent Goddeſs yet her wrath ſuppreſt;
But *Juno*, impotent of paſſion, broke
Her ſullen ſilence, and with fury ſpoke.
Shall then, O tyrant of th' etherial reign!
My ſchemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain?
Have I, for this, ſhook *Ilion* with alarms,
Aſſembled nations, ſet two worlds in arms?
To ſpread the war, I flew from ſhore to ſhore;
Th' immortal courſers ſcarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But *Jove* himſelf the faithleſs race defends:
Loth as thou art to puniſh lawleſs luſt,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjuſt.

The Sire whoſe thunder ſhakes the cloudy ſkies,
Sighs from his inmoſt ſoul, and thus replies;
Oh laſting rancour! oh inſatiate hate
To *Phrygia*'s monarch and the *Phrygian* ſtate!
What high offence has fir'd the wife of *Jove*,
Can wretched mortals harm the pow'rs above?
That *Troy* and *Troy*'s whole race thou would'ſt confound,
And yon fair ſtructures level to the ground?
Haſte, leave the ſkies, fulfil thy fierce deſire,
Burſt all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!

Let

V. 31. *Tho' ſecret anger ſwell'd* Minerva's *breaſt.*] *Spondanus* takes notice that *Minerva*, who in the firſt book had reſtrained the anger of *Achilles*, had now an opportunity of exerting the ſame conduct in reſpect to herſelf. We may bring the parallel cloſe, by obſerving that ſhe had before her in like manner a ſuperior, who had provoked her by ſharp expreſſions, and whoſe councils ran againſt her ſentiments. In all which the Poet takes care to preſerve her ſtill in the practice of that *Wiſdom* of which ſhe was Goddeſs.

Let *Priam* bleed! if yet thou thirst for more,
Bleed all his sons, and *Ilion* float with gore,
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be giv'n,
'Till vast destruction glut the Queen of Heav'n!
So let it be, and *Jove* his peace enjoy,
When heav'n no longer hears the name of *Troy*.
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,
Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,
Remember *Troy*, and give the vengeance way.

V. 55. *Let* Priam *bleed, &c.*] We find in *Persius*'s Satyrs the name of *Labeo*, an ill poet who made a miserable translation of the *Iliad*; one of whose verses is still preserved, and happens to be that of this place.

Crudum manducet Priamum, Priamique pisinnos.

It may seem from this, that his translation was servilely literal (as the old *Scholiast* on *Persius* observes.) And one cannot but take notice that *Ogilby*'s and *Hobbes*'s in this place are not unlike *Labeo*'s.

Both King and people they would fit eat alive;
And eat up Priam *and his children all.*

V. 61. *But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate*
On thy lov'd realms—]

Homer in this place has made *Jupiter* to prophesy the destruction of *Mycenæ* the favoured city of *Juno*, which happened a little before the time of our author. *Strabo, l.* 8. *The* Trojan *war being over, and the kingdom of* Agamemnon *destroyed,* Mycenæ *daily decreased after the return of the* Heraclidæ: *For those becoming masters of* Peloponnesus, *cast out the old inhabitants; so that they who possessed* Argos *overcame* Mycenæ *also, and contracted both into one body. A short time after,* Mycenæ *was destroyed by* Argives, *and not the least remains of it are now to be found.*

For know, of all the num'rous towns that rise
Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,
Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy;
None stands so dear to *Jove* as sacred *Troy*.
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
Than god-like *Priam*, or than *Priam*'s race.
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.
At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the Thund'rer fixed them, and replies.
Three towns are *Juno*'s on the *Grecian* plains,
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
Mycenæ, *Argos*, and the *Spartan* wall;
These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
The crime's sufficient that they share my love.
Of pow'r superior why should I complain?
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
Yet some distinction *Juno* might require
Sprung with thyself from one celestial Sire,
A Goddess born to share the realms above,
And stil'd the consort of the thund'ring *Jove*;
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny?
Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,
And heav'n shall act as we direct the way.
See ready *Pallas* waits thy high commands,
To raise in arms the *Greek* and *Phrygian* bands,
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
And the proud *Trojans* first infringe the peace.

The

The Sire of men, and Monarch of the ſky
Th' advice approv'd, and bade *Minerva* fly,
Diſſolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithleſs act of *Troy*.
Fir'd with the charge, ſhe headlong urg'd her flight,
And ſhot like light'ning from *Olympus'* height.
As the red comet, from *Saturnius* ſent
To fright the nations with a dire portent,
(A fatal ſign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling ſailors on the wintry main)
With ſweeping glories glides along in air,
And ſhakes the ſparkles from its blazing hair:
Between both armies thus, in open ſight,
Shot the bright Goddeſs in a trail of light.

V. 96. *Th' advice approv'd.*] This is one of the places for which *Homer* is blamed by *Plato*, who introduces *Socrates* reprehending it in his dialogue of the Republick. And indeed if it were granted that the *Trojans* had no right to break this treaty, the preſent machine where *Juno* is made to propoſe perjury, *Jupiter* to allow it, and *Minerva* to be commiſſioned to haſten the execution of it, would be one of the hardeſt to be reconciled to reaſon in the whole Poem. Unleſs even then one might imagine, that *Homer's* heaven is ſometimes no more than an ideal world of abſtracted beings; and ſo every motion which riſes in the mind of man is attributed to the quality to which it belongs, with the name of the Deity who is ſuppoſed to preſide over that quality ſuperadded to it. In this ſenſe the preſent allegory is eaſy enough. *Pandarus* thinks it *prudence* to gain honour and wealth at the hands of the *Trojans* by deſtroying *Menelaus*. This ſentiment is alſo incited by a notion of *glory*, of which *Juno* is repreſented as Goddeſs. *Jupiter*, who is ſuppoſed to know the thoughts of men, permits the action which he is not the author of; but ſends a prodigy at the ſame time to give warning of a coming miſchief, and accordingly we find both armies deſcanting upon the ſight of it in the following lines.

With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire
The pow'r descending, and the heav'ns on fire!
The Gods (they cry'd) the Gods this signal sent,
And fate now labours with some vast event:
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;
Jove, the great Arbiter of peace and wars!

They said, while *Pallas* thro' the *Trojan* throng
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.
Like bold *Laödicus*, her course she bent,
Who from *Antenor* trac'd his high descent.
Amidst the ranks *Lycaon*'s son she found,
The warlike *Pandarus* for strength renown'd;
Whose squadrons, led from black *Æsepus*' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the Goddess: *Phrygian!* canst thou hear
A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?

What

V. 120. Pandarus *for strength renown'd.*] *Homer*, says *Plutarch* in his treatise of the *Pythian Oracle*, makes not the Gods to use all persons indifferently as their second agents, but each according to the powers he is endued with by art or nature. For a proof of this, he puts us in mind how *Minerva*, when she would persuade the *Greeks*, seeks for *Ulysses*; when she would break the truce, for *Pandarus*; and when she would conquer, for *Diomed*. If we consult the *Scholia* upon this instance, they give several reasons why *Pandarus* was particularly proper for the occasion. The Goddess went not to the *Trojans*, because they hated *Paris*, and (as we are told in the end of the foregoing book) would rather have given him up, than have done an ill action for him: She therefore looks among the allies, and finds *Pandarus*, who was of a nation noted for perfidiousness, and had a soul avaricious enough to be capable of engaging in this treachery for the hopes of a reward from *Paris*: as appears from his being so covetous as not to bring horses to the siege for fear of the expence or loss of them; as he tells *Æneas* in the fifth book.

What praiſe were thine, cou'dſt thou direct thy dart
Amidſt his triumph to the *Spartan*'s heart?
What gifts from *Troy*, from *Paris* wouldſt thou gain,
Thy country's foe, the *Grecian* glory ſlain?
Then ſeize th' occaſion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breaſt, and may that aim ſucceed!
But firſt, to ſpeed the ſhaft, addreſs thy vow
To *Lycian Phebus* with the ſilver bow.
And ſwear the firſtlings of thy flock to pay
On *Zelia*'s altars to the God of day.

He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd,
His poliſh'd bow with haſty raſhneſs ſeiz'd.
'Twas form'd of horn, and ſmooth'd with artful toil,
A mountain-goat reſign'd the ſhining ſpoil,
Who pierc'd long ſince beneath his arrows bled;
The ſtately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
And ſixteen palms his brows large honours ſpread:
The workman join'd, and ſhap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.

This, by the *Greeks* unſeen, the warrior bends,
Screen'd by the ſhields of his ſurrounding friends.

There

V. 141. *Sixteen palms.*] Both the horns together made this length; and not each, as Madam *Dacier* renders it. I do not object it as an improbability, that the horns were of ſixteen palms each; but that this would be an extravagant and unmanageable ſize for a bow, is evident.

V. 144. *This, by the* Greeks *unſeen, the warrior bends.*] The Poet having held us thro' the foregoing book, in expectation of a peace, makes the conditions to be here broken after ſuch a manner, as ſhould oblige the *Greeks* to act thro' the war with that irreconcilable fury, which affords him the opportunity of exerting the full fire of his own genius. The ſhot of *Pandarus* being therefore of ſuch conſequence (and as he

There meditates the mark; and couching low,
Fits the ſharp arrow to the well-ſtrung bow.
One, from a hundred feather'd deaths he choſe,
Fated to wound, and cauſe of future woes.
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown
Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Cloſe to his breaſt he ſtrains the nerve below,
'Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing;
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quiv'ring ſtring.

But

he calls it, the ἔρκος ὀδόντων, the *foundation of future woes*) it was thought fit not to paſs it over in a few words, like the flight of every common arrow, but to give it a deſcription ſome way correſponding to its importance. For this, he ſurrounds it with a train of circumſtances; the hiſtory of the bow, the bending it, the covering *Pandarus* with ſhields, the choice of the arrow, the prayer, and poſture of the ſhooter, the ſound of the ſtring, and flight of the ſhaft; all moſt beautifully and lively painted. It may be obſerved too, how proper a time it was to expatiate in theſe particulars; when the armies being unemployed, and only one man acting, the Poet and his readers had leiſure to be the ſpectators of a ſingle and deliberate action. I think it will be allowed, that the little circumſtances which are ſometimes thought too redundant in *Homer*, have a wonderful beauty in this place. *Virgil* has not failed to copy it, and with the greateſt happineſs imaginable.

Dixit, & auratâ volucrem Threïſſa ſagittâ
Deprompſit pharetrâ, curvumque inſenſa tetendit,
Et duxit longè, donec curvata coirent
Inter ſe capita & manibus jam tangeret aquis,
Læva aciem ferri, dextrâ nervoque papillam.
Extemplò teli ſtridorem aurasque ſonantes
Audiit una Arunx, hæſitque in corpore ferrum.

But thee, *Atrides!* in that dang'rous hour
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian pow'r.
Pallas aſſiſts, and (weaken'd in its force)
Diverts the weapon from its deſtin'd courſe;
So from her babe, when ſlumber ſeals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
Juſt where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corſlet lin'd,
She turn'd the ſhaft, which hiſſing from above,
Paſs'd the broad belt, and thro' the corſlet drove;
The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
And raz'd the ſkin, and drew the purple gore.

As

V. 160. Pallas *aſſiſts, and (weaken'd in its force) Diverts the weapon.*—] For ſhe only deſigned by all this action, to encreaſe the glory of the *Greeks* in the taking of *Troy*: Yet ſome Commentators have been ſo ſtupid, as to wonder that *Pallas* ſhould be employed firſt in wounding of *Menelaus*, and after in the protecting him.

V. 163. *Wafts the envenom'd fly.*] This is one of thoſe humble compariſons which *Homer* ſometimes uſes to diverſify his ſubject, but a very exact one in its kind, and correſponding in all its parts. The care of the Goddeſs, the unſuſpecting ſecurity of *Menelaus*, the eaſe with which ſhe diverts the danger, and the danger itſelf, are all included in this ſhort compaſs. To which it may be added, that if the providence of heavenly powers to their creatures is expreſſed by the love of a mother to her child, if men in regard to them are but as heedleſs ſleeping infants, and if thoſe dangers, which may ſeem great to us, are by them as eaſily warded off as the ſimile implies; there will appear ſomething ſublime in this conception, however little and low the image may be thought at firſt ſight in reſpect to a hero. A higher compariſon would have but tended to leſſen the diſparity between the Gods and man, and the juſtneſs of the ſimile had been loſt, as well as the grandeur of the ſentiment.

As when ſome ſtately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding ſteed,
A nymph, in *Caria* or *Maeönia* bred,
Stains the pure iv'ry with a lively red;
With equal luſtre various colours vye,
The ſhining whiteneſs, and the *Tyrian* dye.
So, great *Atrides!* ſhow'd thy ſacred blood,
As down thy ſnowy thigh diſtill'd the ſtreaming flood.
With

V. 170. *As when ſome ſtately trappings*, &c.] Some have judged the circumſtances in this ſimile to be ſuperfluous, and think it foreign to the purpoſe to take notice, that this ivory was intended for the boſſes of a bridle, was laid up for a prince, or that a woman of *Caria* or *Maeonia* dyed it. *Euſtathius* was of a different opinion, who extols this paſſage for the variety it preſents, and the learning it includes: We learn from hence that the *Lydians* and *Carians* were famous in the firſt times for ſtaining in purple, and that the women excelled in works of ivory: As alſo, that there were certain ornaments which only Kings and Princes were privileged to wear. But without having recourſe to antiquities to juſtify this particular, it may be alledged, that the ſimile does not conſiſt barely in the colours; it was but little to tell us, that the blood of *Menelaus* appearing on the whiteneſs of his ſkin, vyed with the purple ivory; but this implies, that the honourable wounds of a hero are the beautiful dreſs of war, and become him as much as the moſt gallant ornaments in which he takes the field. *Virgil*, 'tis true, has omitted the circumſtance in his imitation of this compariſon, *Æn.* 12.

Indum ſanguineus veluti violaverit oſtro
Si quis ebur—

But in this he judges only for himſelf, and does not condemn *Homer*. It was by no means proper that his ivory ſhould have been a piece of martial accoutrement, when he applied it ſo differently, tranſferring it from the wounds of a hero to the bluſhes of the fair *Lavinia*.

V. 177. *As down thy ſnowy thigh.*] *Homer* is very particular here, in giving the picture of the blood running in a long trace,

With horror ſeiz'd, the King of Men deſcry'd
The ſhaft infix'd, and ſaw the guſhing tide;
Nor leſs the *Spartan* fear'd, before he found
The ſhining barb appear above the wound.
Then, with a ſigh that heav'd his manly breaſt,
The royal brother thus his grief expreſt,
And graſp'd his hand; while all the *Greeks* around
With anſwering ſighs return'd the plaintive ſound.
Oh dear as life! did I for this agree
The ſolemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!

Wert

trace, lower and lower, as will appear from the words themſelves.

> Τοῖοί τοι Μενέλαε μιάνθην αἵματι μηροὶ
> Εὐφυέες, κνῆμαί τ', ἠδὲ σφυρὰ καλ' ὑπένερθε.

The tranſlator has not thought fit to mention every one of theſe parts, firſt the thigh, then the leg, then the foot, which might be tedious in *Engliſh*: But the Author's deſign being only to image the ſtreaming of the blood, it ſeemed equivalent to make it trickle thro' the length of an *Alexandrine* line.

V. 186. *O dear as life*, &c.] The incident of the wound of *Menelaus* gives occaſion to *Homer* to draw a fine deſcription of fraternal love in *Agamemnon*. On the firſt ſight of it, he is ſtruck with amaze and confuſion, and now breaks out in tenderneſs and grief. He firſt accuſes himſelf as the cauſe of this misfortune, by having conſented to expoſe his brother to the ſingle combat, which had drawn on this fatal conſequence. Next he inveighs againſt the *Trojans* in general for their perfidiouſneſs, as not yet knowing that it was the act of *Pandarus* only. He then comforts himſelf with the confidence that the Gods will revenge him upon *Troy*; but doubts by what hands this puniſhment may be inflicted, as fearing the death of *Menelaus* will force the *Greeks* to return with ſhame to their country. There is no contradiction in all this, but on the other ſide a great deal of nature, in the confuſed ſentiments of *Agamemnon* on the occaſion, as they are very well explained by *Spondanus*.

Wert thou expos'd to all the hoſtile train,
To fight for *Greece*, and conquer, to be ſlain?
The race of *Trojans* in thy ruin join,
And faith is ſcorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Thoſe hands we plighted, and thoſe oaths we ſwore,
Shall all be vain: When heav'n's revenge is ſlow,
Jove but prepares to ſtrike the fiercer blow.
The day ſhall come, that great avenging day,
Which *Troy*'s proud glories in the duſt ſhall lay,
When *Priam*'s pow'rs and *Priam*'s ſelf ſhall fall,
And one prodigious ruin ſwallow all.
I ſee the God, already from the pole
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I ſee th' Eternal all his fury ſhed,
And ſhake his *Ægis* o'er their guilty head.
Such mighty woes on perjur'd Princes wait;
But thou, alas! deſerv'ſt a happier fate.
Still muſt I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my ſhare of praiſe?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartleſs *Greeks* no more
Shall dream of conqueſts on the hoſtile ſhore;
Troy ſeiz'd of *Helen*, and our glory loſt,
Thy bones ſhall moulder on a foreign coaſt:
While ſome proud *Trojan* thus inſulting cries,
(And ſpurns the duſt where *Menelaus* lies)

" Such

V. 212. *While ſome proud* Trojan, *&c.*] *Agamemnon* here calls to mind how, upon the death of his brother, the ineffectual preparations and actions againſt *Troy* muſt become a deriſion to the world. This is in its own nature a very irritating ſentiment, though it were never ſo carelefly expreſſed; but the Poet has found out a peculiar air of aggravation, in making

" Such are the trophies *Greece* from *Ilion* brings,
" And ſuch the conqueſts of her King of Kings!
" Lo his proud veſſels ſcatter'd o'er the main,
" And unreveng'd, his mighty brother ſlain."
Oh! ere that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's ſhame.
He ſaid: A leader's and a brother's fears
Poſſeſs his ſoul, which thus the *Spartan* cheers:
Let not thy words the warmth of *Greece* abate;
The feeble dart is guiltleſs of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My vary'd belt repell'd the flying wound.
To whom the King. My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may heav'n thy life defend!
Now ſeek ſome ſkilful hand, whoſe pow'rful art
May ſtanch th' effuſion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be ſwift, and bid *Machaön* bring
His ſpeedy ſuccour to the *Spartan* King;

Pierc'd

making him bring all the conſequences before his eyes, in a picture of their *Trojan* enemies gathering round the tomb of the unhappy *Menelaus*, elated with pride, inſulting the dead, and throwing out ſome diſdainful expreſſions and curſes againſt him and his family. There is nothing which could more effectually repreſent a ſtate of anguiſh, than the drawing ſuch an image as this, which ſhews a man increaſing his preſent unhappineſs by the proſpect of a future train of misfortunes.

V. 222. *Let not thy words the warmth of* Greece *abate.*] In *Agamemnon*, *Homer* has ſhewn an example of a tender nature and fraternal affection, and now in *Menelaus* he gives us one of a generous warlike patience and preſence of mind. He ſpeaks of his own caſe with no other regard, but as this accident of his wound may tend to the diſcouragement of the ſoldiers; and exhorts the General to beware of dejecting their ſpirits from the proſecution of the war. *Spondanus.*

Pierc'd with a winged ſhaft (the deed of *Troy*)
The *Grecian*'s ſorrow and the *Dardan*'s joy.
With haſty zeal the ſwift *Talthybius* flies,
Thro' the thick files he darts his ſearching eyes,
And finds *Machaön*, where ſublime he ſtands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: *Machaön*, to the King repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by ſome *Lycian* or *Dardanian* bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.
The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man;
Swift to his ſuccour thro' the ranks he ran:
The dauntleſs King yet ſtanding firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around.
Where to the ſteely point the reed was join'd,
The ſhaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Strait the broad belt, with gay embroid'ry grac'd,
He loos'd; the corſlet from his breaſt unbrac'd;
Then ſuck'd the blood, and ſov'reign balm infus'd,
Which *Chiron* gave, and *Æſculapius* us'd.
While round the Prince the *Greeks* employ their care,
The *Trojans* ruſh tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
Nor had you ſeen the King of Men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or ſurpriz'd with fear;

But

V. 253.] *The* Trojans *ruſh tumultuous to the war.*] They advanced to the enemy in the belief that the ſhot of *Pandarus* was made by order of the Generals. *Dacier.*

V. 256. *Nor had you ſeen.*] The Poet here changes his narration, and turns himſelf to the reader in an *Apoſtrophe.* *Longinus,*

But fond of glory, with ſevere delight,
His beating boſom claim'd the riſing fight.
No longer with his warlike ſteeds he ſtay'd,
Or preſs'd the car with poliſh'd braſs inlay'd:
But left *Eurymedon* the reins to guide;
The fiery courſers ſnorted at his ſide.
On foot thro' all the martial ranks he moves,
And theſe encourages, and thoſe reproves.

Brave

Longinus, in his 22d chapter, commends this figure, as cauſing a reader to become a ſpectator, and keeping his mind fixed upon the action before him. *The Apoſtrophe* (ſays he) *renders us more awaken'd, more attentive, and more full of the thing deſcribed.* Madam *Dacier* will have it, that it is the Muſe who addreſſes herſelf to the Poet in the ſecond perſon: 'Tis no great matter which, ſince it has equally its effect either way.

V. 264. *Thro' all the martial ranks he moves, &c.*] In the following review of the army, which takes up a great part of this book, we ſee all the ſpirit, art, and induſtry of a compleat General; together with the proper *characters* of thoſe leaders whom he incites. *Agamemnon* conſiders at this ſudden exigence, that he ſhould firſt addreſs himſelf to all in general; he divides his diſcourſe to the brave and the fearful, uſing arguments which ariſe from confidence or deſpair, paſſions which act upon us moſt forcibly: To the brave, he urges their ſecure hopes of conqueſt, ſince the Gods muſt puniſh perjury; to the timorous, their inevitable deſtruction, if the enemy ſhould burn their ſhips. After this he flies from rank to rank, applying himſelf to each ally with particular artifice: He careſſes *Idomeneus* as an old friend, who had promiſed not to forſake him; and meets with an anſwer in that hero's true character, ſhort, honeſt, hearty, and ſoldier like. He praiſes the *Ajaxes* as warriors whoſe examples fired the army; and is received by them without any reply, as they were men who did not profeſs ſpeaking. He paſſes next to *Neſtor*, whom he finds talking to his ſoldiers as he marſhalled them; here he was not to part without a compliment on both ſides; he wiſhes him the ſtrength he had once in his youth, and is anſwered with an account of ſomething

which

Brave men! he cries (to such who boldly dare
Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war)
Your ancient valour on the foes approve:
Jove is with *Greece*, and let us trust in *Jove*.
'Tis not for us, but guilty *Troy*, to dread,
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjur'd head;
Her sons and matrons *Greece* shall lead in chains,
And her dead warriors strow the mournful plains.
Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires.
Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!
Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting, thus, the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.
Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,
'Till yon' tall vessels blaze with *Trojan* fire?

Or

which the old hero had done in his former days. From hence he goes to the troops which lay fartheſt from the place of action; where he finds *Meneſthius* and *Ulyſſes*, not entirely unprepared, nor yet in motion, as being ignorant of what had happened. He reproves *Ulyſſes* for this, with words agreeable to the hurry he is in, and receives an anſwer which ſuits not ill with the twofold character of a wiſe and a valiant man: Hereupon *Agamemnon* appears preſent to himſelf, and excuſes his haſty expreſſions. The next he meets is *Diomed*, whom he alſo rebukes for backwardneſs, but after another manner, by ſetting before him the example of his father. Thus is *Agamemnon* introduced, praiſing, terrifying, exhorting, blaming, excuſing himſelf, and again relapſing into reproofs; a lively picture of a great mind in the higheſt emotion. And at the ſame time the variety is ſo kept up, with regard to the different characters of the leaders, that our thoughts are not tired with running along with him over all his army.

Or truſt ye, *Jove* a valiant foe ſhall chace,
To ſave a trembling, heartleſs, daſtard race?
This ſaid, he ſtalk'd with ample ſtrides along,
To *Crete*'s brave monarch and his martial throng;
High at their head he ſaw the chief appear,
And bold *Meriones* excite the rear.
At this the King his gen'rous joy expreſt,
And claſp'd the warrior to his armed breaſt.
Divine *Idomeneus!* what thanks we owe
To worth like thine? what praiſe ſhall we beſtow?
To thee the foremoſt honours are decreed,
Firſt in the fight, and ev'ry graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the gen'rous bowls
Reſtore our blood, and raiſe the warriors ſouls,
Tho' all the reſt with ſtated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd are thy goblets crown'd.
Be ſtill thyſelf; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.
To whom the *Cretan* thus his ſpeech addreſt;
Secure of me, O King! exhort the reſt:
Fix'd to thy ſide, in ev'ry toil I ſhare,
Thy firm aſſociate in the day of war.

But

V. 296. *For this, in banquets.*] The ancients uſually in their feaſts divided to the gueſts by equal portions, except when they took ſome particular occaſion to ſhew diſtinction, and give the preference to any one perſon. It was then looked upon as the higheſt mark of honour to be allotted the beſt portion of meat and wine, and to be allowed an exemption from the laws of the feaſt, in drinking wine unmingled and without ſtint. This cuſtom was much more ancient than the time of the *Trojan* war, and we find it practiſed in the banquet given by *Joſeph* to his brethren in *Egypt*, Gen. 43. v. ult. *And he ſent meſſes to them from before him, but* Benjamin's *meſs was five times ſo much as any of theirs.* Dacier.

But let the ſignal be this moment giv'n,
To mix in fight is all I aſk of heav'n.
The field ſhall prove how perjuries ſucceed
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.
Charm'd with this heat, the King his courſe purſues,
And next the troops of either *Ajax* views:
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A ſwain ſurveys the gath'ring ſtorm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours riſe,
Spread in dim ſtreams, and ſail along the ſkies,
'Till black as night the ſwelling tempeſt ſhows,
The cloud condenſing as the Weſt-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending ſtorm, and drives his flock
To the cloſe covert of an arching rock.
Such, and ſo thick, th' embattel'd ſquadrons ſtood,
With ſpears erect, a moving iron wood;
A ſhady light was ſhot from glimm'ring ſhields,
And their brown arms obſcur'd the duſky fields.
O heroes! worthy ſuch a dauntleſs train,
Whoſe godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaim'd the King) who raiſe your eager bands
With great examples more than loud commands.
Ah would the gods but breathe in all the reſt
Such ſouls as burn in your exalted breaſt!
Soon ſhould our arms with juſt ſucceſs be crown'd,
And *Troy*'s proud walls lie ſmoaking on the ground.
Then to the next the Gen'ral bends his courſe;
(His heart exults, and glories in his force)

There rev'rend *Neſtor* ranks his *Pylian* bands,
And with inſpiring eloquence commands;
With ſtricteſt order ſets his train in arms,
The chiefs adviſes, and the ſoldiers warms.
Alaſtor, *Chromius*, *Haemon* round him wait,
Bias the good, and *Pelagon* the great.
The horſe and chariots to the front aſſign'd,
The foot (the ſtrength of war) he rang'd behind;
The middle ſpace ſuſpected troops ſupply,
Inclos'd by both, nor left the pow'r to fly:

He

V. 336. *There rev'rend* Neſtor *ranks his* Pylian *bands.*] This is the Prince whom *Homer* chiefly celebrates for martial diſcipline; of the reſt he is content to ſay they were valiant and ready to fight: The years, long obſervation and experience of *Neſtor*, render'd him the fitteſt perſon to be diſtinguiſhed on this account. The diſpoſition of his troops on this place (together with what he is made to ſay, that their forefathers uſed the ſame method) may be a proof that the art of war was well known in *Greece* before the time of *Homer*. Nor indeed can it be imagined otherwiſe in an age when all the world made their acquiſitions by force of arms only. What is moſt to be wondered at, is, that they had not the uſe of *cavalry*, all men engaging either on *foot*, or from *chariots* (a particular neceſſary to be known by every reader of *Homer*'s battles.) In theſe chariots there were always two perſons, one of whom only fought, the other was wholly employed in managing the horſes. Madam *Dacier*, in her excellent preface to *Homer*, is of opinion, that there were no horſemen till near the time of *Saul*, threeſcore years after the ſiege of *Troy*; ſo that although cavalry were in uſe in *Homer*'s days, yet he thought himſelf obliged to regard the cuſtoms of the age of which he writ, rather than thoſe of his own.

V. 344. *The middle ſpace ſuſpected troops ſupply.*] This artifice of placing thoſe men whoſe behaviour was moſt to be doubted, in the middle, (ſo as to put them under a neceſſity of engaging even againſt their inclinations) was followed by *Hannibal* in the battle of *Zama*; as is obſerved and praiſed by

Polybius,

He gives command to curb the fiery ſteed;
Nor cauſe confuſion, nor the ranks exceed;
Before the reſt let none too raſhly ride;
No ſtrength nor ſkill, but juſt in time, be try'd:
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm, embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field ſhall caſt
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haſte;

Nor

Polybius, who quotes this verſe on that occaſion, in acknowledgment of *Homer*'s ſkill in military diſcipline. That our Author was the firſt maſter of that art in *Greece*, is the opinion of *Ælian*, *Tactic. c.* 1. *Frontinus* gives us another example of *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*'s following this inſtruction of *Homer*. *Vide Stratag. lib.* 2. *c.* 3. So *Ammianus Marcellinus*, *l.* 14. *Imperator catervis peditum infirmis, medium inter acies ſpatium, ſecundùm Homericam diſpoſitionem, præſtituit.*

V. 352. *He whom the fortune of the field ſhall caſt*
From forth his chariot, mount the next, &c.]

The words in the original are capable of four different ſignifications, as *Euſtathius* obſerves. The firſt is, that whoever in fighting upon his chariot ſhall win a chariot from his enemy, he ſhall continue to fight, and not retire from the engagement to ſecure his prize. The ſecond, that if any one be thrown out of his chariot, he who happens to be neareſt ſhall hold forth his javelin to help him up into his own. The third is directly the contrary to the laſt, that if any one be caſt from his chariot, and would mount up into another man's, that other ſhall puſh him back with his javelin, and not admit him, for fear of interrupting the combat. The fourth is the ſenſe which is followed in the tranſlation, as ſeeming much the moſt natural, that every one ſhould be left to govern his own chariot, and the other who is admitted, fight only with the javelin. The reaſon of this advice appears by the ſpeech of *Pandarus* to *Æneas* in the next book: *Æneas* having taken him up in his chariot to go againſt *Diomed*, compliments him with the choice either to fight, or to manage the reins, which was eſteemed an office

of

Nor ſeek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with jav'lins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent courſe,
Thus rul'd their ardour, and preſerv'd their force,
By laws like theſe immortal conqueſts made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in aſhes laid.
So ſpoke the maſter of the martial art,
And touch'd with tranſport great *Atrides'* heart.
Oh! had'ſt thou ſtrength to match thy brave deſires,
And nerves to ſecond what thy ſoul inſpires!
But waſting years that wither human race,
Exhauſt thy ſpirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'ſt thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.
Thus to th' experienc'd Prince *Atrides* cry'd;
He ſhook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd.

of honour. To this *Pandarus* anſwers, that it is more proper for *Æneas* to guide his own horſes: leſt they not feeling their accuſtomed maſter, ſhould be ungovernable, and bring them into danger.

Upon occaſion of the various and contrary ſignifications of which theſe words are ſaid to be capable, and which *Euſtathius* and *Dacier* profeſs to admire as an excellence; Monſ. *de la Motte*, in his late diſcourſe upon *Homer*, very juſtly animadverts, that if this be true, it is a grievous fault in *Homer*. For what can be more abſurd than to imagine, that the orders given in battle ſhould be delivered in ſuch ambiguous terms, as to be capable of many meanings? Theſe double interpretations muſt proceed not from any deſign in the Author, but purely from the ignorance of the moderns in the *Greek* tongue: It being impoſſible for any one to poſſeſs the dead languages to ſuch a degree as to be certain of all the graces and negligences; or to know preciſely how far the licences and boldneſſes of expreſſion were happy, or forced. But Criticks, to be thought learned, attribute to the Poet all the random ſenſes that amuſe them, and imagine they ſee in a ſingle word a whole heap of things, which no modern language can expreſs; ſo are oftentimes charmed with nothing but the confuſion of their own ideas.

Well might I wiſh, could mortal wiſh renew
That ſtrength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when *Ereuthalion* ſlain
Beneath this arm fell proſtrate on the plain.
But heav'n its gifts not all at once beſtows,
Theſe years with wiſdom crowns, with action thoſe:
The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The ſolemn council beſt becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I reſign,
Let ſage advice, the palm of age, be mine.
He ſaid. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found *Meneſtheus* on the duſty ſhore,
With whom the firm *Athenian* Phalanx ſtands;
And next *Ulyſſes* with his ſubject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew ſo far
The peace infring'd, nor heard the ſounds of war;
The tumult late begun, they ſtood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The King, who ſaw their ſquadrons yet unmov'd,
With haſty ardour thus their chiefs reprov'd.
Can *Peteus'* ſon forget a warrior's part,
And fears *Ulyſſes*, ſkill'd in ev'ry art?
Why ſtand you diſtant, and the reſt expect
To mix in combat which yourſelves neglect?

From

V. 384. *Remote their forces lay.*] This is a reaſon why the troops of *Ulyſſes* and *Meneſtheus* were not yet in motion. Tho' another may be added with reſpect to the former, that it did not conſiſt with the wiſdom of *Ulyſſes* to fall on with his forces till he was well aſſured. Tho courage be no inconſiderable part of his character, yet it is always joined with great caution. Thus we ſee him ſoon after in the very heat of battle, when his friend was juſt ſlain before his eyes, firſt looking carefully about him, before he would throw his ſpear to revenge him.

From you 'twas hop'd among the firſt to dare
The ſhock of armies, and commence the war.
For this your names are call'd, before the reſt,
To ſhare the pleaſures of the genial feaſt:
And can you, chiefs! without a bluſh ſurvey
Whole troops before you lab'ring in the fray?
Say, is it thus thoſe honours you requite?
The firſt in banquets, but the laſt in fight.
Ulyſſes heard: The hero's warmth o'erſpread
His cheek with bluſhes; and ſevere, he ſaid:
Take back th' unjuſt reproach! Behold we ſtand,
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.
If glorious deeds afford thy ſoul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickeſt fight.
Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'ſt to view.
Struck with his gen'rous wrath, the King replies;
Oh great in action, and in council wiſe!
With ours, thy care and ardour are the ſame,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the tranſport of a martial mind.
Haſte to the fight, ſecure of juſt amends;
The Gods that make, ſhall keep the worthy, friends.
He ſaid, and paſs'd where great *Tydides* lay,
His ſteeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
(The warlike *Sthenelus* attends his ſide)
To whom with ſtern reproach the monarch cry'd;
Oh ſon of *Tydeus!* (he, whoſe ſtrength could tame
The bounding ſteed, in arms a mighty name)
Can'ſt thou, remote, the mingling hoſts deſcry,
With hands unactive, and a careleſs eye?

Not thus thy ſire the fierce encounter ſear'd;
Still firſt in front the matchleſs Prince appear'd:
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the ranks of fight!
I ſaw him once, when gath'ring martial pow'rs
A peaceful gueſt, he ſought *Mycenæ's* tow'rs;
Armies he aſk'd, and armies had been giv'n,
Not we deny'd, but *Jove* forbad from heav'n;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrors of the *Theban* war.
Next, ſent by *Greece* from where *Aſopus* flows,
A fearleſs envoy, he approach'd the foes;
Thebes' hoſtile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntleſs he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feaſting with his chiefs he found,
And dar'd to combat all thoſe chiefs around;
Dar'd and ſubdu'd, before their haughty Lord;
For *Pallas* ſtrung his arm, and edg'd his ſword.
Stung with the ſhame, within the winding way,
To bar his paſſage fifty warriors lay;
Two heroes led the ſecret ſquadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy *Lycophon*;
Thoſe fifty ſlaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He ſpar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such *Tydeus* was, and ſuch his martial fire;
Gods! how the ſon degen'rates from the ſire?

No

V. 430. *I ſaw him once, when*, &c.] This long narration concerning the hiſtory of *Tydeus*, is not of the nature of thoſe for which *Homer* has been blamed with ſome colour of juſtice: It is not a cold ſtory, but a warm reproof, while the particularizing the actions of the father is made the higheſt incentive to the ſon. Accordingly the air of this ſpeech ought to be inſpirited above the common narrative ſtyle. As for the ſtory itſelf, it is finely told by *Statius* in the ſecond book of the *Thebais*.

No words the God-like *Diomed* return'd,
But heard reſpectful, and in ſecret burn'd:
Not ſo fierce *Capaneus'* undaunted ſon,
Stern as his fire, the boaſter thus begun.
What needs, O monarch, this invidious praiſe,
Ourſelves to leſſen, while our fires you raiſe?
Dare to be juſt, *Atrides!* and confeſs,
Our valour equal, tho' our fury leſs.
With fewer troops we ſtorm'd the *Theban* wall,
And happier, ſaw the ſev'nfold city fall.
In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd;
The ſons ſubdu'd, for heav'n was on their ſide.

V. 452. *No words the God-like* Diomed *return'd.*] "When "*Diomed* is reproved by *Agamemnon*, he holds his peace in "reſpect to his General; but *Sthenelus* retorts upon him with "boaſting and inſolence. It is here worth obſerving in "what manner *Agamemnon* behaves himſelf; he paſſes by "*Sthenelus* without affording any reply; whereas juſt before, "when *Ulyſſes* teſtified his reſentment, he immediately re-"turned him an anſwer. For as it is a mean and ſervile "thing, and unbecoming the majeſty of a Prince, to make "apologies to every man in juſtification of what he has ſaid "or done; ſo to treat all men with equal neglect is mere "pride and exceſs of folly. We alſo ſee of *Diomed*, that "tho' he refrains from ſpeaking in this place, when the "time demanded action; he afterwards expreſſes himſelf in "ſuch a manner, as ſhews him not to have been inſenſible "of this unjuſt rebuke: (*in the ninth book*) when he tells the "King he was the firſt who had dared to reproach him with "want of courage." *Plutarch of reading the Poets.*

V. 460. *We ſtorm'd the* Theban *wall.*] The firſt *Theban* war, of which *Agamemnon* ſpoke in the preceding lines, was ſeven and twenty years before the war of *Troy*. *Sthenelus* here ſpeaks of the ſecond *Theban* war, which happened ten years after the firſt: when the ſons of the ſeven captains conquered the city, before which their fathers were deſtroyed. *Tydeus* expired gnawing the head of his enemy, and *Capaneus* was thunder-ſtruck while he blaſphemed *Jupiter*. *Vid. Stat. Thebaid.*

Far more than heirs of all our parents ſame,
Our glories darken their diminiſh'd name.
To him *Tydides* thus. My friend, forbear,
Suppreſs thy paſſion, and the King revere:
His high concern may well excuſe his rage,
Whoſe cauſe we follow, and whoſe war we wage;
His the firſt praiſe, were *Ilion*'s tow'rs o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief diſgrace his own.
Let him the *Greeks* to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.
He ſpoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms reſound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd *Tydides* ruſhing to the war.
As when the winds, aſcending by degrees,
Firſt move the whitening ſurface of the ſeas,

The

V. 478. *As when the winds.*] Madam *Dacier* thinks it may ſeem ſomething odd, that an army going to conquer ſhould be compared to the waves going to break themſelves againſt the ſhore; and would ſolve the appearing abſurdity by imagining the Poet laid not the ſtreſs ſo much upon this circumſtance, as upon the ſame waves aſſaulting a rock, lifting themſelves over its head, and covering it with foam as the *trophy of their victory*, (as ſhe expreſſes it.) But to this it may be anſwered, That neither did the *Greeks* get the better in this battle, nor will a compariſon be allowed intirely beautiful, which inſtead of illuſtrating its ſubject, ſtands itſelf in need of ſo much illuſtration and refinement, to be brought to agree with it. The paſſage naturally bears this ſenſe: *As when, upon the riſing of the wind, the waves roll after one another to the ſhore; at firſt there is a diſtant motion in the ſea, then they approach to break with noiſe on the ſtrand, and laſtly riſe ſwelling over the rocks, and toſs their foam above their heads*: So the Greeks, *at firſt, marched in order one after another ſilently to the fight*—Where the Poet breaks off from proſecuting the compariſon, and by a *prolepſis*, leaves the reader to carry it on, and imagine to himſelf the future tumult, rage, and force of the battle, in oppoſition to that ſilence in which he deſcribes

The billows float in order to the ſhore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
'Till, with the growing ſtorm, the deeps ariſe,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the ſkies.
So to the fight the thick *Battalions* throng,
Shields urg'd on ſhields, and men drive men along.
Sedate and ſilent move the num'rous bands;
No ſound, no whiſper, but their Chiefs commands,
Thoſe only heard; with awe the reſt obey,
As if ſome God had ſnatch'd their voice away.
Not ſo the *Trojans*; from their hoſt aſcends
A gen'ral ſhout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd ſtand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
The hollow vales inceſſant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighb'ring hills:

deſcribes the troops at preſent, in the lines immediately enſuing. What confirms this expoſition is, that *Virgil* has made uſe of the ſimile in the ſame ſenſe in the ſeventh *Aneid*.

Fluctus uti primo cœpit cum albeſcere vento,
Paulatim ſeſe tollit mare, & altius undas
Erigit; inde imo conſurgit ad æthera fundo.

V. 478. *As when the winds, &c.*] This is the firſt battle in *Homer*, and it is worthy obſervation with what grandeur it is deſcribed, and raiſed by one circumſtance above another, 'till all is involved in horror and tumult: The foregoing ſimile of the winds, riſing by degrees into a general tempeſt, is an image of the progreſs of his own ſpirit in this deſcription. We ſee firſt an innumerable army moving in order, and are amuſed with the pomp and ſilence; then wakened with the noiſe and clamour; next they join; the adverſe Gods are let down among them; the imaginary perſons of *Terror*, *Flight*, *Diſcord*, ſucceed to reinforce them; then all is undiſtinguiſhed fury, and a confuſion of Horrors, only that at different openings we behold the diſtinct deaths of ſeveral heroes, and then are involved again in the ſame confuſion.

Such clamours roſe from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the ſound.
Each hoſt now joins, and each a God inſpires,
Theſe *Mars* incites, and thoſe *Minerva* fires.
Pale *Flight* around, and dreadful *Terror* reign;
And *Diſcord* raging bathes the purple plain:
Diſcord! dire ſiſter of the ſlaught'ring pow'r,
Small at her birth, but riſing ev'ry hour,

While

V. 502. *Diſcord, dire ſiſter*, &c.] This is the paſſage ſo highly extolled by *Longinus*, as one of the moſt ſignal inſtances of the noble ſublimity of this author: where it is ſaid, that the image here drawn of Diſcord, *whoſe head touched the heavens*, and *whoſe feet were on earth*, may as juſtly be applied to the vaſt reach and elevation of the genius of *Homer*. But Monſ. *Boileau* informs us, that neither the quotation nor theſe words were in the original of *Longinus*, but partly inſerted by *Gabriel de Petra*. However the beſt encomium is, that *Virgil* has taken it word for word, and applied it to the perſon of *Fame*.

Parva metu primò, mox ſeſe attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit.

Ariſtides had formerly blamed *Homer* for admitting *Diſcord* into heaven, and *Scaliger* takes up the criticiſm to throw him below *Virgil*. *Fame* (he ſays) is properly feigned to hide her head in the clouds, becauſe the grounds and authors of rumours are commonly unknown, as if the ſame might not be alledged for *Homer*, ſince the grounds and authors of *Diſcord* are often no leſs ſecret. *Macrobius* has put this among the paſſages where he thinks *Virgil* has fallen ſhort in his imitation of *Homer*, and brings theſe reaſons for his opinion: *Homer* repreſents *Diſcord* to riſe from ſmall beginnings, and afterwards in her increaſe to reach the heavens; *Virgil* has ſaid this of *Fame*, but not with equal propriety; for the ſubjects are very different: *Diſcord*, tho' it reaches to war and devaſtation, is ſtill *Diſcord*; nor ceaſes to be what it was at firſt: But *Fame*, when it grows to be univerſal, is *Fame* no longer, but becomes knowledge and certainty; for who calls any thing *Fame*, which is known from earth to heaven? Nor has *Virgil* equalled the ſtrength of *Homer*'s hyperbole? for

While ſcarce the ſkies her horrid head can bound,
She ſtalks on earth, and ſhakes the world around;
The nations bleed, where-e'er her ſteps ſhe turns,
The groan ſtill deepens, and the combat burns.
Now ſhield with ſhield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,

for one ſpeaks of *heaven*, the other only of the *clouds*. *Macrobius*, *Sat. l.* 5. *c.* 13. *Scaliger* is very angry at this laſt period, and by miſtake blames *Gellius* for it, in whom there is no ſuch thing. His words are ſo inſolently dogmatical, that barely to quote them is to anſwer them, and the only anſwer which ſuch a ſpirit of criticiſm deſerves. *Clamant quid Maro de Famâ dixit eam inter nubila caput condere, cum tamen Homerus, unde ipſe accepit, in cœlo caput Eridis conſtituit. Jam tibi pro me reſpondeo. Non ſum imitatus, nolo imitari: non placet, non eſt verum, Contentionem penere caput in cœlo. Ridiculum eſt, fatuum eſt, Homericum non eſt, Græculum eſt.* Poet. *l.* 5. *c.* 3.

This fine verſe was alſo criticiſed by Monſ. *Perrault*, who accuſes it as a forced and extravagant hyperbole. Monſ. *Boileau* anſwers, that hyperboles as ſtrong are daily uſed even in common diſcourſe, and that nothing is in effect more ſtrictly true than that *Diſcord* reigns over all the earth, and in heaven itſelf; that is to ſay, among the Gods of *Homer*. It is not (continues this excellent critic) the deſcription of a giant, as this cenſor would pretend, but a juſt allegory; and as he makes *Diſcord* an allegorical perſon, ſhe may be of what ſize he pleaſes without ſhocking us; ſince it is what we regard only as an idea and creature of the fancy, and not as a material ſubſtance that has any being in nature. The expreſſion in the *Pſalms*, that the *impious man is lifted up as a cedar of* Libanus, does by no means imply that the impious man was a giant as tall as a cedar. Thus far *Boileau*; and upon the whole we may obſerve, that it ſeems not only the fate of great geniuſſes to have met with the moſt malignant criticks, but of the fineſt and nobleſt paſſages in them to have been particularly pitched upon for impertinent criticiſms. Theſe are the divine boldneſſes, which in their very nature provoke ignorance and ſhort-ſightedneſs to ſhew themſelves; and which whoever is capable of attaining, muſt alſo certainly know, that they will be attacked by ſuch as cannot reach them.

V. 508. *Now ſhield with ſhield*, &c.] The verſes which follow in the original are perhaps excelled by none in *Homer*; and

Hoſt againſt hoſt with ſhadowy ſquadrons drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew,
Victors and vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
And ſhrilling ſhouts and dying groans ariſe;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.

As torrents roll, increas'd by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Ruſh to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,
Roar thro' a thouſand channels to the main;
The diſtant ſhepherd trembling hears the ſound:
So mix both hoſts, and ſo their cries rebound.

The bold *Antilochus* the ſlaughter led,
The firſt who ſtrook a valiant *Trojan* dead:

At

and that he had himſelf a particular fondneſs for them, may be imagined from his inſerting them again in the ſame words in the eighth book. They are very happily imitated by *Statius*, *lib.* 7.

Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
Enſe minax enſis, pede pes, & cuſpide cuſpis, &c.

V. 516. *As torrents roll.*] This compariſon of rivers meeting and roaring, with two armies mingling in battle, is an image of that nobleneſs, which (to ſay no more) was worthy the invention of *Homer*, and the imitation of *Virgil*.

Aut ubi decurſu rapido de montibus altis,
Dant ſonitum ſpumoſi amnes, & in æquora currunt,
Quiſque ſuum populatus iter;—Stupet inſcius alto
Accipiens ſonitum ſaxi de vertice paſtor.

The word *populatus* here has a beauty which one muſt be inſenſible not to obſerve. *Scaliger* prefers *Virgil*'s, and *Macrobius Homer*'s without any reaſons on either ſide, but only one critick's poſitive word againſt another's. The reader may judge between them.

V. 522. *The bold* Antilochus.] *Antilochus* the ſon of *Neſtor* is the firſt who begins the engagement. It ſeems as if the old

At great *Echepolus* the lance arrives,
Raz'd his high creſt, and thro' his helmet drives;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And ſhades eternal ſettle o'er his eyes.
So ſinks a tow'r, that long aſſaults had ſtood
Of force and fire; its wal's beſmear'd with blood.
Him, the bold * Leader of th' *Abantian* throng
Seiz'd to deſpoil, and dragg'd the corpſe along:
But while he ſtrove to tug th' inſerted dart,
Agenor's jav'lin reach'd the hero's heart.
His flank, unguarded by his ample ſhield,
Admits the lance: He falls, and ſpurns the field;
The nerves unbrac'd ſupport his limbs no more;
The ſoul comes floating in a tide of gore.
Trojans and *Greeks* now gather round the ſlain;
The war renews, the warriors bleed again;
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

In

* *Elpenor.*

old hero having done the greateſt ſervice he was capable of at his years, in diſpoſing the troops in the beſt order (as we have ſeen before) had taken care to ſet his ſon at the head of them, to give him the glory of beginning the battle.

V. 540. *As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage.*] This ſhort compariſon in the *Greek*, conſiſts only of two words, Ἀυτοὶ ὡς, which *Scaliger* obſerves upon as too abrupt. But may it not be anſwered that ſuch a place as this, where all things are in confuſion, ſeems not to admit of any ſimile, except of one which ſcarce exceeds a metaphor in length? When two heroes are engaged, there is a plain view to be given us of their actions, and there a long ſimile may be of uſe, to raiſe and enliven them by parallel circumſtances; but when the troops fall in promiſcuouſly upon one another, the confuſion excludes diſtinct or particular images; and conſequently compariſons of any length would be leſs natural.

In blooming youth fair *Simoïſius* fell,
Sent by great *Ajax* to the ſhades of hell:
Fair *Simoïſius*, whom his mother bore
Amid the flocks on ſilver *Simois'* ſhore:
The Nymph deſcending from the hills of *Ide*,
To ſeek her parents on his flow'ry ſide,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
And thence from *Simois* nam'd the lovely boy.
Short was his date! by dreadful *Ajax* ſlain
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
So falls a poplar, that in watry ground.
Rais'd high the head, with ſtately branches crown'd,
(Fell'd

V. 542. *In blooming youth fair* Simoïſius *fell.*] This Prince received his name from the river *Simoïs*, on whoſe banks he was born. It was the cuſtom of the eaſtern people to give names to their children derived from the moſt remarkable accidents of their birth. The holy ſcripture is full of examples of this kind. It is alſo uſual in the Old Teſtament to compare Princes to trees, cedars, &c. as *Simoïſius* is here reſembled to a poplar. *Dacier.*

V. 552. *So falls a poplar.*] *Euſtathius* in *Macrobius* prefers to this ſimile that of *Virgil* in the ſecond *Æneïd.*

Ac veluti in ſummis antiquam montibus ornum,
Cum ferro acceſam crebriſque bipennibus inſtant
Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa uſque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam concuſſo vertice nutat;
Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta ſuprema
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulſa ruinam.

Mr. *Hobbes*, in the preface to his tranſlation of *Homer*, has diſcours'd upon this occaſion very judiciouſly. *Homer* (ſays he) intended no more in this place than to ſhew how comely the body of *Simoïſius* appeared as he lay dead upon the bank of *Scamander*, ſtrait and tall, with a fair head of hair, like a ſtrait and high poplar with the boughs ſtill on; and not at all to deſcribe the manner of his falling, which (when a man is wounded thro' the breaſt as he was with a ſpear) is always ſudden. *Virgil's* is the deſcription of a great tree falling when many men together hew it down. He meant to

(Fell'd by ſome artiſt with his ſhining ſteel,
To ſhape the circle of the bending wheel)
Cut down it lies, tall, ſmooth, and largely ſpread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There left a ſubject to the wind and rain,
And ſcorch'd by ſuns, it withers on the plain.
Thus pierc'd by *Ajax*, *Simoïſius* lies
Stretch'd on the ſhore, and thus neglected dies.
At *Ajax*, *Antiphus* his jav'lin threw;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And *Leucus*, lov'd by wiſe *Ulyſſes*, flew.
He drops the corpſe of *Simoïſius* ſlain,
And ſinks a breathleſs carcaſs on the plain.
This ſaw *Ulyſſes*, and with grief enrag'd
Strode where the foremoſt of the foes engag'd;
Arm'd with his ſpear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw; but cautious, look'd around.
Struck at his ſight the *Trojans* backward drew,
And trembling heard the jav'lin as it flew.
A Chief ſtood nigh who from *Abydos* came,
Old *Priam*'s ſon, *Democoön* was his name;
The weapon enter'd cloſe above his ear,
Cold thro' his temples glides the whizzing ſpear;
With piercing ſhrieks the youth reſigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the ſhades of death;

to compare the manner how *Troy* after many battles, and after the loſs of many cities, conquered by the many nations under *Agamemnon* in a long war, was thereby weakened, and at laſt overthrown, with a great tree hewn round about, and then falling by little and little leiſurely. So that neither theſe two deſcriptions, nor the two compariſons, can be compared together. The image of a man lying on the ground is one thing; the image of falling (eſpecially of a kingdom) is another. This therefore gives no advantage to *Virgil* over *Homer*. Thus Mr. *Hobbes*.

Pond'rous he falls; his clanging arms reſound;
And his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
Seiz'd with affright the boldeſt foes appear;
Ev'n godlike *Hector* ſeems himſelf to fear;
Slow he gave way, the reſt tumultuous fled;
The *Greeks* with ſhouts preſs on, and ſpoil the dead.
But *Phœbus* now from *Ilion*'s tow'ring height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppoſe;
Your foaming ſteeds urge headlong on the foes!
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with ſteel;
Your weapons enter, and your ſtrokes they feel.
Have you forgot what ſeem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce *Achilles* fights no more.
Apollo thus from *Ilion*'s lofty tow'rs,
Array'd in terrors, rouz'd the *Trojan* pow'rs:
While War's fierce Goddeſs fires the *Grecian* foe,
And ſhouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great *Diores* fell, by doom divine,
In vain his valour, and illuſtrious line.

A broken

V. 585. *But* Phœbus *now.*] *Homer* here introduces *Apollo* on the ſide of the *Trojans:* He had given them the aſſiſtance of *Mars* at the beginning of the battle; but *Mars* (which ſignifies courage without conduct) proving too weak to reſiſt *Minerva* (or courage with conduct) which the Poet repreſents as conſtantly aiding his *Greeks*; they want ſome prudent management to rally them again: He therefore brings in *Wiſdom* to aſſiſt *Mars*, under the appearance of *Apollo*.

V. 592. Achilles *fights no more.*] *Homer* from time to time puts his readers in mind of *Achilles*, during his abſence from the war; and finds occaſion of celebrating his valour with the higheſt praiſes. There cannot be a greater encomium than this, where *Apollo* himſelf tells the *Trojans* they have nothing to fear, ſince *Achilles* fights no longer againſt them. *Dacier.*

A broken rock the force of *Pirus* threw,
(Who from cold *Ænus* led the *Thracian* crew)
Full on his ankle dropt the pond'rous ſtone,
Burſt the ſtrong nerves, and craſh'd the ſolid bone:
Supine he tumbles on the crimſon'd ſands,
Before his helpleſs friends, and native bands,
And ſpreads for aids his unavailing hands.
The foe ruſh'd furious as he pants for breath,
And thro' his navel drove the pointed death:
His guſhing entrails ſmoak'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came iſſuing from the wound.
His lance bold *Thoas* at the conqu'ror ſent,
Deep in his breaſt above the pap it went,
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quiv'ring in his heaving boſom ſtood:
'Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
Th' *Ætolian* warrior tugg'd his weighty ſpear:
Then ſudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,
And gaſh'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound.
The corpſe now breathleſs on the blody plain,
To ſpoil his arms the victor ſtrove in vain;
The *Thracian* bands againſt the victor preſt;
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breaſt.
Stern *Thoas*, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In ſullen fury ſlowly quits the prize.
Thus fell two Heroes; one the pride of *Thrace*,
And one the Leader of th' *Epeian* race;
Death's ſable ſhade at once o'ercaſt their eyes,
In duſt the vanquiſh'd, and the victor lies.
With copious ſlaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had

Had ſome brave Chief this martial ſcene beheld,
By *Pallas* guarded thro' the dreadful field,
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And ſwords around him innocently play,
The war's whole art with wonder had he ſeen,
And counted Heroes where he counted Men.
So fought each hoſt, with thirſt of glory fir'd,
And crouds on crouds triumphantly expir'd.

V. 630. *Had ſome brave chief.*] The turning off in this place from the actions of the field, to repreſent to us a man with ſecurity and calmneſs walking thro' it, without being able to reprehend any thing in the whole action; this is not only a fine praiſe of the battle, but as it were a breathing-place to the poetical ſpirit of the author, after having rapidly run along with the heat of the engagement: He ſeems like one who having got over a part of his journey, ſtops upon an eminence to look back upon the ſpace he has paſſed, and concludes the book with an agreeable pauſe or reſpite.

The reader will excuſe our taking notice of ſuch a trifle, as that it was an old ſuperſtition, that this fourth book of the *Iliad*, being laid under the head, was a cure for the *Quartan Ague*. *Serenus Sammonicus*, a celebrated phyſician in the time of the younger *Gordian*, and preceptor to that Emperor, has gravely preſcribed it among other receipts in his medicinal precepts, *Præc.* 50.

Mœnia Iliados quantum ſuppone timenti.

I believe it will be found a true obſervation, that there never was any thing ſo abſurd or ridiculous but has at one time or other been written even by ſome author of reputation: A reflection it may not be improper for writers to make, as being at once ſome mortification to their vanity, and ſome comfort to their infirmity.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.